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PART I.

SOME GLIMPSES AT COLORADO,

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

FROM WORTHLESSNESS TO WEALTH.

WHY WE DO IT.

Numerous "Guides" have been issued, Guides to the City of Denver and Tourists' Guides through the State: some of these good, others much less so. We mean this book to be, Guide to Denver and a Guide to Colorado; but we mean it to be more than a guide,—a book with information, not full of statistics, but things many will want to know,—a kind of Hand Book—useful and reliable. The book is not for show but for use, and it is hoped that it may prove one of the things needed, both in our community and out of it; by citizens and strangers alike.

"A WORTHLESS AREA."

It was in 1838. A measure was before Congress to establish a post-route from Independence, Mo., to the mouth of the Columbia river. During the discussion Daniel Webster, on the floor of the Senate, opposed it and closed his speech as follows: "What do we want with this vast worthless area? this region of savages and wild-beasts, of deserts, shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts, or those endless mountain ranges, impregnable and covered to their very base with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the western coast, a coast of 3,000 miles, rockbound cheerless, uninviting, and not a harbor on it? What use have we for such a country? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer to Boston than it now is." To stand here in this city of 150,000 people, to see these grand structures for business, these palatial homes and think of the countless interests of trade and far reaching enterprises; when we survey the state at large with its cities and towns, its growth and energy; and we take a still broader view and think of five great railways crossing the continent to this same "rockbound coast, cheerless and uninviting."and when we see these "impregnable" mountains traversed with railways and yielding their ready millions of gold and silver, and find them also stored with coal and iron and marble, we wonder how Daniel Webster could have uttered such words as the above. Ten years later there was a change—the treaty of Hidalgo; and ten years after that the discovery of gold in the "shifting sands" of this "worthless" region. Had all possessed the same wisdom and foresight as Webster, this country had never reached "Beyond the Mississippi," and the Indian, the buffalo, the cactus and prairie dog would be in full and undisputed possession of it, and the Húdson Bay Company would be buying skins at Vancouver. Had everyone been Websterian in his range of adventure,"Pike's Peak," the Union Pacific,with all these Rocky Mountain railways, these cities, including San Francisco and the entire Pacific coast, would today be with the unawakened atoms still floating in the primordial abyss of being. While Webster, with his giant strength, was holding this worthless region away from Boston, the Carsons, and Fremonts, and Gregories, and Greeleys, and their thousands of assistants were breaking his hold; and while at that time these mountains were sixty to seventy days from Boston they are now within about as many hours, and becoming nearer and nearer with the opening of each succeeding decade. Humanity is stronger than any one man; enterprise more powerful than conservatism; exploration and discovery more potent than apathy and inanition.

Daniel Webster sleeps at Marshfield; his words linger as curios. The energy and genius of his fellows and their posterity are converting these "deserts" into gardens, and causing these mountains to pour their long hidden treasures into the lap of the world. Strong cords of interest and fellowship now bind us to the Atlantic and the Atlantic to us, and Denver stands to-day in the midst of those cheerless realms of fancy pictured by the great statesman to attest the wondrous change on this half of our continent within a life-time, and the memory of thousands. And there lives in Denver to-day one who listened to the distinguished statesman when he uttered the words we have quoted,—one who shared the hardships and perils of John C. Fremont when he crossed the continent, to the Pacific coast, in 1843, one who helped the early pioneers, to prepare the way, to cause these deserts to blossom as the rose.

THE NEW GEOGRAPHY.

When Thomas Jefferson purchased the Territory of Louisana, and made it a part of the great domain, it was to obtain control of the Mississippi river. He little dreamed he was laying the foundation of a new empire beyond the Great American Desert. For fifty years the great plateau of the Far West with its ceaseless stretches of plains and limitless ranges of mountains was considered as barren as the sands of Sahara,—as worthless as the rock-fields of Patagonia; but these stupendous wilds are being transmuted by the alchemy of discovery, of human genius and industry, into a magnificent realm—the last and youngest of five great empires. The United States may be divided as follows: The Atlantic Seaboard, with New York as its metropolis; the Southern States, with New Orleans as the chief city; that part of the country founded by the overflow across the Cordilleras, bounded on the west by the arid region, with Chicago as the centre; the Pacific coast, with San Francisco as its capital; and last, the great plateau, with Denver as its metropolis. Unique in character, inexpressibly rich in resources, though last in the order of time, it promises to become one of the first in point of interest and importance.

Of our grand domain, Colorado is the brightest and best—a realm, not only of vast possibilities of wealth, discovered and undiscovered, but a realm possessed of the brightest sunshine, the purest atmosphere, the most exhilarating climate, offering the best health resorts, on the globe. The year in, the year out, the years taken together, we challenge the civilized world. These are not the words of youthful enthusiasm, but the sober verdict of twenty years spent in this young and growing empire.

THE SEARCH.

The earliest recorded effort to discover gold in the Rocky Mountains was made 352 years ago. The governor of Sinaloa started an expedition to the north, consisting of eleven hundred and fifty men. They left the city of Culican, in the year 1540, under the conduct of Vasquez Coronado, and were gone two years, reaching the 40th parallel, which is eighteen miles north of Denver, but at what point exactly on this parallel is not definitely stated. They expected to find not only a land of gold and silver, but, as in Peru, a civilization with temples adorned with precious metals awaiting their rapacity.

The next expedition of importance, was that of Lewis and Clark, in 1803-6, sent out to explore the country to the mouth of the Columbia river. While the purpose of this expedition was not ostensibly for the discovery of gold, yet there was an eye to all things of interest to the world ; but in the report to the Government there was nothing said about gold. Captain Pike was sent across the Desert in 1805-7; no gold appears in his report; but in his appendix he tells the story of a James Pursley, of Bairdstown, Kentucky, whom he met at Santa Fe. Pursley claimed to have wandered far west, in the Louisiana Territory; was captured by the Indians, conveyed to the Rocky Mountains, and while in the mountains, on the head of the Platte river, found gold, which he carried in his shot pouch for many months. If his story was true, he was the first white man who ever visited the Rocky Mountains and the first to discover gold, which must have been in South Park at Buckskin Joe, Tarryall, or Montgomery, which flourished in 1860-1, more than half a century later. In 1819-20, Major Long was commissioned to make explorations to the Rocky Mountains, and he tells of no gold. For nearly a quarter of a century more, the entire region from the Missouri river to the Pacific Ocean was considered worthless, and any further outlay of the public money for exploration a consummate folly. The famous expedition of John C. Fremont was made in 1843-4—worlds of suffering, but no gold. Francis Parkman took the

"Oregon Trail" in 1846, but saw along the road more sorrow than precious metal.

In the early part of 1849, in the state of Georgia, some adventurous spirits, with more leisure than occupation, planned a hunting expedition to the Rocky Mountains, of a most wild and extended character,—in the annals of American sport, one of the most venturesome and reckless. After their arrival, while camping on the Cache la Poudre, they found specimens of surface quartz, containing gold, but they were not in possession of implements for mining, nor prepared to follow up the indications, and nothing came of it for nearly a decade. A trapper, by the name of Sage, camped where Golden is, during the winters of 1843-4. Although prospecting was not his business, in penetrating the mountains for game,he came to believe there was gold;and so reported to the outside world. It is said, in some of the early chronicles, that a party of Cherokee Indians, on their way to California, in the year 1752, found gold in Ralston creek, and for several summers visited the place and vicinity for prospecting, and in 1857 were successful in carrying back to Nebraska and Kansas a gratifying quantity of the glittering dust to fire the hearts of many, who ventured, a year or two later to cross the Desert in search of gold.

THE DISCOVERY.

In the public mind, the gold discovery and first settlement of Colorado are associated with the year 1859. We hear of the "Fifty-Niners," but never of the Fifty-Eighters. On Tuesday, the 9th day of February, 1858, a party of Georgians, led by Green Russell; started for Pike's peak to hunt for gold; reached the head waters of Cherry Creek on the 1st of June, where they found a show of gold and prospected to the Platte and up and down the river for several miles till the 24th of the month. Not finding gold in satisfactory quantities they pushed on to the mountains and examined the foot hills all the way north to the Cache la Poudre, but with less success when they decided to return to Cherry creek and the Platte and there make a more thorough search, and if with no better results than at first, to give up the pursuit, and go back to Georgia. At the end of the second day they reached the Cherokee crossing and camped under the old cottonwoods on the west side of Cherry Creek. They confined their work chiefly to a spot near the head of Lake Archer on the west side of the Platte, which was named the Mexican Diggings, where they were more successful and in a short time several hundred dollars were taken out and carried back to Georgia by Russell, exhibited, and new recruits secured for the Pike's peak gold fields. Green Russell and party were no doubt influenced to cross the Desert in search of gold by the reports of the Georgia hunters of 1849.

The second party of importance to arrive, left Lawrence, Kansas, on Friday, May 21st, 1858, via the Arkansas valley, reaching here by way of Pueblo soon after the Russell party had established the Mexican Diggings. They settled at the mouth of Dry Creek, three miles farther up the Platte, where they washed out gold in small quantities, and spent the winter.

Other parties came, as well, from various portions of the country, north and south, so that by the close of 1858 there was an important settlement of ninety cabins all told, and several hundred men.

COLORADO RESOURCES.

Some one inquired how the people of Colorado lived; no agriculture, no manufactures, nothing to live on! The sarcastic reply was: "Humph! they live like calves by sucking each others ears." How often we hear strangers say they cannot understand what there is to support a city such as Denver and maintain a great population in Colorado. Most of us were born and reared in either agricultural or manufacturing communities. Colorado has appeared destitute of these two great factors of human growth and prosperity; and when strangers come among us, they fail to realize that things are not what they seem, and, most of all, seem not what they are. The sources of life and prosperity are largely different from what we were accustomed to, and those we become familiar with here are different from what we left behind. Farming does not seem like farming. Its methods are as unfamiliar to us as if it were a new calling. But really, what are our resources? What have we to maintain all these evidences of thrift and enterprise we see about us? Let us name them over and consider their significance a moment, and leave the inquirer to look up and verify the facts. We do not want to trouble the reader with statistics; they make dry reading, but look at the following brief statements and suggestions, and see if you think the people have nothing to subsist upon besides sucking each others ears:

Mining is the queen of all our dindustries; the one up to whom we have looked with greatest reverence. It was mining that brought the pioneers; mining that held them here; mining that has stimulated all other industries of this region, and it is mining that will, in a mystical way, rule, with a certain supremacy, the future of our glorious state and the beautiful cities and towns that adorn it. In 1891 it yielded the magnificent sum of $33,548,434; and since the discovery in 1858 a total of $352,575,364.

But we have other industries, younger brothers to this noble queen, some of whom have already attained proportions that surprise even us who have lived here all these years and watched with solicitude their birth and wondrous growth. Some of them already outweigh their royal sister in the scales that weigh dollars and cents, and others of infantile years promise a no less rapid development.

Manufacturing.—This resource is one chiefly of the last decade. Its development is at this time most rapid and constantly increasing in an astonishing ratio. Space in these pages will not admit of detail and the reader is referred to the Chamber of Commerce Report for 1891, (to be had at the Secretary's office, corner Lawrence and Fourteenth streets). This item alone last year was $50,931,311, or one and one-half times that of mining.

Agriculture.—At first, mining was everything; all else, subsidiary. Then too, naturally we can raise nothing. Irrigation was not understood; besides it required time and money to construct ditches. No one came to farm—farming was left behind, and for a number of years little attention was given to agriculture as an industry of Colorado. But it has become an important resource and in 1891 yielded $54, 700, 000 as the lowest estimate. Some authorities say $60,000,000. If to this we add dairy products, wool and the increase of live stock, the item will more than double mining. It has been placed as high as $80,000,000.

Horticulture is an infantile industry and as a resource of importance may be suggestive of grim humor, but preposterous as it may seem, it is becoming a factor to assume great power. It has already reached $2,000,000 and in less than fifteen years will be the peer of mining.

Coal.—The coal fields of Colorado are scattered throughout the state and absolutely inexhaustible, whatever the demand, for centuries. For many years its demand was confined to the state, while now the export is heavy and daily increasing. The product for 1891 was $12,000,000, or more than one-third that of the mines.

Stone is a new industry, so new that six years ago the Capitol Commissioners spent the summer hunting for a quarry large enough to build the State House. The yield for 1891 was 9,453 car loads and the demand beyond the Plains increasing. If to this we add lime, clays for china, sands for glass, gypsum and marble, we shall have an item of vast proportions. The marble deposits alone are astonishingly great and of endless variety. Although the outside world has never heard of Colorado marble, it will not be ten years till its beauty will adorn many a cemetery and marble yard and the marble mansions of Denver are in the near future to be the pride of many a wealthy citizen.

Iron ore is abundant, and with coal in equal abundance, iron must, ere long, become a leading source of wealth. Movements are already on foot that augur an early development of this potent possibility—bright with promise for the near future. It is too early for the indulgence of figures, but its fulfillment is certain as the dawn of a new day.

The possibilities of Colorado are unbounded. In the hands of such men as crossed the Plains, charged with the pluck and energy that conquer all obstacles and accomplish all things, they will soon be transformed into living realities that must astonish even the men by whose enterprise these grand transmutations shall be brought about.

All in all, Colorado shows an array of resources sufficient to justify the belief that all this exhibition of enterprise and expenditure of money in buildings, railroads, cities and villages has something solid to rest upon.

FARMING.

The stranger, arriving in Denver, sees very little agriculture. The plains are barren, the stopping places mere stations; and the last few hundred miles are so desolate and dreary that, from an agricultural point of view, he comes to feel that Colorado is a farmless region. Coming by the Union Pacific from Kansas City, he sees nothing he can call agriculture; by the Rock Island it is the same; by the Burlington very little better. By the way of Omaha there are a few farms to be seen the last 50 miles, but not to good advantage,—certainly not sufficient to inspire faith or hope, much less enthusiasm. By the Santa Fe and Missouri Pacific the impression is no less gloomy. Beautiful farms, comfortable country homes, and the thrift of husbandry died away and disappeared hundreds of miles east of Denver; and to one who has never before crossed the plains, the impression is irresistible, that Colorado has few green fields or productive farms.

The railways bring us to Denver through cheerless regions of vast extent; they stop and put us off in a large city full of busy, bustling people, several hundreds of miles from any tangible evidences of civilization, and we immediately begin to wonder what there can be to make and support so large a town with such pretensions. The change from the plains to Denver is so sudden as to intensify our surprise and bewilderment.

The farms, if farms there be, are not along the railways, and the stranger is quite ready to entertain the extremest skepticism as to their existence. But vast as are the plains, and barren "illimitable" as are the mountains, there are no less than 5,000,000 acres of land covered by 12,000 miles of irrigating ditches, and of this vast area not less than two-fifths are under cultivation. If these 2,000,000 of acres, already under the plow, were in potatoes, the product, in a single year, at the *average* yield, at fifty cents a bushel, would be $79,000,000, or more than double the annual output of precious metals. Little as we see, by the way, and much as it may surprise us to hear it, Colorado has, nevertheless, an agricultural area greater than the entire state of Massachusetts, including the salt meadows by the sea and the Berkshire Hills on the west.

Then too, *one* acre of Colorado land is worth *two* in Ohio, Indiana or Illinois. The soil is richer, and with irrigation, incomparably better than lands dependent on rain. The yield of cereals is far superior, and the quality far above the standards of eastern lands. Our potato in quality is far above the potato of any state east of the Missouri river. A yield of seventy-nine bushels is the average; five hundred can be certified to and eight hundred has been claimed. Extravagant as are these statements, they are not made at random.

Alfalfa is coming to be our domestic hay. It yields three crops a year, and if well cared for will give five to eight tons in a season. Whoever saw a field of timothy or red-top in the state of Ohio yield eight tons of hay? Two to three would be a matter for any eastern farmer to boast.

"But where are these farms?" you ask. They are along the streams, a belt on either side, watered by irrigation ditches, leading the water, in frequent instances, many miles away from the stream, by laterals and sublaterals, watering all the lands between. There are farms along the Platte from Greeley to Platte Canon; along all the tributaries of the Platte coming from the mountains; along the Arkansas; on the upper waters of the Rio Grande, involving hundreds of thousands of acres in San Luis Park; on the head waters of the San Juan; along the Uncompahgre and the Gunnison, and in the valley of the Grand river. There are numerous farms throughont the monntains—in the parks and valleys that widen along the mountain streams. If you would see farms, visit the valleys of the Cache la Poudre, Big Thompson, St. Vrain, Boulder, Clear Creek, Bear Creek and the Platte. If you would see them well, take a saddle horse and go to Greeley; take it leisurely, stop at Brighton, Lupton, Platteville and Evans by the way. At Greeley they will show you genuine Colorado farms and farming. Follow up the Cache la Poudre to Fort Collins. Here you will see the object of your search. Here too, you will find the State Agricultural College. From Fort Collins, to Loveland and Berthoud and Longmont. Don't hurry. There are many good farms along the way. At Longmont and up and down the St. Vrain there are model farms. From Longmont to Boulder—there rest. Thence to Valmont and across to Louisville and Lafayette; take in the valleys of the Ralston and Clear Creek, both to the north and to the south; then west of Wheat Ridge to the farms watered from Bear Creek. When you have done all this, you will have quite forgotten the melancholy of the plains and feel that God has not forsaken the world.

When the people of Colorado learn how to save the water that runs to waste, more than half the year, and how to use it when it is saved, then will the agriculture and the farms of this state be at a preminm far above farms in the region of rain.

FRUIT CULTURE.

For fifty years the new states have one by one passed through a peculiar period of "We can't raise fruit." Illinois had it; and Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota. It is like measles and chicken pox, "must go 'round." Colorado caught it when a mere infant and had it very hard. "We can't raise fruit," was impressed on almost every mind from the very first. "Too high!" "too dry!" "too cool o' nights!" too this! and too that! so that Fruit Culture was not admitted for many years and when a few men less conservative than rash asked to enter apples at the annual exhibits, as *Colorado grown*, they were subjects of legitimate suspicion as lunatics or knaves,—just as though they had "salted" their gardens from a barrel of Ben Davis orGreenings from beyond the Mississippi. The stranger just arrived and full of the dreariness of the plains may smile at the mere suggestion of fruit in Colorado, and may ask, in the slang of the day; "What are you giving us?" We shall offer neither bananas nor oranges, pomegranates nor figs; but shall beg to place before the mind's eye every kind of fruit grown inthe belt north of Mason and Dixon's line. Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries and other small fruits were the pioneers. These for quantity, on a given space, and for quality are not surpassed in any part of the United States. Among the larger fruits, found to be successful, are apples, apricots, pears, peaches, nectarines, plums, grapes, cherries and prunes. At the Agricultural Fair at Grand Junction, last September, there were 2,500 plates of fruits.

At the close of the season last year, returns carrefully gathered, show that there were 26,700 acres of land in fruits. Of this area nearly 5,000 acres were set in 1891, during 1892 it is expected that 7,500 will be added to the record. Last year the fruit product was estimated by Dr. Shaw, of the State Agricultural College, at $2,000,000. This amount could hardly claim more than 10,000 acres, the rest being in trees too young to bear. This would leave an average income of $200 per acre.

Statistics in a guide book are dry things to a tourist wishing to see the wonders of a mountainous country, the beauties of a region renonwed for magnificent distances, the glories of inimitable skies, and the novelty of railroads climbing to the realms above the clouds. We record these things for those who desire to know what this country produces besides climate and scenery, and with but a word more for their ears we drop the *fruitful* theme.

Fruit Culture is in its infancy. Attention is rapidly turning in this direction. The success already achieved, the data gathered and the interest elicited, suggest that this industry is to be one of the leading if not the first state.

Colorado fruits will soon be found in every Amercan market and the state will stand at the head on Pomona's list. Colorado apples are unusually perfect, surpassingly beautiful and of superior quality; her peaches, for delicacy of color and flavor, are without parallel; her pears and plums are unexcelled, and, what with sun and soil to be secured, the arts and devices of hybridization and studious culture combined with nature, Colorado is destined to lead not only in the production of the precious metals but in the production, quality and supply of all the staple fruits of the temperate zone.

ALTITUDE OF PRINCIPAL TOWNS.

Alamosa	7516	Greeley	4779
Aspen	7910	Gunnison	7680
Black Hawk	7975	Idaho Springs	7515
Boulder	5184	Lake City	8604
Breckenridge	9497	Leadville	10200
Buena Vista	7970	Littleton	5354
Canon City	5344	Longmont	5004
Caribou	9905	Loveland	5030
Central	8516	Manitou	6383
Colorado Springs	6000	Meeker	6491
*Creede	9249	Montrose	5847
Del Norte	7880	Morrison	7963
Delta	4963	Nederland	8263
Denver	5197	Ouray	7705
Durango	6520	Pueblo	4713
Fairplay	9965	Red Cliff	8871
Fort Collins	4966	Rosita	8500
Fort Garland	7936	Saguache	7620
Georgetown	8419	Silver Plume	9219
Glenwood	5770	Silverton	9300
Golden	5668	Telluride	8800
Grand Junction	4594	Trinidad	6005

* questionable.

ALTITUDE OF WELL KNOWN POINTS.

Argentine Pass	13281	Middle Park	7750
Berthoud Pass	11350	North Park	8500
Boulder Pass	11670	Pagosa Springs	7100
Chicago Lakes	11500	Palmer Lake	7650
*Estes Park	6810	Poncha Pass	9061
Fremont Pass	11329	San Luis Park	7620
Grand Lake	8153	Steamboat Springs	6781
*Green Lake	10400	South Park	8842
Hot Sulphur Sp'gs	7715	Tennessee Pass	10143
Loveland Pass	11876	Twin Lakes	9333
Marshall Pass	10858	Veta Pass	9399
		Wagon Wheel Gap	8449

* questionable.

STATE INSTITUTIONS.

Colorado is abreast in the matter of public institutions so necessary in our civilization, and maintains, in a creditable manner, a State University, a School of Mines, an Agricultural College, a Normal School, an Asylum for the Insane, an Institute for the Mute and Blind, a Penitentiary and a Reform School for girls; but no one of the above is located at Denver.

The State University, located at Boulder, was opened in 1876, and has made rapid strides from a humble beginning. It promises to become a potential factor in the educational affairs of "The Far West." It is controlled by an elective Board of Regents, and presided over by Prof. James H. Baker, a man of ability and experience in the field of education. This important institution is beautifully located and offers superior advantages educationally, and, with the liberal provisions of the State for its maintenance and an intelligent management, it is destined to take rank with the best in the land.

State School of Mines is at Golden. This is an institution of great usefulness to the various mining industries of the state. An able corps of professors is making it an important factor in a direction most necessary to an inelligent prosecution of gold and silver mining, especially. The field work and analysis, as outlined by Prof. Lakes in his reports on the "Geology of Colorado Ore Deposits" and the "Geology of Colorado Coal Deposits," clearly illustrate the value of work of this branch of education.

The State Agricultural College is located at Fort Collins in one of the best agricultural parts of the state and is run experimentally in the interests of the farmer. In this country, where everything depends on irrigation and how to apply it,— a subject so little understood in America—no greater benefit can be conferred upon the farmer than an intelligent course of instruction in the mysteries of this most difficult art. A knowledge of *how much*, *how*, and *when* to use water in different soils in this arid region, on "every herb after his kind," is something the eastern farmer does not bring with him, nor take into his fields, at once, in Colorado. Either he must learn by failure and experience, or learn from the knowledge of others. The Agricultural College endeavors to confer this favor on all its patrons of husbandry.

The State Normal School, located at Greeley, was opened in 1890 and promises a successful career. The nature of this class of schools is too well understood to need comment.

The Insane Asylum is at Pueblo, and in operation on an enlightened basis of humanity and helpfulness. For a full discription of building and management, see Superintendent's report, obtainable of Secretary of State.

The Institute for the Mute and Blind is at Colorado Springs and the location, and character of the people of that city is a sufficient guarantee of the faithful performance by the state, of this delicate and important trust.

The State Penitentiary is situated at Canon City. This institution was founded and the present buildings constructed during the territorial period, and, considering this fact, must be regarded as fine for that time. The management is good, and the care of prisoners, humane. Visitors are welcome and shown through the prison with pleasure.

The State Industrial School is at Golden, and conducted by a Board of Control appointed by the Governor, for the reclamation and education of wayward boys, too young to be treated as criminals.

CLIMATE.

Much has been said of our climate, in some instances possibly exaggerated; but it will bear a great deal of praise. The climate of Colorado is not perfect; no climate is; but, all things considered, we know of none so desirable. Except for a short time in the winter the South is not comparable; even then, as a rule, the rain and fog are more than an offset, for a portion of that time, while the long tedious winters of the North with their great severity place it beyond the range of comparison, while the middle belt with its fretful rain and mud, its snow and slush, by turns, the winter through, make Colorado climate seem more perfect than it is.

We have our rains and snows, our heat and cold, our winds and sandstorms; sometimes there are floods; some winters there is sleighing; now and then the thermometer goes down below zero, ten, twenty and even thirty degrees. Excessive cold is of short duration; as a rule a storm is short-lived; the sun is seldom obscured a day at a time; more than that is extreme. East, it is common for storms to last several days—sometimes for a week, the sun is scarcely visible. Not so in Colorado. Few days are without sunshine. No country, perhaps, with more sunlight and less cloud, or with such beautiful, bright skies; and if it is cold in winter, the air is so dry and still, one scarcely realizes it, while in the north and north-west the wind sweeps over the prairies or through the openings driving the cold through and through one till the marrow in him is stiff.

Fogs are few. In the upper Mississippi valley and along all its tributaries, great and small—from Kansas to Pennsylvania and from the Lakes to Kentucky, (and Heaven only knows how much farther,) in the Fall of the year especially, morning after morning, the fog rises and rules the forenoon—damp and wet and chill! A fog in Colorado is anomalous, yet it sometimes happens.

Winter rains, are rarely known. From October to

April they seldom occur; usually April is the snowiest month of the year, and May is the rainiest. The average winter has no rain and little snow. The sidewalks in winter are usually dry, so that overshoes are not needed, and heavy overcoats are a burden except on occasional days. Beaver tippets and otter gloves, needless luxuries.

Summer sunshine is sometimes warm—never hot, like Mohave or even Washington or Cincinnati and Colorado shade is always cool. However hot a Colorado sun may seem, the shade is always pleasant. Sunstrokes are unknown.

If it seems too warm at Denver it is only three hours ride to snow, ice, cool nights and pleasant days. Georgetown and Green Lake are near; Perry Park or Palmer Lake are at hand; Idaho Springs and Chicago Lakes are still nearer; What would New York or St. Louis not give for such outings so near them? Denver is never hot in the sense that eastern cities are. Warm as our weather ever becomes, one can sleep and rest and rise refreshed. He is not compelled to roll and tumble the live long night in sleepless misery and endless perspiration. We have no "heated term" measured by long weeks of debilitating and suffocatng air—the breath of a furnace loaded with enervating vapors. If the thermomitor suggests the 90° the mountain shadows bring the grateful cooling breath of a Colorado night which is always a blessed messenger of peace and rest.

Winds.—Colorado winds, as such, need no apologies. Like all localities we have our winds. Their worst feature is the dust. The dryness of the climate and the peculiar nature of the soil and exposed condition of the surface of the country afford the wind every opportunity to gather the dust and carry it in clouds like smoke. These "Dust Storms," so called, are disagreeable, and indeed, the most disagreeable feature of our climate. They vex the pedestrian, the merchant and house-keeper alike; they excite the irascible and irritate the invalid, but after all are not as bad as a week's drizzle and mud. The wind itself blows no harder than it does elsewhere nor indeed, so hard as where trees, fences and chimneys are prostrated before its vigorous sweep. Our winds seldom blow when is cold. Zero weather is generally still. Nor do our winds ever take the form of tornado or cyclone—at least they have not since the settlement of the country. Our local press has, on rare occasions, spoken of storms sensationally, but intelligent observation will sustain the statement that Colorado winds are free from phenomenal severity.

Sometimes our climate is over-rated, misunderstood.

Some writers in their enthusiasm speak of our bright skies and glorious sunshine in such a manner as to lead strangers to imagine our climate is perfect; that it never rains; that it is never hot, nor cold; and when he arrives and sees a dust storm, or a rainy day, or a snow storm, or the thermometer at zero he says something sarcastically about our "Italian climate," just as though it never rained in Italy, nor was ever muddy, nor cold, nor disagreeable; or just as though he expected Colorado to be an Eden of perfection. No! Colorado is not perfect; but it is nearer the ideal climate than any of the six states it has been our pleasure to winter and summer in, although they are scattered across a radius of thirty-six degrees of longitude. We know almost every inch of climate east of the 105th degree of longitude and north of Tennessee and have wandered across six degrees of Pacific coast latitude from San Diego north, and confidently believe, all things taken together; as a climate to winter and summer in, to live in, no state in the Union can offer its equal, much less a superior. Our climate is dry, its atmosphere is clear and pure, it has more sunny days than any other; it is neither excessively hot in summer, nor evcessively cold in winter. Any climate that never changes is enervating. There is warmth enough for comfort and cold enough to tone and tune the mind and body for activity; and we believe it nearest the perfect ideal of the temperate zone and the best expression of favorable conditions for the highest developement of human energy.

HEALTH RESORTS.

Mineral Springs abound in Colorado, and are found throughout the mountains. Probably no portion of the world is richer in mineral and thermal springs than the Rocky Mountains. They exist in every variety of composition and temperature—some as low as forty degrees Fahrenheit while others run up to one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, and run through the whole gammut of minerals from the gentlest soda to the most pungent salts and offensive sulphates. Many have never been analyzed but enough have been to show that we have springs possessed of the highest medical virtues and worthy to be compared to the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas, or the world renowned springs of Germany and Switzerland.

Very much remains to be done to bring the springs of Colorado to the notice of tourists and invalids, and comparatively little has been accomplished to put them in a condition to receive a large patronage. The country is new and other things have demanded the attention of our people and we have scarcely become conscious of their existence, or the importance of their character. With few exceptions, almost nothing has been done to bring the Mineral and Thermal Springs of Colorado into the notice they deserve, till within a year or two, and some of these efforts have been embarrassed by the stringency of the money market during 1891 after they were begun. It is but a question of time, however, when the fame of the springs of Colorado will be world-wide and invalids flock to them from every quarter of the globe. We shall name and call attention to a few of those best known and easy of access which have been brought into requisition and use for invalids, and the pleasure of tourists. As Mineral Springs are believed by medical authorities, to rank next to climate in all cases of phthisis, it becomes specially interesting to invalids to seek their benefit in Colorado, because of the double value of medicinal waters combined with climate. We shall notice only a few of the best known and give the analysis of the more popular ones.

Manitou Springs.—These are at Manitou and come sparkling up out of the rocks at the foot of Pike's Peak. There are several of them more or less well known to invalids and tourists, but will be content to give the analysis of three. *Iron Ute* is a chalybeate spring with a temperature of forty-four degrees and cool enough for a pleasant drink. In 100,000 parts of water are found carbonate of soda 59.34, carbonate of magnesia 14.56, carbonate of lime 59.04, carbonate of iron 5.78, sulphate of soda 30.86, sulphate of potassa 7.01, chloride of sodium 31.59, silica 2.69. *Manitou* is an acidulous alkaline water. Temperature, fifty-six degrees Fahrenheit. In same amount of water are: carbonate of soda 52.26, carbonate of magnesia 20.57, carbonate of lime 111.00, carbonate of lithia .21, sulphate of soda 19.76, sulphate of potassa 13.35, silica 2.01, chloride of sodium 40.95. *Little Chief* is an aperient spring with a temperature of forty-three degrees Fahrenheit, and contains on a like basis, carbonate of soda 15.16, carbonate of magnesia 13.01, carbonate of lime 16.20, carbonate of iron 1.30, sulphate of soda 51.88, sulphate of potassa 6.24, chloride of sodium 47.97, silica 2.22. Besides the above there are Navajo, Shoshone and Ute Soda.

Of all the resorts, Manitou is the most attractive and most charming, and if pleasant surroundings can add to the virtues of a delightful climate and the use of mineral water, then Manitou must bear the palm, as probably no watering place in the world can boast such glory in climate, joined with so rich a profusion of natural attractions and diversions as this favorite resort.

Poncha Springs are located on the D. & R. G. Ry, at the foot of Marshall Pass, at an elevation of 9,000 feet. They are both hot and cold—the hottest being one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit. The scenery around Poncha Springs is of the most grand. The place is sheltered by adjacent ranges and the climate very fine—the summers being especially salubrious and delightful. The Springs are gaining in reputation and promise to become better and more favorably known as the years go by.

Hot Sulphur Springs are found in Middle Park, and reached by stage from Georgetown, three days a week via Berthoud Pass, 11,350 feet above the sea. Middle Park is 7,750 feet and the springs, six in number, are improved for the use of invalids. They register one hundred and seventeen degrees Fahrenheit and afford the following analysis: Carbonate of soda 38.44, carbonate of iron 2.34, carbonate of lime 11.02, sulphate of potassa 2.90, sulphate of soda 43.06, chloride of sodium 22.48, to 100,000 parts of the spring water. The hotel affords comfortable accommodations and yet many avail themselves of camping privileges and outfits and certainly no part of the mountains offers more delightful opportunities of this kind than Middle Park.

Idaho Springs is thirty-five miles only, from Denver, on the line of the Colorado Central, easy of access, and one and one-half miles above the sea. It has always been a popular resort and has the natural advantages necessary to make one of the most interesting and valuable resorts in the country. It has enough of nature to make it a most charming watering place and only the hand of man with a liberal outlay is needed to make it a Bethesda of paradise. But enough has already been done to establish its virtue as a health resort. The water registers a temperature of one hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit and gives the following analysis of mineral in solution: Carbonate of soda 52.81, carbonate of lime 16.32, carbonate of magnesia 4.94, carbonate of iron 7.07, sulphate of soda 50.34, sulphate of magnesia 32.09, chloride of sodium 7.13, silicate of soda 6.99.

These springs are so near to Denver and connected with so many attractions of nature, in the midst of a rich mining belt, with the comforts of the bright and thriving town of Idaho Springs, that they must, at no distant day, become an elysium of pleasure and a Siloam of health.

Liberty Hot Springs are located at Wagon Wheel

Gap, near the head waters of the Rio Grande river, reached by the D. & R. G., via Pueblo, Ft. Garland and Del Norte. They are 300 miles by rail from Denver by one of the most romantic roads within the mountains, passing as it does over the Sangre de Cristo range at Veta Pass, one of the striking Passes across the range. From Veta Pass, for one hundred miles the road runs through San Luis Park which is fast becoming an empire of industry and wealth, including four important counties of the state. Wagon Wheel Gap is situated in a magnificent mountain amphitheatre. A few miles north, the Continental Divide stops abruptly and throws out a heavy spur to the east, called the La Garita Mountains, while the range itself turns abruptly west, but curving to the south soon joins the San Juan Range in its sweep to the southeast thus surrounding the Gap with a lofty parapet of peaks in a wild magnificence seldom met. The springs themselves, three in number, boil up out of the earth in a natural basin, seven by eleven feet and give a temperature of one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit. A good hotel and pleasant bathing accommodations make these springs desirable and valuable. No. 1 presents the following analysis: Carbonate of soda 69.42, carbonate of lime 13.08, carbonate of magnesia 10.91, sulphate of soda 23.73, chloride of sodium 29.35, silicia 5.73.

The new town of Creede with its wonderful discoveries of silver must add largely to the future possibilities of Wagon Wheel Gap and its springs as a pleasure and health resort.

Mount Princeton Hot Springs.—This new resort is nine miles southwest of Buena Vista and situated in the midst of the most lofty peaks in Colorado. Mount Princeton is one of the College group in the Saguache Range and a striking section of the Great Divide. From Mount Massive to Mount Ouray, the range is indescribable and these springs are at the base of one of the great rugged peaks. By the expenditure of vast sums of money, which is already begun, these springs are to be utilized for the pleasure and benefit of tourists and improved in a manner to please the most fastidious, and will soon offer to the invalid one of the charming resting places by the wayside of life. A beautiful hotel, bath house and swimming pool all supplied with modern resort appurtenances and conveniences to the very point of luxury are in process of construction and will soon invite the seekers of health and pleasure, and promises at an early day to become one of the attractive resorts in the Rocky Mountains.

Glenwood Springs, from which the city of Glenwood Springs derives its name, are on the Grand River near the junction of the Roaring Fork. The Grand River, a little east of Glenwood, comes through a deep canon cut through the Palœozoic rocks overlying Archœan granite. The springs are near the mouth of the canon. The waters are too hot for bathing till cooled and contain carbonic acid gas, sulphurated hydrogen, common salt, gypsum, carbonates of magnesia, soda, lime and silica. There are ten springs of importance. These have a daily flow of 8,000 gallons per minute, which means 4,608 car loads in twenty-four hours, and about one half of this enormous outflow is supplied by one spring alone—the Yampa. One of these springs has worn a cave in the rock and the proprietors have utilized it for a Russian Bath, more perfect than art could construct.

The Springs at this point have received the attention they well deserve and the visitor will find them encircled by the arms of human art, to make them serviceable to the invalid and enjoyable to the tourist and lover of pleasure. A bath house has been constructed of red sandstone at a cost of nearly a quarter of a million dollars in the most ornate style—an ornament to any country. Surrounded as it is with lawns, drives and terraces, one is beguiled into the feeling that he is reveling in the center of civilization, instead of the heart of the Rocky Mountains, two hundred and ninety-five miles from Denver and but a short distance from the recent White River massacre, where the lamented Meeker fell by the savage hand of Ute in 1887. In the short space of five years, all this region (with its railways and cities and these evidences of cultivation) has been wrested from the wilderness and the savage and dotted with cities and camps, supplied with railways and tokens of civilization and coming luxury. Glenwood Springs is destined to become a noted resort. Surrounded as it is with the wilds of the Rockies, and scenery of ceaseless interest, adjacent as it is to the new National Park proposed, and supplied with these springs so wonderful in kind and phenomena and so thoroughly improved, it cannot be long till its fame will be heard wherever there is an invalid or a lover of the pleasures of travel.

There are numerous other springs, some of which are deserving of special attention but want of space forbids and the fear of tedium also admonishes brevity.

Seltzer Springs at Springdale on Jim Creek in Boulder County, supplied with hotel and bathing facilities; Canon

City Sulphur Springs with hotel and Mineral baths Pagosa Springs, the "Great Medical Waters" of the Indians, with a basin seventy feet in length by fifty feet wide, with a temperature of one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit, at an altitude of 7,000, are all worthy of extended mention. Steamboat Springs, sixty-five miles northwest of Hot Sulphur Springs, Middle Park, are worthy of special mention. They constitute a splendid objective point for a camping tour or hunting expedition—the journey being one of the most interesting and enjoyable in Colorado, embracing Egeria Park en route.

SCENERY.

Colorado scenery is unique,—unique because of its infinite variety, stupendous character, vast extent and value as a public revenue. We may well speak of its infinite variety. No two canons are alike. Estes park is not like Middle Park, and South Park bears almost no resemblance to San Luis Park, Perry Park is like nothing else and the scenery at Leadville is not the scenery of Buena Vista. The lakes of Colorado have no likeness to the lakes of Wisconsin. The Western Ranges differ from the Front Ranges, and so on, *ad infinitum*. We sometimes say of different objects: when we have seen one we have seen all; not so of the Rocky Mountains.

The scenery is stupendous; the parks, the canons, the peaks, the ranges, all on a scale gigantic. Then, too, the ranges are set one beyond another in wondrous winrows connected and disconnected by mighty canons or stupendous ranges set transversely, turning the watershed first towards the Gulf of Mexico, then to the Pacific as if mountain ranges were mere toys in the hand of nature, mere playthings for our astonishment and bewilderment. Then, too, there is no limit to this scenery. It fills all the space from the plains to the state limits and extends huudreds of miles beyond. Colorado, however, includes the most majestic; and so wonderful and commanding is it that as long as the love of wonder broods in the human mind, so long will hundreds and thousands be drawn hither to see and enjoy the picturesque, the grand and marvelous scenery of the Rocky Mountains.

MOUNTAINS.

The Rocky Mountans run north and south dividing Colorado into two parts: the eastern half, the plains; the western, the mountains, the latter, the larger half. As we ramble through the mountains they seem a vast intangible net work of peaks and ranges cut by canons and valleys in absolute promiscuity. If carefully studied they arrange themselves, to the geologist, into order as tangible as a row of apple trees.

The mountains of Colorado in mass are something incomprehensible. There are hundreds upon hundreds of miles of ranges and peaks parallel and transverse. Their vastness is beyond conception, their study something wonderful, their contemplation akin to the infinite. As seen from Denver they are grand and glorious; as seen from their summits they are awfully sublime; and till you have stood on one of these loftiest peaks you never can know the power of their unspoken speech. Its thrill, no language can express; no pen can describe. Yet grand as they are, and lofty, we must not forget that at one time they were vastly higher,—so high as to make their summits the fountains of immense glaciers. whose terrible but slow silent currents, cut down the peaks, scoured their sides, their tops and brows and crags, thus milling them into boulders and sand; and drawing their heavy forms down to the plains cutting out canons and defiles, thus reducing the mountain altitudes, thousands of feet; while the sun in turn has reduced the glaciers till scarce a remnant remains except gigantic moraines and vast fields of boulders, gravel and sand to tell the tale of the perpetual winter that for ages rested on Colorado. So that as we traverse these mountains, climb their summits, or meander through their shadowy canons and stand in wonderment in the presence of their vast proportions we must remember they are but shadows of their former selves, remnants of a system more formidable than the Alps or Hymalayas; but sufficient remains to make Colorado the superior of any other state for mountain scenery.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

Successful mountain climbing depends on several things. The first of all and most important perhaps is the passion for it. To enjoy it thoroughly one must possess the romantic and poetic sentiment. One mind is affected by the grand in nature, another is not. One of them thought Niagara was wonderful, and stood before the mighty cataract with enraptured gaze, the other stood and looked a moment and said he could see nothing *wonderful* about it—indeed he saw nothing to *hinder* it. So it is, two people may ascend Gray's Peak; one is speechless with emotions of wonder, surprise, pleasure, or possibly carried away with transports of rapture while the other unmoved remarks that it is a good view. To the one no toil of ascent is too great—no weariness or privation too severe. One hour's enjoyment more than makes up for it all. The other finds no compensation in the scene presented. To enjoy mountain climbing there must be enthusiasm in it—a love of poetry and romance.

There must be strength and endurance. Mountain climbing is laborious. In these high altitudes it is hard work. The atmosphere is light. The lungs are taxed with extra labor to provide oxygen for the blood. The circulation is heightened and the work of the heart vastly increased: so that mountain climbing is unlike other labor in lower altitudes. The ascent of Pike's Peak, now, is no feat or test of endurance. The locomotive does the work. Gray's Peak as well is not a test. The mule does the climbing; you ride to the summit. But when it comes to Long's Peak it is labor of no ordinary character.

There must also be a fair degree of health. No invalid should try the higher peaks—especially persons with tendency to hemorrhage, consumption or heart trouble of any kind. Very grave dangers attend, and risks no one should incur. To climb mountains one should enjoy a fair degree of health—especially a healthy condition and action of the vital organs. For one who is well and strong—one who is accustomed to toil or any sort of manual exercise—one who loves the grandeur and sublimity of nature, the Rocky Mountains offer a royal fascination and an endless field of enjoyment. Their ranges and canons, peaks and precipices, parks and vistas constitute an unlimited range for a flow of pleasure of the highest type. If an excursion is planned to the summit of any peak to see the sun rise, choose if possible a night soon after the full moon. A dark night on the mountains is far from desirable; the moonlight is indispensable, and whenever you go, take extra clothing—overcoats and wraps, you will surely need them.

PRINCIPAL PEAKS.

If the stranger, who is a lover of nature, wants to know the names of the peaks along the range, who will tell him? He asks the driver, he does not know; the conductor on the cable knows no more than the driver; the merchant cannot tell him, nor the lawyer. Few people one meets can name the peaks of the range. The stranger is amazed at us for our ignorance of the mountains, and we are amazed at ourselves when we think of it.

Extended as is the mountain view from Denver—grand as is the panorama when looking at the vast sweep of mountains, from Pike's Peak in the south, to the Laramie Hills in Wyoming in the north, yet we only see four of the peaks in the list below. There are seven higher than any we see from Denver and the following are the names of the visible ones, which are more than 1400 feet high: Pike's Peak, Long's Peak, Mount Evans and Mount Rosalie.

Pike's Peak is the oldest and best known; it was discovered in 1806 and for many years was the beacon of the Rocky Mountains, and has been honored with more ascents, perhaps, than all the rest in the list that are more than 14,000 feet in height. By many, it is supposed to be the highest in the range, but, while it is 14,172, there are twenty-five peaks more lofty.

Long's Peak.—There are eleven mountains in Colorado higher than Long's Peak, but from Denver it is the most striking object as seen in the range. In direction, it is due north-west, hence visible down Sixteenth street or any of its parallels. Its distance from Denver is fifty-five miles, as the crow flies, reached from Estes Park. As seen from Greeley or Longmont, it has a double peak; as viewed from Denver, they are in range and blend to the naked eye. It is difficult of ascent and till 1868 regarded as inaccessible; in August of that year Wm. N. Byers made the ascent. Anna Dickinson was the first woman to climb it—about five years later, Wm. N. Byers was one of the party. Long's Peak was discovered in 1820 by Captain Long, for whom it was named.

Evans Peak is the second in prominence, as seen from the plains. It is thirty-five miles west and eight miles south of Denver,—hence a little south of west, but the most prominent peak in the front of you when facing the range. The description of this group in Hayden's Report for 1874 on pages 147—50 is clear and interesting. This is a wonderful mountain mass, and, but for the rugged hills of Bear Creek, it would appear vastly more massive than it does. It was on this peak, Bierstadt got the inspiration for his "Storm in the Rocky Mountains."

In the summer of 1863, the artist, accompanied by Wm. N. Byers, visited Chicago Lakes and ascended the Chicago Mountains as they had been called. The artist named the peak ascended Mount Rosa. Seven years later when the people of Colorado gathered at Greeley to celebrate the second great event in the history of the Territory—the completion of the Denver Pacific Railway—it was proposed to call this mountain, prominently visible from Greeley, for the man who had done so much in the grand enterprse of connecting Denver and Colorado with the Pacific Railroad. At that memorable gathering, warm with the enthusiasm of the hour, this magnificent peak was christened Mount Evans.

Mount Rosalie is one of the Evans group, 14,000 feet high, situated two miles to the southeast of Mount Evans, and prominently seen a little to the left of the main peak. See Hayden's Report for 1875, page 417. Between Mount Evans and Gray's Peak, there are six peaks ranging from 13,600 to 14,200 feet, not named on the maps, one or two being visible from Denver.

Gray's Peak, fifth in the order of height; and though located in the Front Range is hidden from Denver by intervening mountains. It was named for Prof. Gray, the botanist. High as it is, it is very accessible and reached from the Colorado Central, by way of Graymont. There are a few prominent peaks visible from Denver, less than 14,000 feet in height, deserving of mention.

Arapahoe Peak is, in a straight line, sixteen miles south of Long's Peak and readily recognizable by its horizontal summit, terminating at each extremity in a point of rocks. It is plainly seen from Denver. Altitude 13,200 feet.

Audubon Peak is 13,173 feet, plainly visible from Denver and situated about midway between Long's Peak and Arapahoe Peak, and forms one of the bastions in the east wall of Middle Park.

James Peak was named fifty years ago and yet very little known. Its altitude is 13,283. Is situated about twelve miles west of Central City and plainly visible from Denver, about eight degrees north of west.

Mummy Mountain.—This is a mass rather than a peak and situated north of Long's Peak and very prominently seen from Denver. By a little stretch of imagination the shape will be seen to justify the name. The best discription of this mountain may be found in Chapin's "Mountaineering in Colorado." It is reached from Estes Park by way of Black Canon and is scarcely less interesting than Long's Peak. On the maps the principal point is named Hague's Peak; altitude, 13,832 feet.

One of the finest points from which to study the peaks of Colorado is Mount Lincoln. From its summit, one can have the best possible angles and the altitude most favorable. From its summit, the mountains seem a wilderness of peaks and with a good map and glass, a week would scarce suffice to quench the flame of pleasure to be derived from a landscape and pastime so sublime.

ALTITUDES OF PRINCIPAL PEAKS. *

Sierra Blanca	14483	Costilla Co.
Mt. Elbert	14436	Lake Co
Mt. Massive	14424	Lake Co
Uncompahgre	14419	Gunnison Co
Gray's Peak	14411	Clear Creek Co.
Mt. Harvard	14375	Chaffee Co.
Torrey's Peak	14336	Clear Creek Co.
Mount Evans	14321	Clear Creek Co.
La Plata Peak	14311	Chaffee Co.
Mt. Wilson	14309	Dolores Co.
†Buckskin Peak	14296	Park Co.
Long's Peak	14271	Boulder Co.
Mt. Sneffles	14249	Ouray Co.
Mt. Antero	14245	Chaffee Co.
Mt. Shavano	14239	Chaffee Co.
Mt. Crestones	14233	Saguache Co.
Quandary Peak	14209	Summit Co.
Mt. Lincoln	14297	Park Co.
Mt. Princeton	14190	Chaffee Co.
Mt. Yale	14187	Chaffee Co.
Mt. Bross	14185	Grand Co.
Mt. of the Holy Cross	14176	Eagle Co.
Old Baldy	14176	Costilla Co.
Lizzard's Head	14160	San Miguel Co.
Handie Peak	14149	Hinsdale Co.
Pike's Peak	14147	El Paso Co.
Goat's Peak	14132	Park Co.
Castle Peak	14115	Pitkin Co.
San Luis Peak	14100	Saguache Co.
Red Cloud Peak	14092	Hinsdale Co.
San Miguel Peak	14075	San Miguel Co.
†Wetterhorn	14069	
Ouray Peak	14055	Chaffee Co.
Simpson's Pyramid	14055	Hinsdale Co.
Mt. Æolus	14054	La Plata Co.
Needle Peak	14051	La Plata Co.
Culebra Peak	14049	Costilla Co.
Humboldt Peak	14041	Custar Co.
Stewart Peak	14032	Saguache Co.
Sherman Peak	14008	Lake Co.
Maroon Peak	14003	Pitkin Co.
Mount Rosalie	14000	Clear Creek Co.

Spanish Peak No. 1	13718
Spanish Peak No. 2	12790
Hague's Peak, N. of Estes Park	13832
Cameron's Cone, Manitou	11560

Moraine Lake, on Pike's Peak	10108
Cheyenne Mountain, the burial place of "H. H."	9948
Prospect Mountain, Estes Park	8898
Mt. Olympus, Estes Park	8608
South Boulder Peak, Boulder	8533
Green Mountain Resort, Denver	7993

* Nell is followed as authority in the matter of altitudes througout the work, so far as possible.

† Doubtful.

MOUNTAIN PARKS.

The mountain parks are indescribable; they are like nothing we have ever seen, but always picturesque and unique. There are many of them. They vary in size from a few acres, to the dimensions of an empire. The largest one in the state is equal to Connecticut. There are four, any one of which is as large as Rhode Island. These four are in a row from north to south and lie between the "Park Range" and "Front Range," named North, Middle, South and San Luis parks, respectively. The large parks have an elevation of 7,000 to 8,000 feet. Many of the smaller ones are along the streams, but are often found high upon the mountains. Frequently their unexpected and picturesque situation and natural beauty make them charming resorts and, oftimes, more like bits of fairy land than things of earth. Estes Park is in some ways like a weird paradise; Manitou Park, with its petrified forest and natural scenery, a pleasurable surprise; Perry Park a magnificent dream; and many others, too, full of indescribable and all glorious things; and no two alike.

San Luis Park, in size, is the greatest of all, and largely agricultural. In it are the headwaters of the Rio Grande, fed by the snows of the Sangre de Cristo Range on the east and the great ranges on the west. It is to become an empire of itself and one of the future wonders of Colorado.

South Park, is about fifty miles southwest of Denver. There are good wagon roads into the park, besides it is traversed by the Midland and South Park Railways. For beautiful scenery it excels all other parks. Bowles said of it: "All the grand panorama of natural beauty that hill and valley, mountain and plain, winter and summer, snow and verdure, trees and rocks, water and waste can produce in combination and comparison, is here spread before the spectator, not for a single spot or in a single hour of his travel, but from mile to mile, from day's journey to day's journey, ever the same various scene, yet ever shifting in its kaleidoscopic alliances and changes."

It affords good grazing and is rich in coal, as well as scenery, and has the conformations for a vast reservoir lake for the irrigation of many thousands of acres of land, at some future period, when the demands of agriculture shall rise beyond coal, cattle and scenery.

Middle Park, is fifty miles or more west of Denver. It is not valuable agriculturally, but has extended grazing. It has desirable mineral springs, vast coal fields, which just now are on the wrong side of the Range, but Grand Junction, however, may some day need their supply. For a domain of pleasure and enjoyment, for a "One Summer" leisure, Middle Park is a competitor against the state. It is wild and lonely, but nature offers royal companionship of the noblest quality. It is reached by Georgetown and the stage across the mountains by one of the finest mountain passes over the Range.

North Park is still north and far more difficult of access. A very small portion of the world's population abide here. A few families, magnificent vistas and supernal solitudes beckon the ambitious explorer to wilds scarcely paralleled in the Rockies. There are trails by way of Middle Park and Estes Park over the Great Divide. No one has seen the mountains well, till he has seen some of the parks.

COLORADO LAKES.

There are no large lakes in the state; small ones are many, and mostly picturesque and some of them should be seen. We speak of the mountain lakes only: one of the surprises awaiting the mountaineer, is his constantly running upon little lakes far up on the mountains, nestling in the pines, hemmed in by mountain walls, often lifted above timber line, far from the haunts or paths of men, without tree or shrub to keep them company, with nought but rocks and sky or storm and ice for their companionship. Many of the mountain lakes have trout and how the finny tribes ever came there is something "no fellah can tell." Of course fish are planted at the present time but there were trout in Green Lake when first discovered, as well as Chicago Lakes at timber line.

Twin Lakes.—At the base of the Saguache Range, at an elevation of 9,333 feet may be found two of the most beautiful lakes in Colorado. Their trend is east and west fed by a mountain brook from the snowy range. The lower lake has an area of 1,525 acres, the upper 475, the two being connected by a rivulet of cold, sparkling water, half a mile in length, running over a pebbly bed, through a lovely meadow, set by the hand of nature with evergreen shade trees, affording beautiful grounds for camper and stroller. Along the northern shore is a carriage road and magnificent drive. At the head of the lakes, Mount Elbert is seen in all its glory, reaching an altitude of 14,436 feet; a little to the north of Elbert, Mount Massive, 14,424 feet. Across the lakes to the south are the Twin peaks and Old Grizzly, rising from the water's edge, studded with pine and spruce to timber line. The scenery is indescribably grand, combining also the charmingly picturesque. The tourist should not fail to see Twin Lakes. It is an attractive place to camp and while away the days in fishing, boating and rambling about; or if one depends upon the advantage of public conveyances and hotels, it is a most accessible place and provided with accommodations at prices to suit all mankind. You can be comfortable at $1.50 a day; a little more so possibly at $4.00. One writer has said if one cannot be happy at Twin Lakes, even the Garden of Eden might fail to afford him pleasure.

Palmer Lake.—A gem! an emerald set in the crown of the Divide, 7,650 feet above the sea, on the road between Denver and Colorado Springs. It is small but none the less beautiful and spoken of under the head of "Outings from Denver."

Chicago Lakes, at an altitude of 11,500 feet above the sea, are reached from Idaho Springs, at a disance twelve miles by trail. The trip is a genuine mountaineering one,and should be planned in connection with the ascent of Mount Evans, and occupy in all several days. One needs an outfit for camping under timber line with plenty of leisure and supplies for the journey. In the ascent of Mount Evans, the grandest peak we see from Denver, leaning up against the western sky, is really one of the best outlooks along the range. Besides the illimitable undulations of mountains, far as the eye can see, to the south and west and north, the endless expanse of plains, stretching to the eastern horizon, with all the variety of form and lake and green selvages along the rivers and creeks, diversifying the scene,—with Denver set in the emerald of her foliage, all seemingly so near, as if at our feet—is a scene to be sought; seen,never forgotten. Before retracing our steps to our camp, we should recall that here on this peak Bierstadt conceived his "Storm in the Rocky Mountains." A trip to Chicago lakes is the trip of a life, and by far too few of our tourists are permitted to make it.

Seven Lakes are at the head of Cheyenne Canon above and beyond the Seven Falls. The trip from Colorado Springs is made by ponies, over the Cheyenne

Mountain Toll road which terminates in a good trail to the lakes. They are near timber line, nestling in a valley at the chilly altitude of 11,806 feet above the sea. It is a fine outing for a day, affording many picturesque views. On the return, the visitor should not fail to stop at the spot chosen by "H. H." for a grave on Cheyenne Mountain. A singular spot indeed for the resting place of this gifted writer and poet. She was passionately fond of Colorado from the first time she saw it, very early in the seventies. She called it "a symphony in yellow and red." She came, sick, hunting for a climate that would not kill; and came to feel "one might almost live on such a place alone." This she said of her home—Colorado Springs. In speaking of the churches in those days, she said there were "nine places of Divine worship—the Presbyterian, the Cumberland Presbyterian, the Methodist, the South Methodist, the Episcopal, the Congregationalist, the Baptist, the Unitarian and Cheyenne Canon." She afterwards added one other—Cheyenne Mountain. To this high altar she often came; here she stood and recited the litany of her thoughts; here she knelt in holy reverence for Him who built this temple, not made with hands, and spread the plains to meet the rising sun; here she sat and hymned, in the sweet rythm of her soul, many a measure that now swells the volume of her poems. This mountain was sacred to her, and, dying, she *asked* to be buried 'neath the floor of this high altar. Of all she ever wrote, so sparkling, charming, touching, beautiful, her last request (to be buried here), and this empty grave, as the type of its fulfillment, are the most touching poems of her life, and constitute the sweetest tribute to Colorado, ever offered by any mortal; and the soughing of the winds in these pines are but the perpetual "responses" of Nature to the sweet strains of a soul that once breathed its passionate measures beneath the arches of their foliage. And, dear visitor, when you add, in thought, as you will, one more stone to the ever growing monument over her grave do it gently, reverently, and some day when you can, read anew, or perhaps for the first time, her "Bits of Travel at Home," commencing on page 211. These brief chapters will reveal the secret of the strange request, when, dying on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, she desired to be brought back to Colorado and buried on Cheyenne Mountain.

Grand Lake.—If ever you visit Middle Park, go to Grand Lake, twenty-seven miles from Hot Sulphur Springs, reached by a good wagon road, following the valley of the Grand River. The trip of itself is a poem of beauty and grandeur. The mountains and configuration of the country along the route, make the ride one of rare interest. This is the finest lake in Colorado and the largest, being three miles long and two wide. Nature seems jealous of Grand Lake, has taken it and set it far away up in the mountains, close to the snowy range, tucked in between the peaks. Towering cliffs hang over it. All around the green pines come down to the very sands, as if to hide it away from the sight of man. It is the very emphasis of solitude, the retreat of sublimity. In the early days, it was the finest fishing ground in the state; of trout there was no end, while their size was renowned. A small village, Grand Lake by name, is situated on its shore, in which will be found a store, a hotel, post office and a weekly paper. What with fishing, boating and hunting, the days will spin away with great rapidity. The scenery is beyond description. The echoes of Grand Lake are something not to be forgotten or overlooked. All in all, a trip to Grand Lake is one of a few very rare things to do, unattended with dangers or hardships, as attach to very many outings in the Rocky Mountains.

Green Lake is about three miles south and east of Georgetown, and reached by wagon road, and in that distance you ascend 2,000 feet. Beautiful flowers abound by the roadside; the way is romantic, every opening disclosing to the hungry vision, peak upon peak, snow capped or clad in evergreen. We climb the toilsome way and, by and by, the lake catches the eye, only to light it with exuberant delight. Green Lake indeed! An emerald set in the crown of the mountain; the water is to the eye a dark green, yet clear as crystal. You can see to the depth of 75 ft. and distinguish trees standing on the bottom, as if they had grown there. They did grow there, before the lake was formed. The echoes are something enjoyable, reverberating from cliff to crag and back again, repeating themselves over and over, till they die away in the sweetest of voices. The water of the lake is cold as ice, and yet abounds in speckled trout. A summer hotel for the accommodation of tourists and visitors, hospitably awaits our mood for rest or refreshment, while the lake, meanwhile beckons our return. Thousands of tourists have visited Green Lake, only to remember the trip with emotions of pleasure. A stay of two or three days, to boat, fish and ramble would intensify the recollection.

Clear Lake only half a mile above Green Lake, is another gem of the Rockies. It is well worth a visit, as not only being a fine ramble but as containing California

Salmon, many of which weigh several pounds. This lake is the water supply for Georgetown and its water soft, cold and pure as one could wish, and plentiful, far beyond all demand.

Elk Lake, is at timber line, six miles above Green Lake. Think of a lake with sandy shores at this great altitude, surrounded with scattered evergreens and many varieties of flowers, the most delicate, whichyou can pick with one hand while gathering snow with the other. In the morning, ice and frost assert their cold and heartless right. while flowers of all beautiful hues smile at the early dawn, as if too divine to feel the effects of cold. Farther on, up this lonely mountain glen, cheered only by snow and sunlight, is still another lake, called the "Gem of the Cordilleres." To these mountain lakes there seems no end. From the summit of Long's Peak Major Powell counted over thirty. At timber line on Mummy Mountain are half a score or more, some of which afford unexpected surprises.

RIVERS.

Colorado is a portion of the "Great Divide," the water shed of the Continent. It has no navigable streams, but contains eight, distinct systems of drainage, as follows: North Platte, South Platte, Arkansas, Rio Grande, San Juan, Grand River, White River, Yampa River and their tributaries. The North Platte drains North Park and is the least important of all. The South Platte heads at Mount Lincoln, in the northwest of South Park, draining the park and a large area of the plains. Its principal tributaries are: Bear Creek, Boulder, St. Vrain, Big Thompson, Clear Creek, and Cache la Poudre. The Arkansas heads near the Mount of the Holy Cross, passing Leadville, Buena Vista, Salida, Canon City, and Pueblo, on its way to the East. It has numerous tributaries, none more important than the Fountain, Huerfano, and Las Animas. The Rio Grande rises in the Great Range, west of San Luis Park, draining the park and then puts south for the Gulf of Mexico. The San Juan drains the southwest portion of the state and empties into the Colorado River. These are the first waters that seek the Pacific Ocean. Grand River is the most important of all, being bv far the largest and one of two, to form the Colorado River. It rises in the northeast portion of Middle Park, draining the park and receiving in its course the Blue, Eagle, Roaring Fork, Gunnison and Dolores Rivers. The Uncompahgre is a branch of the Gunnison. The White River rises at Trappers' Lake, on the great table lands north of Glenwood Springs, running west into Green River, which, with the Grand, form the Colorado. The White River is classic, as the old north Ute Agency was located on it and was the scene of the Meeker Massacre in 1887. The Yampa rises in the Park Range northwest of Middle Park and runs north of, and parallel with White River, emptying into the Green, receiving on its way the Little Snake River.

These eight systems in the last analysis may be reduced to three: the two Platte rivers and the Arkansas may be united in one, as all empty into the Mississippi; the Rio Grande, into the Gulf of Mexico; the San Juan, Grand, the White River and Yampa, all seek the Gulf of California through the Colorado.

The rivers, to be understood, must be studied in connection with the mountain ranges and parks. They unite to form one stupendous system of the physical geography of the state, whose configuration is more wonderful than that of any equal area on the Continent.

FISHING.

Fishisng, as a sport, has, for the most part, been unlimimited by statute and every one at all times has been permitted to angle whenever and as long as he chose. Sportsmen have been allowed to go at will and fish without restraint,and untold quantities of trout have been caught, only to be destroyed with wicked extravagance. The result has been to greatly deplete the streams and the wonder is that any are left, especially at the accessible points. Recently, laws have been enacted to protect the fish and meaures instituted to encourage their culture. Trout originally abounded in all the streams in Colorado, except in North Park. It is a curious fact that no trout have been found in the North Platte or any of its tributaries; just why, the ordinary man does not know, but has found it out as he finds out most things he does not know by instinct. The waters of North Platte melt from the same snows, on the same mountain ranges that supply the Grand River, yet the latter has the finest trout in the state and the other produces none; a singular fact most certainly!

From the Cache la Poudre, south, all the streams within the mountains have trout, except those on which stamp mills have been established; these poison, and kill the fish. Of course, the prodigality practiced in sporting has very much reduced the supply. The streams flowing westward are better supplied than those on this side of the Range, and probably no better fishing ground has ever been known than the Grand River and its tributaries. In Estes Park there is always fishing and in the streams generally, not poisoned by mining, but in every case, the best ground is that most difficult of access and least frequented, as all sportsmen know.

HUNTING.

In the summer of 1848, a band of Georgians started on a hunting expedition to the Rocky mountains. They hunted on the banks of the Arkansas, along the Platte River and amid the foothills of the Range. Myriads of buffalo and antelope grazed on the plains; thousands of elk and deer fed in the parks and amid the foothills; mountain sheep were abundant; bear, mountain lion and wildcat were numerous thoughout the Rockies, while small game, though numerous, was too insignificant to notice. The Georgians had their fill of sport, incident and peril. For many years these hunting grounds were full of the same exciting experiences. Of all the millions of buffalo then upon the plains, not a single one can now be found. The elk have vanished, a mountain sheep is seldom seen; even the bear are growing scarce. The destruction of game has been wanton and in extent, indescribable. Long years after the settlement of Denver, yes, far up in the *Seventies*, brave men shouldered their rifles and went down on the plains, for what? "To hunt buffalos," they said. The buffalo were too numerous to need hunting, nor were they so wild as to require skill to get a shot. Instead of *hunting* buffalo, they *killed* the animals. Day after day, the slaughter went on and these sons of Nimrod returned to their families and friends, to recount their wondrous prowess and boast the number of buffalo killed. That fun is over; now they go far down the Platte and spend a week and return with a dead goose; or possibly, go into the mountains two or three hundred miles, are gone for a month and return, not with an elk or a mountain sheep, but to tell the thrilling story of a *bear track*. Men go out for the day for a hunt and return with neither a deer nor antelope, but, possibly, a solitary duck. Hunting has changed like most other things of the century. Game is growing scarce and soon there'll be little left to hunt but the jack rabbit and the duck. There are still a few bear, an occassional deer, and now and then a coyote. Some of the guide books tell of "*fine hunting*." The paragraphs are well written; but many a sportsman, after attempting to follow directions, returns to his camp, disappointed and weary. There have been too many hunters ahead of him. We write this pessimistic chapter to say: if you want to hunt you will have to hunt *hard*. There is now very little game standing around waiting to be shot. The mountains, the scenery, the climate remain; but the game, for the the most part, has vanished, and hunting "is low." However, the genuine hunter will find game and make much of his sport, more in fact than if the mountains were full. There is a region larger than New England, where few venture except the true hunter.

PART II.

THE CITY OF DENVER.

WHAT IT IS,

AND HOW TO SEE IT.

A WORD.

The stranger visiting Denver, expecting to behold grand scenery all about him, will experience a sense of disappointment. We have no canons, no precipices, no jungles. In our immediate vicinity, we have no great rivers, nor expanse of waters. Only the "monotonous" plains reaching hundreds of miles to the east, and the Rocky Mountains guarding the western horizon; their picket lines, the foothills, twelve miles distant. Except for these, the tourist must be content with only such things as have grown with the growth of the town—things, for the most part, common to all cities of its size. We must beg our stranger friends, who come looking for sights, to remember that only a generation ago there was nothing where Denver stands but cactus, buffalo grass, wild animals and the red man. The foot of civilization had not pressed the arid soil, nor had the magic hand of of human genius been laid on a single thing, living or inert.

In our rapid growth, amid our search for silver and gold, adventure and health, we have had no time to create things of interest and enjoyment for the traveler, and he will, as yet, see little to astonish him so much as the city itself. That he should find, 600 miles west of the Missouri River, beyond the "Great American Desert," a city of 150,000 inhabitants—a city with 100 miles of rapid transit—a city of such beautiful homes, and public and business buildings as meet his gaze at every turn, is sufficient to amaze the thoughtful visitor as he comes among us. The work of the magician, who, by the touch of his wand, can cause flowers to bloom from an empty glass in his hand, before your face and eyes, pales before that finer and more magical touch of civilization which has caused this city to spring up out of these arid plains, with so many miles of beautiful streets, shaded by grateful foliage, lining our sidewalks on every hand; with all these churches and school-houses, these banks and wealthy corporations, these palaces of business and public buildings, these lofty theatres and commanding structures in process of erection. Denver, in all that it is and promises to be, is more wonderful than mountain peak or canon. These were natural; it, preternatural.

But, however little there may be to-day to show the stranger, Denver is rapidly approaching the period for the creation of things of interest to the tourist. Our parks and gardens are in embryo; our libraries and museums are in incubation; our Sutros, and Licks, and Leland Stanfords are yet busy, amassing their wealth, but their latent munificence and benefactions will yet develop with a magnificence so lavish as to astonish the future visitor to this metropolis.

While waiting for these glorious things to come, we will show you what there is to see and tell you what there is to know.

WHERE SITUATED.

Denver is situated in the valley of the South Platte, twelve miles from the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. The site of the city is neither level nor hilly, but pleasantly diversified by a rolling and undulating surface. The distance from the mountains is sufficient to give a fine view of the Range, and a landscape for magnificence without parallel. The Range is seen to best advantage from the old City Cemetery, east of Capitol Hill,—the highest elevation in the immediate vicinity of the city, at the end of Eleventh Avenue. Bayard Taylor said when visiting Denver in 1866, that from this hill could be had one of the finest mountain views in the world. The

Range is visible for two hundred miles. Pike's Peak, seventy miles to the south, when the air is clear seems hardly half so far, and Long's Peak, nearly as far to the northwest, appears at times but a brief walk distant. The Laramie Hills in Wyoming terminate the panorama at the north, while Mount Evans with its sweeping slope and lap of snow and ice, lifted to a height of 14,321 feet, is the chief sentinel in the western sky. The mountains, as seen from Denver, are a lasting source of pleasure; their study, one of increasing interest. The play of cloud and sunshine, of light and shade, during the varying hours of the day and change of seasons, give the beholder the most enchanting visions of distant scenery. They can never be described; only observation and study can bring to the eye and soul the wonderful transformations of this mountain range. To see the "Rockies" well, is to see them all the year around. One must watch their velvety green slopes in June and their many colored tints in October, the bare peaks of August and the Snowy Range of January; the mountains must be seen in the morning and studied at sunset; one must watch them in summer and observe them in winter. They are scarcely ever twice the same in appearance—something we never saw before. They are an unceasing rythm of beauty—a wondrous volume of poetry; and some winter afternoon, when the bright sun is a few degrees above the mountain peaks, as you sit at your window watching the Range you will discover the drifting snow, fifty miles away (driven by the winds sweeping up the slopes from beyond the Range) rising like magic mist and by the bright sun converted into silver sheen, you wonder whether you wake or dream. It is a sight sublime—nature in verse, and worth the watching and the waiting to see. For mountain study and sublime scenery, on so large a scale, no point in Colorado is better situated than the City of Denver. It is pleasant to live on the shaded banks of a beautiful river and charming to have a cottage by the seaside, no landscape of river or sublimity of ocean view is comparable with the vision of the Rocky Mountains as seen from Capitol Hill in the Queen City of the Plains. Twenty years we have feasted our eyes with the rapturous scenes here hinted at, but with an ever increasing appetite unsatisfied and insatiable.

ALTITUDE.

The altitude of Denver is, practically, one mile above the level of the sea. Nell gives it as 5,197 feet. In the wall of the Power House at the corner of Colfax and Broadway, is a stone tablet 25 feet above the side walk, registering one mile above the sea. The air at this altitude is greatly rarified and all animal life is brought under modified conditions. From the ordinary man, 6,000 lbs. of atmospheric pressure is removed. The pulse is quickened, breathing is accelerated and fuller. Some observe no difference, others find the breath shortened, while many feel exhilaration. Altitude effects both circulation and respiration and may become positively beneficial or positively hurtful, depending on the physical condition of the individual and his conduct under the new environment. The lungs must blow the bellows to fan the fires of life, not less than 700 additional times in 24 hours; and the heart must give at least 8500 additional pumping strokes in a day, in order to force the blood through the capillaries and lungs sufficiently often, to keep the machinery of life in proper motion, thus greatly increasing the labor of these organs. If either heart or lungs are too weak to bear the additional strain, a lower altitude is more safe. Weakness of the former is not benefited by altitude; but partial weakness of the latter, by care, may be improved. Perspiration is fuller and more frequent, calling into exercise and use, morbid portions of the lungs, hitherto idle, thereby increasing the supply of oxygen for the blood, affording additional life and energy for the body and mind, besides clearing the lungs of dangerous obstructions and giving opportunity for recovery. This book is not a medical almanac nor yet a disquisition on therapeutics, but in speaking of altitude, a few hints as to its effects may be pardonable. Many people, on arriving, feel quickened, they know not why. Under the influence of the afflatus, they go beyond their strength, overdo, and, if ill, grow worse and think it the climate. The air of this altitude is like wine; it stimulates and lifts the feelings and energies, at times, to a point almost ecstatic. Under the intoxication of it, the stranger sometimes says he feels almost as if he could fly, feels a thrill of new life and vigor, something that carries him far beyond his ordinary self. If ill, he goes beyond his strength, little dreaming he is intoxicated by the deliciousness of an atmosphere, whose conditions are new and full of danger ,on the one hand, if not understood, or if comprehended and properly employed, no less full of new life and health from the stimulating draught.

POINTS OF COMPASS.

One of the first things in a strange city is to "get the lay of the town." To be "turned around," as we say, is an uncomfortable feeling. In Denver, everything is turned part way around and the sun rises neither in the east nor the west. The Guide Books and Directories tell you about north and south. Dear reader, Denver has no north and south till you reach Broadway or Colfax Avenue. Your first bearings are taken from the Union Depot. As you leave the train and pass through its portals, you are facing southeast, and from the Depot to the Palace Hotel the direction is due southeast. From the Windsor to City Hall (Larimer Street) it is southwest. Broadway runs north and south, and Colfax Avenue east and west. The main business portion of the city is turned forty-five degrees from the cardinal points, and the numbered streets run southeast and northwest.

LAND MARKS.

Union Depot: foot of Seventeenth Street.

Opera House: on Sixteenth Street, corner of Curtis.

City Hall: on Larimer Street, corner of Fourteenth Street.

Court House: between Fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets; also, between Tremont Street and Court Place.

New Post Office: corner of Sixteenth and Arapahoe Streets.

State House: stands in Sherman Avenue, between Fourteenth and Colfax Avenues.

Present Post Office: on Champa between Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets.

Broadway Theatre: Broadway, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth Avenues.

Palace Hotel: Seventeenth Street, between Tremont and Broadway.

Windsor Hotel: Larimer, corner of Eighteenth Street.

Albany Hotel: Seventeenth Street, corner of Stout.

St. James Hotel: Curtis, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets.

Mining Exchange: Fifteenth street, corner of Arapahoe.

GEOGRAPHY OF THE CITY.

The visitor will soon hear the names "East Denver," "West Denver," North Denver," "South Denver," "Highlands," etc., etc., and will desire to get the geography of the city in mind, that he may know what portion of it he is in. East Denver is that portion of the city east of Platte River and Cherry Creek; West Denver is the part lying between the Platte and Cherry Creek, extending south as far as Alameda avenue; all south of Alameda avenue is South Denver; North Denver lies across the Platte and is bounded by the

Platte, Gallup and Gaston avenues; Highlands is west of North Denver. East, West, and North Denver are under one city government. Highlands and South Denver each have separate organizations.

PRINCIPAL STREETS.

Larimer and Sixteenth are the most important. They are the chief thoroughfares but cross each other at right angles. The first is best seen from the Windsor Hotel to City Hall, a distance of four squares. You will see more people on Larimer Street, at a given hour, than on any other street in the city, but the same faces will be seen on it oftener. On Sixteenth, everybody you meet is going somewhere, and more people *pass* on this street than on any other. Sixteenth is best seen from Larimer to the Court House. Larimer street has six banks and several fine buildings; Sixteenth has seven banks and a number of the finest business blocks in the city. It is the chief retail thoroughfare. Seventeenth has three banks and boasts the most stately buildings of any one street in town, but its buildings are being constructed chiefly for offices, banks and corporations. Fifteenth is coming forward and will take position as a fine street. Its cable car service is very superior and a good class of buildings is beginning to appear upon it. Between Eighteenth and Fourteenth, Larimer and the railroads, are most of the principal wholesale and commission houses. East Colfax is a fine residence street, rapidly building up with beautiful homes. Broadway is attractive on account of its width and length. It commences at St. John's Cathedral, and continues due south indefinitely. There are many pretty driving streets, lined with beautiful residences, in all parts of Denver.

BEST RESIDENCE STREETS.

Late in the 60s, Fourteenth Street was *the* street of the city. It is much finer now than then. In 1872 when the Champa Street horse car line commenced running, Champa began to bid for the high honor of the *finest*. By the close of the 70s, Grant and Sherman thought to shine; they are shining yet; but at present while no street is absolutely palatial in every detail, the fine residences have become so extensively distributed, that it were a long ride about town to see all that is best. One may go into North Denver and see homes good enough for princes; far out on South Broadway are others equally beautiful, while Colfax, Logan, Pennsylvania, Pearl and Washington, yes, for more than a dozen streets beyond, there are scores, worthy a place in the oldest cities of the land. As far south as Eighth Avenue on Capital Hill, above Grant, there are some of the most beautiful homes in the city, even though so new, and the surroundings yet so unfinished. One can hardly speak now of the finest street or streets of Denver. The best residences are too wide spread, many of them being miles apart.

BRIEF STREET GUIDE.

The stranger and tourist, while not requiring a full catalogue of the streets of the city, will doubtless be assisted by a short list which we give in such order and arrangement as will be most beneficial. As the visitor proceeds from the Depot up town, by Seventeenth Street, he can fix in his mind that to the right the numbers diminish, while to the left they increase. This settled, he may begin with the street first reached after leaving the depot enclosure. Between the lawn and the first building is Wynkoop, and up to Broadway the order is as follows:

1 Wynkoop,
2 Wazee,
3 Blake,
4 Market,
5 Larimer,
6 Lawrence,
7 Arapahoe,
8 Curtis,
9 Champa,
10 Stout,
11 California,
12 Welton,
13 Glenarm,
14 Tremont,
15 Broadway.

Going to Broadway by Fifteenth Street there would be added to the list: Court Place, Cleveland Place and Cheyenne St.

East of Broadway by the Seventeenth Avenue line to City Park, the order is as follows:

1 Broadway,
2 Lincoln Avenue,
3 Sherman Avenue,
4 Grant Avenue,
5 Logan Avenue,
6 Pennsylvania Avenue,
7 Pearl Street,
8 Washington Avenue,
9 Clarkson Street,
10 Emerson Street,
11 Ogden Street,
12 Downing Avenue,
13 Marion Street,
14 Layfayette Street,
15 Humboldt Street,
16 Franklin Street,
17 Gilpin Street,
18 Williams Street,
19 High Street,
20 Race Street,
21 Vine Street,
22 Gaylord Street,
23 York Street.

South of Colfax Avenue and parallel with it, all streets are called avenues and number east and west from Broadway. Colfax itself is Fifteenth Avenue; the next south being Fourteenth, etc.

For a full, correct and complete street list see the City Directory.

AN OUTLOOK.

The visitor should avail himself of a good outlook over the city. He can do so from the top of some one of the many high buildings. (When the State House is completed, the dome of the Capitol will be the best.) The tower of the Mining Exchange is excellent. Do not forget the direction of the streets, northeast and southwest; look northwest, Long's Peak is most prominent, reaching an altitude of 14,271 feet. Its summit marks the northwest corner of Boulder county. The range in its vicinity is rugged and interesting. Pike's Peak is almost due south and rises to an altitude of 14,147 ft. and the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, so near the foothills. Turning from Pike's Peak to the front of the range, a very high and prominent peak attracts the notice. It is Monnt Evans, one of the highest in the Rocky Mountains, being 14,321. There are only seven higher. This is an interesting peak for observation and study. A large portion of the year it is covered with snow. In April, May and June its lap is full of snow and ice, which at times in the afternoon by reflection of the declining sun, is converted into a glare of silver sheen. The Range is fine and the landscape, a pleasurable study. In the south we note the Divide, stretching from the Mountains far out upon the plains. It is 50 miles away and the landscape embraces an area of 5,000 square miles, larger than the entire state of Connecticut. From this outlook one can see over an expanse of agricultural country larger than ancient Phœnicia. From the Dome of the State House may be seen: The Woman's College and Jarvis Hall at Montclair; Denver University and the Chamberlin Observatory at University Park; Loretto Academy near Fort Sheridan; College of the Sacred Heart, at Berkeley, and Westminster University, at Westminster Park. With a good glass, an hour will be too short a time to spend at a lookout so exceptionally grand.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The Mint is situated on the corner of 16th and Market and is the oldest public building in the city. It was built more than thirty years ago, by Clark, Gruber & Co., and sold to the Government soon after. It is not a mint of coinage, though Clark, Gruber & Co., had permission to run gold dust into coin, and, during 1860, they coined *five* and *ten* dollar pieces. It is used for refining and stamping bullion and many a million has passed its portals for the markets of the world.

The New Post Office is on the south corner of Sixteenth and Arapahoe. It is of dressed light sandstone, built in the Government regulation style, three stories and a fairly fine structure. We say *new*, because it is not completed, but usually buildings begun, in Denver, ten years ago are growing old. This, however, may be an exception; it may *always* be new but there are a few people in Denver hopeful enough to believe it may be finished in their lifetime. The more reflective are inclined to the opinion that it will not be ready till too late in the world's history to serve the full purpose for which it was begun —a Post Office, Custom House and Federal court.

State House.—This structure now in process of building will, when completed, be a credit to the state; it is of granite, from the quarries of Colorado, after a fine architectural model, sufficiently large for all purposes intended. It is situated on Capitol Hill, immediately on Sherman avenue, between Fourteenth avenue and Colfax and occupies three squares between Broadway and Grant avenue. From its dome when finished will be had the most magnificent landscape to be enjoyed from any capitol building in the world—this without qualification. To complete, furnish and grade the grounds will cost $2,000,000.

County Court House.—This building is between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets and also between Tremont street and Court Place, nine blocks from Larimer, either by Fifteenth or Sixteenth street cable. It is not a striking structure but may be called fine. It is built of Colorado light sandstone, is of graceful proportions and pleasing to the eye. On a bright summer morning, its playing fountains, well-kept lawn, and thrifty shade trees are grateful to the senses and an outlook from its dome is a pleasant bit of pastime. In it are the county offices and five courts.

County Jail.—Situated in West Denver, on Santa Fe street between Colfax and Fourteenth avenues. This is a fine building of its kind, well appointed and well constructed for the purpose intended. It is of Colorado red sandstone, ample in its proportions, airy, well lighted, and healthful in its sanitary arrangements for light, ventilation and cleanliness, unlike the prisons of the olden times. As a public buiding, the County Jail is more than creditable, and as such, well worth a visit if for nothing else than to see the variety of architecture and obtain a correct idea of the public spirit of the county officials who have these matters in charge.

County Hospital is located on the corner of Sixth Avenue west and South Fourteenth street, and well worth a visit by any one interested in the management of public charities.

City Hall.—Is situated on Larimer street, at the corner of Fourteenth; built of lava stone, plain in construction, remarkable for nothing so much as being the arena where is faithfully performed the legerdemain in connection with the city funds.

Post Office.—On Champa street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets. Open for the delivery of mail from 9 a. m. till 6 p. m. The Registry and Money Order Departments close at 5 p. m. On Sundays and holidays open for public delivery of mail from 9:30 to 10:30 in the morning.

Chamber of Commerce.—A plain three-story building and basement, 50x125, of lava stone with red sandstone trimmings, situated at the corner of Fourteenth and Lawrence streets. Is substantial and useful rather than ornamental. Besides the uses of the Chamber the upper floor is devoted to the Mercantile Library and Reading Room also the beginnings of a good Museum.

NOTABLE BUILDINGS.

Tabor Block.—Located at the corner of Larimer and Sixteenth, was the first really fine building put up in Denver, and while there may be now others superior, yet it was the pioneer and the commencement of a new era. It is five stories high, built of light sandstone from Northern Ohio, and the only structure built of stone, east of the plains, but it was reared before the Development of the Rocky Mountain Quarries. Its owner and builder would, to-day, scorn the idea of leaving Colorado for building material.

Barclay Block.—At the corner of Larimer and Eighteenth, is of light Colorado sandstone, dressed. It contains all the offices of state, supreme court of the state, state library, etc.

Railroad Building.—Of Colorado granite, eight stories in height, located on the northwest side of Larimer near Fifteenth.

Charles Building.—Built by J. Q. Charles, a prominent attorney and "old-timer;" at the corner of Fifteenth and Curtis streets. It is six stories, built of Colorado red sandstone in 1889.

Ernest & Cranmer Block.—Built in 1890 and '91, by Messrs. F. P. Ernest and W. H. H. Cranmer, cattlemen. It is seven stories high, of red sandstone the first two stories and the upper five of brown brick. The architectural design is pleasing to the eye and it is distinctively one of the most prominent landmarks in the city; location 17th and Curtis.

Boston Block.—At the corner of Champa and 17th, is seven stories and basement, built entirely of Colorado sandstone, very massive in design and impresses one with a sense of robustness and strength.

McPhee Building.—This beautiful block, is on the outskirts, situated at the corner of Glenarm and 17th; is of light dressed Colorado sandstone, six stories high and expresses a faith in the future of Denver to the equivalent of half a million. It is built by C. D. McPhee of McPhee & McGinity, lumber dealers and "old-timers." Reared in 1890.

Opera House Block.—At the corner of 16th and Curtis, was begun in 1880 on property far to one side. A beautiful home for those times was sacrificed and the establishment of the Opera House in that locality turned the tide of the retail trade in a new direction. Till then, Larimer was the only safe retail street, any other was the harbinger of disaster with but very few exceptions; and till then no thought had ever been entertained that business could take the direction of Sixteenth—*a cross-street*. The Opera House is five stories in height, of pressed brick and light dressed sandstone trimmings. It covers more ground than any other building of its height in the city.

Masonic Temple.—Of granite and red sandstone from the quarries of Colorado; the equivalent of six stories in height, located at the corner of 16th and Welton. This is one of the fine structures, and, like the Boston Block, suggests strength and durability. It was built in 1890, and contains some of the best appointed lodge rooms of the Order in the West. It is an ornament to the city and the pride of the fraternity whose enterprise and energy have produced it.

Kittredge Building.—Of granite and lava rock, seven stories, built by C. M. Kittredge. This is one of the prettiest buildings in Denver and constructed in a manner to make it a model for light and convenience for mercantile purposes.

People's Bank Building.—Of dark red brick, eight stories and basement above ground; corner 16th and Lawrence; built on a lease taken for ninety-nine years with privilege of fifty additional years. This structure was commenced and finished within a single calendar year, 1890.

Broadway Theatre and Metropole Hotel.—Situated on Broadway between 17th and 18th Avenues. It is one of the largest buildings in Denver. It is eight stories in height and 265 feet in length; front built of brown pressed brick, and combines a theatre and hotel. The theatre is one of the prettiest in the country and first-class in every respect.

Palace Hotel.—This building is just finished and ready for occupancy. It is situated on Broadway, on a triangle completed by Tremont and 17th and built of fine dark-red or brown sandstone, thoroughly fire-proof, at a cost of a million dollars and is one of the most striking buildings in the city. It is the work of Henry C. Brown, a 59er, the donor of two of the squares of the capitol grounds.

The Equitable Building.—At the corner of 17th and Stout; is the largest and most stately building in the city, built at a cost of $1,000,000, and one upon which every citizen looks with satisfaction and pride.

The Mining Exchange is one of the new and most striking buildings, situated at the corner of Fifteenth and Arapahoe. It is built of Colorado red sand stone, and is one of the chief ornaments of the city.

It would be tedious indeed to speak of all the prominent buildings, as aside from the above there are scores worthy of mention.

HOTELS.

In proportion to the population, few cities are better supplied with hotels than Denver. They are widely scattered, some being beyond the confines of business and seem almost rural in their surroundings, but this fact assures breathing space and healthful air.

Palace Hotel.—The H. C. Brown Palace Hotel is one of the most imposing structures in the city. The material is granite and Colorado sandstone—a dark brown red and fine in the style of architecture employed. The structure is triangular, facing on three streets, and every street favored with an entrance of special and attractive design, all three meeting in a large open court lighted from the roof. It has been built without regard to expense and is a model of convenience not to say luxury. The builder, Henry C. Brown, is one of Denver's many wealthy men,—one who came early and was lucky enough to get a mile of land on the east side of Broadway, before cactus and prairie dogs were put on the market at $1.25 per acre. Denver and the traveling public at large, owe him their praise for this palace of comfort and rest. The outlook from the dining room on the 9th floor, is one of the finest views had from any hotel dining windows in the world, the city at your feet, the vast landscape between you and the foothills, and the magnificence of the panorama of mountains from 12,000 to 14,000 feet high, piled against the sky for 200 miles, constitute a landscape to remember. Location: Corner of 17th and Tremont, and may be reached by the 17th street cable, leaving the depot every 6 minutes. This palatial hotel, the most perfect that modern skill and experience can devise, occupies an entire block and contains four hundred magnificently furnished chambers, all fronting the broad streets surrounding the building. The arrangements of each floor comprise suites of any desired number, with unlimited parlor facilities. The public and private dining rooms, banquet halls, ordinaries and kitchen are on the eight and ninth floors. There are 100 rooms at $3.00 per day, 100 at $4.00, 100 at $4.50 and 100 at $5.00. Its accommodations are on the American plan exclusively. Wm. H. Bush and N. Maxey Tabor, well known as among the ablest hotel men in the country, are the proprietors.

The Windsor is at the corner of 18th and Larimer, six blocks from Union Depot. This hotel is known throughout the land, and is not without reputation abroad for comfort. It has been for many years the rendezvous of magnates, both home and foreign. Its capacious roof has sheltered many a child of royalty and pretensions. It is near the business portions of the city, and within five minutes walk of the Post Office. Rates, $3.00 to $4.50 per day.

The Albany, located on 17th, corner of Stout, is ten blocks from the Union Depot, and passed by the Seventeenth cable line. It is one of the most pleasant hostleries of Denver, having as an attraction, besides a cheerful court surrounded by galleries, a system of bay windows, similar to the Palace of San Francisco. The Albany seeks to confer cheer and comfort on its guests, and has become well known as an uptown hotel. Rates, $3.00 to $5.00 per day.

St. James is situated on Curtis street opposite the Tabor Grand Opera House, on the line of the 17th and Curtis street cable; and within half a block of the 16th street cable, and the same distance from the 15th street lines. The St. James is in the very heart of the city, and its hospitality and comfort are widely known. The rates, $2.50 to $4.00 per day.

The American, a child of the early part of the second decade, was the pride of the city for many years, and was to the Denver of those times what "The H. C. Brown" is to the town of today; it was both magnificent and far out on the confines. The American is classic ground;

its walls have kindly protected many persons of note. It has recently undergone the most thorough repairs, and being on the corner of 16th and Blake, and but three blocks from the Union Depot, it is specially convenient for people in a hurry. Rates, $2.50 to $3.50 per day.

The Oxford, one of the new hotels, is one block from Union Depot, at the corner of Seventeenth and Wazee. A great convenience to those who, for any reason, wish to remain at or near the depot, as, also, to those who desire to stop near the wholesale and heavy business portions of the city. The Oxford is first-class and well kept, offering the most comfortable hospitality to its guests. On the European plan also. Rates for rooms, $1.00 to $3.00

HOUSES ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

For the benefit of strangers, who wish to take a room and live on the wing, the following are given as good stopping resorts of this character:

Hotel Metropole.—On Broadway, immediately opposite the Palace Hotel; less than a block from the Seventeenth Street cable. This is one of the finest hotels in the West, offering every comfort and luxury necessary to the happiness of the traveler. The grand hallway of the new Broadway Theatre passes through the central portion of the first floor contributing a novel feature to the premises. The Metropole is run on the European plan exclusively, under the management of W. H. Bush. Rates, $1.50 to $3.50 per day.

The Markham, at the corner of Seventeenth Street and Lawrence, is near the heart ot the city and well known. It is six blocks from the depot, on the Seventeenth Street Cable, and passed by the Lawrence Street Electric. Rates, $1.00 to $1.50 per day.

The Albert, at the corner of Seventeenth and Welton, on the Seventeenth Street Cable and also the Welton Street Cable, is a new House with good rooms and a pleasant place to stop, at $1.00 to $2.00 a day.

The Gilsey.—Corner Eighteenth and Stout. Eleven blocks from Union Depot, in the midst of quiet surroundings, new rooms, good house, one block from Seventeenth Street Cable. Rooms, $1.00 to $2.50 a day.

The Gumry, at 1725-33 Lawrence Street, six blocks from Union Depot, near the centre of business and within half a block of the Seventeenth Street Cable. Rooms, .75 to $1.50 a day.

AMUSEMENTS.

Denver people have never overlooked the old addage—"all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The shrine of Thespia has ever been prominent. In early autumn of 1859, a theatre was opened on Larimer street, called Apollo Hall while about the same time another on the west side on 11th between Market and Wazee, was started in Cibola Hall as Reed's Theatre, from that time till now, Denver has never been without the theatre, although not always the best. The "old settlers" well remember C. R. Thorne, the first theatrical manager.—They will recall too, the names of Dougherty, Hunter, Langrish and Forrester.

Tabor Grand Opera House is situated on the corner of 16th and Curtis streets, the block of which it is a part, being one of the most striking edifices in the city. It was reared in 1880-1 by the Hon. H. A. W. Tabor and marks one of the chief events during that period of the history of Denver. When erected, it was counted one of the finest in the country. The managers have aimed to keep its dates filled with the best talent obtainable. It is not the easiest thing in the world at Denver's great distance from the chief centers of the stage to secure engagements through the season, and many times the best is procurable only at dates out of season. The Tabor Grand was opened Sep. 5, '81, by Emma Abbott and can boast the names of many of the choicest representatives of drama and music, among whom we recall, McCullough, Barrett, Sheridan, Rhea, Booth, Salvini, James, Robeson & Crane, Joe Jefferson, Modjeska, Lotta, Boucicault, Patti and others, many well beloved and honored, though less noted. This is one of the places for the stranger to go who wishes to see Denver.

Broadway Theatre is on Broadway between 17th and 18th, opposite the "H. C. Brown Hotel." It is one the prettiest interiors in The Great West, in luxurious appointments equal to the best. The Broadway opened August 28, 1890, with Emma Juch and has been graced by some of the best talent in the country. Denver is not well done without a visit to this elegant palace of pleasure.

BANKS OF DENVER.

Denver has eleven National Banks, with an aggregate capital of $5,550,000. Most of the men prominent in them are well known citizens, reliable, capable, successful. The people of Denver may well be proud of these institutions so necessary in the great systems of finance common to our civilization. In speaking of them we shall observe the order of time they were organized.

The First National opened its doors May 9th, 1865, on the north corner of Blake and Fifteenth streets. The first issue of currency appeared on the 22nd day of August following. Its present location is in the Tabor Block on the east corner of Larimer and Sixteenth streets. Two years after its organization, D. H. Moffat was elected cashier. For more than a quarter of a century Mr. Moffat has been with it and is its trusted president. Capital stock, $500,000; surplus and undivided profits, $514,438.11; deposits, $2,862,321.69.

Officers: D. H. Moffat, president; W. S. Cheesman, vice president; G. E. Ross-Lewin, cashier; Thomas Keeley, first assistant cashier; J. A. Vickers, second assistant cashier.

Colorado National.—Situated on the west corner of Larimer and Seventeenth streets, was organized in August, 1866, by the Kountze Brothers and for many years occupied the west corner of Market and Fifteenth streets. The familiar face of Mr. C. B. Kountze has been with it from the first, and continues to assure its depositors of the safe counsels and policy of one of the ablest bankers in the West. Its capital stock is $500,000; surplus and undivided profits $191,649.98; deposits, $3,215,842.67.

Officers: Charles B. Kountze, president; Dennis Sheedy, vice president; G. B. Berger, cashier; J. C. Heinz, assistant cashier.

City National Bank, whose foundation was laid by Frank Palmer and Warren Hussey as far back as 1861, was chartered as a National Bank in the early part of 1872 and opened its doors under its present title, the 10th day of June of that year. The face of John R. Hanna has been at the cashier's desk from the first, till the last annual election, when he was honored with the presidency. Capital stock, $200,000; surplus and undivided profits $253,955.17. It is located at the west corner of Sixteenth and Lawrence streets.

Officers: John R. Hanna, president. J. F. Brown, vice president; B. N. Freeman, cashier; C. S. Burwell, assistant cashier.

German National, organized March 3rd, 1874, as the German Bank and begun business in the rear of the Fink Block on Market street, May 4th. A charter for a National Bank was granted early in 1877, and business begun under the new regime in April of that year. The names of J. J. Riethmann and George Tritch have been connected with this bank from its commencement—two of the "old timers," the first of whom came before the name of Denver was known. Capital, $200,000; surplus and undivided profits, $380,128.38; deposits,$1,457,362.35.

Officers: J. J. Riethmann, president; J. J. Riethmann Jr., vice president; Charles M. Clinton, cashier; Charles Kunsemiller, assistant cashier.

This bank will be found at the west corner of Sixteenth and Larimer streets.

Union National, organized in May of 1874 as the Denver Safe Deposit and Savings Bank, and opened in July following on the east corner of Fifteenth and Lawrence where it remained till August 26, 1882, when it was moved to its present quarters at the west corner of Sixteenth and Arapahoe. June 17th, 1890, it obtained a charter for a National bank. R. W. Woodbury, many years a resident of Denver and the builder of the Denver Evening Times, is the trusted president. Capital stock, $1,000,000, surplus and undivided profits, $84,153.75; deposits, 1,344,786.32.

Officers: R. W. Woodbury, president; M. Spangler, 1st vice president; Wm. N. Byers, 2nd vice president; W. H. Trask, cashier.

State National.—Opened in May, 1882, by well known citizens of Denver. A strong bank supported by good men, whose character and standing are a guarantee of safety. Located on the north corner of Sixteenth and Larimer. Capital, $300,000; surplus and undivided profits, $74,087.71; deposits, $1,772,569.21. Officers: John L. McNeil, President; Edward L. Raymond,Vice-president; Edward E. Quentin, Cashier.

Denver National, at the west corner of Eighteenth and Larimer, in the Barclay Block, was opened December 8th, 1884. This institution is made up of a band of strong men, well known to the Denver public. Capital, $500,000; surplus and undivided profits, $200,938.22; deposits, $1,587,916.29. Officers: Joseph A. Thatcher, President; James B. Grant, Vice-president; J. C. Mitchell, Cashier; E. S. Irish, Assistant Cashier.

National Bank of Commerce, in the Bank Block, south corner of Seventeenth and Arapahoe, was first organized by Messrs McIntosh and Mygatt, July 1, 1887, on the east corner of Sixteenth and Curtis. In 1890 it was re-organized and opened July 15th as a National Bank. Its founders and promoters are well known and highly respected citizens. Capital, $500,000; surplus and undivided profits, $55,328.19; deposits, $1,234,817.93. Officers: J. A. Cooper, President; Henry R. Wolcott, Vice-president; C. L. McIntosh, Cashier; W. B. Morrison, Assistant Cashier.

People's National.—Organized as the "People's Deposit and Savings Bank," was opened July 9th, 1888. August 1, 1889, it was changed to the People's National Bank. Soon after, the bank effected a lease on the south corner of Sixteenth and Lawrence, for ninety-nine years and erected one of the most substantial and imposing blocks in the city, called the People's Building where the bank is now located. Capital, $600,000; surplus and undivided profits, $70,050.75; deposits, $809,674. Officers: M. J. Lawrence, President; D. D. Muir, Vice-president; F. C. Schrader, Cashier; M. L. Lawrence, Assistant Cashier.

The Commercial National was opened September 12, 1889, at 918-20 Sixteenth Street, with Chas. H. Dow, President. A number of well known Denver men, wealthy and influential, are connected with the directory. Capital, $250,000; surplus, $45,703.34; deposits, $505,082.54. Officers: C. H. Dow, President; C. D. Cobb, Vice-president; Frank H. Dunlevy, Cashier; J. B. Sibley, Assistant Cashier.

American National was started December 2nd, 1889, on the south corner of Fifteenth and Larimer, but, shortly after, moved into the Ernest-Cranmer Building, south corner of Seventeenth and Curtis, where it now is. The organizers are citizens of high standing. Capital, $1,000,000; surplus and undivided profits, $48,771.56; deposits, $1,249,164.37. Officers: F. P. Ernest, President; Frank Church, Vice-president; W. C. Walker, Second Vice-president; Howard Evans, Cashier; M. G. Hawley, Assistant Cashier.

By the foregoing, it will be noted that these eleven banks have stock, $5,550,000, surplus and undivided profits amounting to nearly eight millions of dollars, and hold on deposit about $20,000,000. They handle through the clearing house nearly $230,000,000 in a year. The stranger can safely rely on *any one* of them. They are as safe as the banks in any city of the Union. Their officers are careful, conservative men and devoted to the interests of the city and the integrity of their calling.

RAILROAD OFFICES.

The railroad offices are easy of access and readily found. They are situated on 17th street, as follows:

Union Pacific, on the north corner of 17th and Larimer. Ticket Agent, Frank B. Semple; General Passenger Agent, George Ady.

Denver and Rio Grande, in the Cheeseman block, south corner of 17th and Larimer. Austin McFarland, Local Agent; S. K. Hooper, General Passenger Agent.

Burlington, or the C. B. & Q., east corner of 17th and Larimer. J. Milner, Ticket Agent.

Santa Fe, east corner of 17th and Lawrence. J. P. Hall, Colorado Passenger Agent.

Rock Island, at the south corner of 17th and Lawrence. C. M. Van Law, Ticket Agent; W. H. Frith, General Passenger Agent.

Colorado Midland.—Office with the Denver and Rio Grande, south corner of 17th and Larimer. C. S. Lee, General Passenger Agent; Austin McFarland, Ticket Agent.

Missouri Pacific.—Ticket office with the Denver and Rio Grande. Austin McFarland, Agent.

"Boulder Valley," "Colorado Central," "South Park" and "Fort Worth" are parts of the Union Pacific system; Longmont and Lyons, the Burlington.

EXPRESS COMPANIES.

Three Express Offices in the city represent carrying facilities to every part of the civilized world, and so thoroughly organized and equipped, as to insure not only the safe transit of all packages and valuables entrusted to their care, but, at the minimum rates, in the shortest possible time. Of course, rates are higher west of the Missouri than east, and the stranger must not think he is being robbed if he seems charged too much. We know all these people by many years of business relations, and know the officers personally, for the most part, and can assure the stranger that he will be as well treated as the best known citizen of Denver.

The Pacific Express Company goes over all the Union Pacific lines of Railway and their affiliated roads. At all their terminals, reciprocal transfers are made without delay, and prompt delivery guaranteed. They have offices in many of the leading cities east, and where they do not, their reciprocity with other companies insures safe and speedy carriage. Office on Fifteenth and Lawrence—west corner. R. A. Leimer, for many years a citizen of Denver and well known to the business public, is the general agent.

United States Express Company has its office with the Pacific Express Company, west corner of Fifteenth and Lawrence, with R. A. Leimer, general agent.

Wells Fargo & Company's Express, a western company, runs from San Francisco to New York. From Denver, west over the Midland and Santa Fe and Atlantic and Pacific, and east over the Burlington and Rock Island. Allied to this company east are the American and Adams, especially, besides reciprocal relations with all the leading companies at connecting terminals. The responsibility of this company is absolute and unquestionable, and prompt delivery fully assured and certain. Office at 1637 Lawrence Street. G. B. Simpson, agent.

Denver & Rio Grande Express Company covers the entire system of the D. & R. G. Ry., and has ample facilities and relations to promptly and safely deliver all packages or valuables which they receive and, of which, they assume charge. They have the esteem and confidence of the business public, and are thoroughly responsible and reliable. Their office may be found at 1645 Lawrence Street. D. W. Mayo, an estimable citizen of Denver and well known, general agent.

Besides these three offices, open from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m., there are three corresponding offices at the Union Depot, where express matter and valuables are received from early morning to late at night, affording opportunity, at times, to deposit packages before and after general business hours. All matter for *delivery* will be found only at the up-town offices.

TELEGRAPH OFFICES.

This adjunct of our civilization is everywhere; and its facilities in Denver are as good perhaps as at any point in the country.

The Western Union has its central office in the King block, 1629-32 Lawrence st., with sub-offices at Union Depot, American House, Windsor Hotel, St. James Hotel, Albany Hotel, Oxford Hotel and Ernest & Cranmer block.

The Postal Telegraph-Cable Co. has its central office at 1705 Larimer street, with sub-offices at 1314 Sixteenth street, Oxford Hotel, Windsor Hotel and Metropole Hotel.

The stranger can call a postal messenger by telephone, who will call for his dispatch, thus saving the annoyance and time of hunting the office.

THE DENVER PRESS.

All in all the press of Denver represents almost every phase of thought and activity from the most intense secularism to the thoroughly religious. Politics of all shades, religion of various complexions, science, education, mining, the learned profession, trades, labor topics, civic interests and various nondescript things are all energetically urged before the Denver public and in a number of cases with great ability. The Denver press is a *rustler*, and has been from the beginning. It is recorded of the first paper issued in Denver that it was just "20 minutes" ahead of its competitor, and every one insists that it is in the lead. A number of the weeklies and some of the monthlies deserve mention, especially those representing mining and education, but space forbids. Only the daily press can be taken in review. There are four dailies in English devoted to the world's resume of news and the discussion of local and general topics, and one in German,—the Rocky Mountain News, Republican, Sun and Colorado Journal (German) for the morning, and the Times for the afternoon.

The Denver daily press, while sometimes open to criticism, is always energetic, enterprising and entitled to great respect. The power and influence exerted are far greater than most of us know. If it were discontinued, if only for one week, Denver would be a lonesome town. Very few families in the city, indeed, who take no daily paper; and while in the early days a single copy sold for 25 cents, it is now delivered at our doors for 2 cents a number—60 cents per month. Faulty as our papers may seem at times, yet our people have reason to be proud of the Denver press. It is loyal and true to the city and state and the friend of the republic at large; warm hearted and generous towards all things favoring the welfare of the human race.

The Rocky Mountain News. The first copy of this paper was sold on the streets of Denver, or rather Auraria, on a certain afternoon 33 years ago. Probably less than half a dozen copies of that issue are in existence. A sample copy of it may be seen behind glass at 1010 17th street. It is dated: "Cherry Creek, K. T., Saturday, April 23, 1859." Wm. N. Beyers supervised the matter; John L. Daily the composing room, the forms and the press work. Both men are still living and are honored citizens of Denver.

It was one of the great enterprises of those times; established before the discovery of the McGregor mines; maintained in the face of lawlessness and crime, yet ever fearless in opposition to disorder; it knew no compromise; open to no bribes; regardless of peril. Its editor was fearless as bold and bold as he was brave. On one occasion he was taken by force to the worst den in the city where there were those waiting for his life. His ecsape was as singular as his position was perilous. The fight was bitter; the News won. It won with a gun on the editor's table; with a gun at the elbow of every compositor; guns of defense,* while citizens aroused by the enormities of the gang, compelled the leaders to leave town. Steele, one of the worst, sleeps in the old cemetery on the hill.

On the 19th of May, 1864, the Rocky Mountain News was lost—lost in the great flood of Cherry Creek. Not a single type of it was left—blotted from the face of the earth, all, everything, but the men who made it. In one month the Rocky Mountain News was again ready for delivery, and, from that day to this, it has seldom failed to appear at the hour when due.

Prior to June, of 1870, the News was an evening paper—since then, a morning. Within its pages is a history of Denver and Colorado. Its editor was an explorer, a mountaineer, a chronicler of all he met or saw. He was the guide of strangers and officers of the Government; the companion of Bierstadt, Bayard Taylor, Samuel Bowles, Major Powell, and many others through the mountains, the first to climb Long's Peak and pierce the wilds of Western Colorado.

In politics, it was Republican till 1878, when it passed under Democratic control where it still remains, but whether Republican or Democratic, it is loyal to Denver and Colorado. It is a strong factor in our daily life—social, political, material. Its circulation is very large and influence wide-spread. The proprietors are Hon. T. M. Patterson and Col. John Arkins—the latter having been associated with it since 1880, and, most of that time, its principal editor and manager. When he took the paper, it was printed on a press with a maximum capacity of 1,000 sheets in an hour, while in its press room to-day may be found two Goss Webb perfecting machines, with a combined capacity of 24,000 per hour. To the energy, ability and foresight of Col. Arkins, the great progress and growth of the Rocky Mountain News is largely due.

The Denver Republican is of Democratic birth. While its political competitor, the Rocky Mountain News, was born and brought up a Republican, so the Republican was born a Democrat, but, at the tender age of *three*, was transferred to the politics of a new life. In 1876, a daily paper was started called the Denver Democrat. There was not room for two Democratic papers. The News had the field and the Democrat was never a healthy child. It was sold. The purchasers were Republicans and the title changed to the Denver Republican; there was a strong, influential Republican paper and little room for a second. The Tribune had been established in 1867, and had grown to be strong. It had money, talent and prestige. O. H. Rothacker, Eugene Field, Edgar W. Nye, Patienee Thornton, Stanley

Wood, "Fitz Mac" and many other gifted writers were on its staff and there seemed little hope for the Republican. For two years it worked hard, showed signs of better health and came to boast over 2,000 circulation. In 1881, Mr. K. G. Cooper was induced to take the management of the paper, which position is still held by him. The growth and prosperity of the Republican, during the past eleven years, is phenomenal.

By glancing at the left of the dating line, on the first page of the paper, you will observe the name *Tribune* in small caps underneath the name Republican. That, dear reader, is all that remains of the once popular and influential Daily Tribune. The two papers were merged in one, under the title of the Tribune-Republican, but on January 1st, 1887, the dualty was dropped, and for five years the Tribune has been an absolute thing of the past.

No institution in Denver has grown with more vigor or taken rank in influence more rapidly than the Republican. It is keenly alive to the interests of the city and state, and the earnest defender of every material interest of the country at large. Hon. N. P. Hill and K. G. Cooper are the principal stockholders; Mr. Cooper, the general manager, and Mr. Wm. Stapleton, editor in chief. The circulation of the Republican is very large; two heavy Web Perfecting presses being required to promptly print the enormous editions daily issued. Few papers in the country give as much matter, or render so much service for the money, as the Republican. Office at 1118 Sixteenth Street.

The Denver Times was born at the door of the old Denver Theatre, on the evening of August 1st, 1870, and named The Lorgnette—a theatre program. Its theatrical life was short and full of vicissitudes. At the age of two years, it was taken under the sheltering care of R. W. Woodbury, now president of the Union National Bank, and given a better work and life. Mr. Woodbury owned and ran the Denver Times nearly ten years, retiring on the 20th of May, 1882. No more conscientious, prudent, reliable or successful newspaper man ever honored a Denver editorial sanctum than R. W. Woodbury. Always wise, thoughtful, truthful and indefatigable, he succeeded in producing a daily paper which commanded the respect of all.

The history of the Times, during the last four years especially, is the history of a great enterprise and wonderful success. It has secured and maintains a large patronage and exercises a wide-spread influence. In politics, republican, full of energy, loyal to all things

Coloradoan, and, especially Denverean, awake to the interests of our common country, and, withal, cosmopolitan. It has attained a place of first rank with the Western press, and commands attention on all questions of local, state or general importance. It is owned by a stock company, with H. W. Hawley as general manager and Lansing Warren as editor in chief.

The Colorado Sun.—On the 8th of March, 1891, there appeared on the streets of Denver a third English morning paper, called the Colorado Sun—full sized, full fledged, occupying, substantially, the same secular ground held by the News and Republican, making no claim to stand on new space in the field of journalism. Being republican in politics, it became the third exponent of the doctrines of the party. Its projector and chief proprietor was Mr. W. H. Griffith, well known as one of the most successful newspaper men of Denver, as shown by his indefatigable and phenomenally successful labor on the Times during 1888 to 1891—adding, as he did, 12,000 daily circulation in three years. The Sun is a first-class morning paper, with full press reports, well digested city, state and general news. Devoted to the prosperity of Denver, Colorado and the country at large, it deserves well at the hands of the public, which by the way, is always generous in its support of enterprises loyal to the masses. Denver people read a little of a great deal, and many find one paper too meagre to supply the cravings of a generous appetite.

The office of the Sun is at 1224 Fifteenth street. Proprietor and general manager, W. H. Griffith, with Mr. Richard Linthicum as editor in chief.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Our public schools are second to none in the Great West. The officers are well chosen, intelligent, conscientious and progressive. This is seen in the character of the work secured and the buildings that have been erected throughout the city. Only the best talent is employed in the management and labor of the schools, and no pains or money is spared to secure the best possible results in the educational process. The standard raised is that which will fit the graduate from the High School Department, for Yale College.

The school buildings of Denver are models of evcellence, not to say perfection. There are so many of these and so fine, that it would not be possible to speak of them all, and can only point to a few, and these especially, the high schools of the city.

EAST DENVER HIGH SCHOOL,

East Denver High School occupies an entire square of thirty-two lots, bounded by 19th, 20th, Stout and California streets. This is a palace of education, and no visitor has seen Denver till he has seen this building; and the interior is more than equal to the exterior. To go through it is an easy matter, as the stranger will be welcome at any time and shown through with pleasurable courtesy.

West Denver High School is situated on Colfax avenue, between South 10th and South 9th streets. This structure is a model of comfort. It was planned in a way to secure the best possible effects of light, something often overlooked in the effort to obtain architectural effects. This building is better known as the Franklin School, and the District, of which this school is at present the centre, contemplates at no distant day building a larger and even better structure for its high school work, and using the Franklin building only for grammar school purposes.

North Denver High School is located on Ashland avenue, near the terminus of the 15th street cable in North Denver. This is a pretty structure and stands in a sightly spot, commanding an exceptionally fine view of the city.

These three high schools are the centres of as many separate Districts, each one managed by a distinct and separate Board of Education, and have no immediate or remote connection one with another, except under the general school laws of the state. Every District builds its own houses and manages its own affairs.

The school houses of Denver, if taken as a whole, and viewed as to their architectural forms, will impress the stranger with their amplitude without waste, beauty without excess, and variety within the bounds of harmony. In East Denver all the houses for many years, including the High School building, have been built by one architect, yet no two are run in the same mould. The old-fashioned belfreys and towers are pleasingly omitted. One will have to travel a long distance before he finds a city with so many fine school houses as Denver, or a single school district with an array like Whittier, Hyde Park, Emerson and Corona.

DENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS.

We mean by this classification, such schools as have been projected under the auspices of different religious denominations—schools they have organized, to be kept under their control. Several of the religious bodies have become imbued with the conviction that Denver is to become an important educational center, and have already laid the foundations of their plans to establish such schools as shall, in their view, most enhance the advancement and happiness of their fellows.

St. John's College is under the supervision of the Episcopal Church and dates back to 1867-9. The well remembered Bishop Randal organized and set the College in motion. The institution is made up of three branches: Wolfe Hall, Jarvis Hall and Mathews Hall; the last, as yet, without activity and only waiting for the time to come when its service will be needed.

Wolfe Hall dates back to 1867. It is a school for girls and young ladies, embracing a good curriculum of study. For many years the building stood on the south cor. of Champa and 17th streets, where the Boston block now stands. It has been removed to the corner of Clarkson and 13th ave.

Jarvis Hall, organized in 1869 and for many years at Golden, is located at Montclair, and has a fine building, ample and adapted to its wants. It is for the education of boys and young men, and affords a complete academic course. It embraces also a thorough military drill. The school is popular and successful.

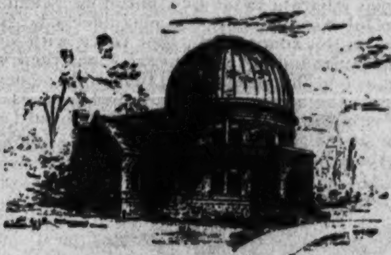
These two schools, the complement of each other, are under the same management and constitute an important element in the educational affairs of Denver.

The Woman's College is located at Montclair. A fine structure has been completed, and arrangements are being made to open in the near future. The enterprise is led by the Baptist denomination, whose antecedents in educational matters, from Brown University down, assure the public of an earnest future for the undertaking.

College of the Sacred Heart.—This school is located at Berkeley and has a large building for its purposes. The institution is under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers and enjoys a large patronage. It is devoted to the education of young men, and promises a bright future for the higher educational work of the Catholic church. The location is exceptionally fine, overlooking a vast expanse of beautiful country with the city in full survey, while the mountains lend their grandeur to the ever inspiring scene.

Loretto Academy is situated at Loretto Heights, on the west side of the Platte, about six miles south of Denver. The site is one of striking beauty and scarcely surpassed by any point adjacent to the city. The landscape down the river and out over the plains is impressively fine, while the view of the mountain range is one rarely excelled. The institution is managed by the Sisters of Loretto, and for the education of young women complementary to the work of the College of the Sacred Heart, having the confidence and support of the Catholic church.

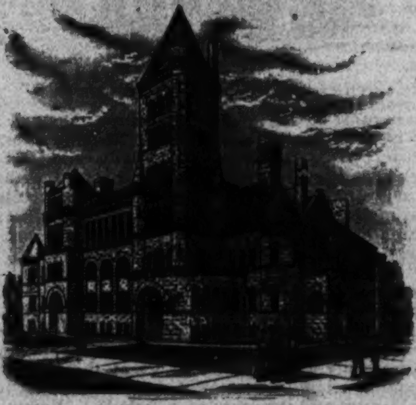
The Denver University.—This is the oldest enterprise of its kind in the city, having been organized as early as 1863. The year following, a building was reared at the corner of 14th and Arapahoe, but it was not until late in the seventies that it became particularly prosperous. The building was greatly enlarged and beautified. The progress of the institution, for the past twelve years has been marked. One very noticeable step in advance has been the introduction of the Manual Training System. A large building for its use has been erected across the street from the old University. The prospects of the University were such and the space for building so limited, it was thought, in 1886, safe and desirable to select a site better adapted to possible future needs, and a location was selected and plans devised, looking to a final removal. The new location was several miles away, and situated on the plains far from all connections with the city, and the outlook was forlorn enough. It was named University Park—everybody smiled. When the lands contributed, were thrown open to purchasers it was called a scheme, and lots at $150 were thought little better than a swindle. Time has changed the outlook, and transformed University Park from a cheerless, hopeless desert to a pretty village of beautiful homes with gardens and lawns. Some of these same lots have sold at very much higher prices. One of the series of buildings, in the comprehensive plan, University Hall, has been completed and occupied during the past year—an imposing structure, three stories and basement, of variegated lava stone, in ornate style, and is being rapidly followed by the Iliff School of Theology, a beautiful piece of architecture of red sandstone, well along in the course of construction. The first important move, in the matter of buildings, was the erection of the Chamberlin Observatory, which is completed and waiting its twenty inch lens telescope which will be put into place at the close of the Columbian Exposition where it will be exhibited. The University has received from Mr. H. B. Chamberlin, the donor of the Observatory, a gift of great value, as a telescope of the quality and power this will possess will be of inestimable value in this pure atmosphere so favorable in the observations of the astronomer. The change of the past six years is



THE CHAMBERLIN OBSERVATORY.

but the earnest of what is in the future. Denver University is aiming, as it should, for the higher education—the true *University* ground. Already the Art Department has risen to meritorious labor, and with such parts as remain in the city and those transplanted to the Park, Denver University must become to this city something more than a thing of ordinary interest, and representing, as it does, the higher education, it must make Denver the seat of Methodist scholarship and theology in the far west.

Westminster University.—The Presbyterians, ever noted for their devotion to the cause of education, are in line with other denominations, and developing plans for a University which promise great things, not only in a denominational way, but of marked benefit to the city of Denver and the state as a whole. Westminster University is already located and a beautiful building, of Colorado red sandstone, of a specially fine style, is already far along in the course of construction, at an expense of about $150,000. The opportunities offered by the promoters and the contributions of land for the campus are generous, and the recipients are placed under perpetual obligations for the far-seeing plans and munificent benefactions to the cause of education made in the Presbyterian name, which, with the traditions, wealth and influence of the denomination, must assure the success of this enterprise from the start, and fix the centre of their educational power, throughout the far West, at Denver, thus adding to the city another element of influence and attraction. Westminster University is located about seven miles from the new Post Office, on the line of the Highlands Boulevard, on a mesa, called Crown Point, 350 feet above the city, and the highest point in Arapahoe county. The site chosen is one of the most choice adjacent to the city, affording a landscape of wonderful extent, variety and magnificence. Is there anywhere on this continent another place with such inspirational surroundings as Denver? Soon there will be rapid transit to the grounds and time with money will rapidly give the accordant improvements necessary to make Westminster one of the pet institutions of Denver. As soon as the electric is built to connect it with all parts of the city, its prospects will be perfect.



WESTMINSTER UNIVERSITY.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The people of Denver read, and for the most part have bought their own books and periodicals, as the book sellers, book agents and news dealers of the city can testify. The annual post office receipts of periodical literature is something amazing. The number of books sold in the city of Denver, if built into a pyramid, would astonish the beholder, even the readers themselves; while in subscription books there has been no end. In cyclopædias alone, the sales have been past belief. An experienced canvasser, who has spent a number of years in successful canvassing in Colorado, gives it as his opinion that not less than five hundred sets of Appleton's Cyclopædia have been placed in the state, and not less than three hundred and fifty sets of the

Scribner Britannica and three hundred of the Britannica Reprint. If to these editions we add three hundred Johnson's and Chambers',—a low estimate,—we have thirty thousand volumes of cyclopædias; and Webster's Dictionary sold in Colorado, no one can number. Till recently, nothing permanent has been done in the way of public libraries. To-day there are two.

The Mercantile Library, organized by the Chamber of Commerce, was opened Nov. 1, 1886, with about 5,000 volumes. It has had no large bequests and has been created for the most part by small subscriptions. The number of volumes in the Library Jan. 1, 1892, was 19,226. It is located in the Chamber of Commerce building, cor. of 14th and Lawrence, under the supervision and care of the Chamber. The books are free to any member of the Chamber of Commerce, or other resident of the city who may secure a recommendation from a well known responsible citizen of Denver. The library is well patronized. Number of books taken in 1891, was 76,797. The city, in September of 1891, passed an ordinance to give $500 per month out of the fines in the police courts.

Connected with the Mercantile Library is the nucleus of a museum, the character of which is worthy better provisions for its care and display. It represents Natural History, Archæology, etc., etc. One curious portion of the museum is a representation of the Cliff Dwellers, prepared and presented by the Government, to the Library, and well worth a visit by strangers to see.

The Public Library is under the care of the East Denver School Board, and kept in the High School building, at the corner of 19th and Stout. It was opened June 15, 1889, with 2,000 volumes, has grown in size and favor till ,on Jan. 1, 1892, it had about 10,000 volumes and let about 65,000 books during 1891. It has had no bequests. A statutory provision of a special tax of one-tenth of a mill gives the library five to six thousand a year for books, while the School Board provides for the running expenses, including good reading rooms and facilities for the accommodations of students. Being under the fostering care of an able Board, ways and means at no distant date, will doubtless be found, to place the institution far in advance of its present proportions. It is open and free to all responsible citizens. Time given on books taken, two weeks, and fines for over time, two cents a day.

The State Library is situated in the State House (Barclay Block) and contains 11,526 volumes, made up chiefly of public documents, journals on Congress, law reports and journals of value and a few standard works. The State has done little, if anything, to build it up and but little to care for it, it will doubtless turn attention to its importance soon and foster it with the care it deserves. The books are not procurable, but the library is open to any one during the hours allotted to State work, and contains many things of valuable reference.

State Law Library.—This library has been created by the State and is maintained for the especial benefit of the Supreme Court and is adjacent to the Supreme Court room in the State building. It contains about 7,000 volumes and is, for the purpose intended, a valuable collection.

There are also a number of law libraries of a less public character deserving of mention.

The Symes Law Library, in the Symes block, on 16th, contains about 5,750 volumes of law books, owned by an association and maintained for their benefit alone.

The Charles Law Library, in the Charles building, corner of 15th and Curtis, contains 5,943 volumes, owned and maintained by the proprietor of the building for the exclusive use of the occupants.

The Ernest & Cranmer Law Library is kept in the Ernest & Cranmer building. It contains 6,500 volumes, owned and supported by the owners of the building and devoted to the use of the occupants, only.

ART GALLERY.

Denver's halcyon days of libraries, monuments and art galleries have but merely dawned. The glorious light of their brightness is advancing; and till it comes, we shall content ourselves with the faint light of its morning. For the little of art we have, we are indebted to Baron von Richtofen, who, some two or three years since purchased abroad, quite a collection, fitted up a gallery at his own expense, and threw open its doors to the public at a mere pittance, as a fund for the maintanance of the gallery. Failing to pay its way, the gallery was closed and the collection moved to Montclair. The people of Montclair bought it and have it on exhibition. Their zeal and enterprise are commendable, as but for this movement, the collection would have been scattered. and the nucleus lost. The gallery is well worth a visit. The ride is a most pleasant one, as described in the chapter on "Pleasant Rides About the City." Cars on 16th and 17th streets, labeled "Montclair Art Gallery," connect direct with Eight avenue electric line to the Gallery, Colfax cable also connects with the same line. A company recently formed and led by a number of wealthy citizens, is looking towards the establishment of a collection of art, that shall express the highest appreciation of this element of public esthetic culture.

CHURCHES.

The church life of Denver has kept pace with all other forms of progress, and its activities are comparable with the activities of business and the home. Religious observances and churches are by no means ignored or neglected. The standard and quality of Christian endeavor are probably as high and as serious as elsewhere.

There are about one hundred religious societies in the city and its immediate suburbs. Nearly all the denominations indigenous to the eastern, middle, southern and western states, find representation in Denver. The clergy rank well. The average Denver audience is rather critical and desires talent, thought, culture, progress, energy.

Most of the societies have their religious homes, and in many instances have built them very beautiful and furnished them with reference to comfort and luxury.

The finest edifices, all belong to the new era, while the old-time churches are swept away by the flood of years or deserted for the newer ones. The old Central Presbyterian, built where Clayton's hat store stands on 15th street; the old St. John's, so plain and yet so quaint, where the Haish Training School is; the old Lawrence Street, a few years ago so crowded; the old First Congregational on the east corner of Curtis and 15th streets; the old "Baptist Dugout," on the north corner of Curtis and 16th streets, and others too, of the olden times, are either swallowed up by the swirl of change or relegated to the realms of secularism. A whisky shop at the door of one, a livery stable made of another, tell the foul fate befallen a few, but most of them are *gone*, and their places are occupied by the temples of mammon.

To show the religious expression of Denver the following resume is subjoined:

Baptists have 12 churches: 9 American, 1 Sweedish, 2 African. Besides these there are 6 missions. The First Baptist Church edifice is a fine large structure without exterior pretensions; has one of the best auditoriums in the city. A large congregation is ministered to by a public-spirited pastor, deservedly popular with the general public. The Baptists have erected a college at Montclair for the education of women. In the chapter on "Denominational Schools" special mention is made of it.

Catholics.—7 congregations and numerous missions and societies for charitable and church work. They have two colleges, the Jesuit College at Berkeley, and Loretto Academy, "Loretto Heights." St. Joseph's Home and House of the Good Shepherd are hospitals kept by this church. They have several good church edifices, St. Leo's on Colfax at 10th street, the largest and best. The Cathedral on Stout between 15th and 16th is the only one of the old-time churches still standing, and it, soon, is to pass away with the flood of years, and a new and imposing building will take its place on Capitol Hill. A weekly paper, the Colorado Catholic.

Christian has three congregations. Central Church on Broadway between 16th and 17th streets, is one of the first religious edifices of the new era, and the home of some of Denver's best known families. The South Broadway Church, recently completed, is a handsome structure and an ornament to the city.

Congregationalists have eight societies. The First Church, on Glenarm between 16th and 17th, is a churchy edifice of the old New England type. Its minister, Rev. Myron W. Reed, of broad sympathies and popular everywhere, is neither ministerial, nor oratorical, but one of the best talkers; full of thought; has something to say; knows how to say it; stops when he is done, generally before you are ready. The People's Tabernacle, on Blake, is noted for the zeal of its people; and its pastor, Rev. Thamas Uzzell, is the Father Taylor of Denver.

Episcopalians have seven societies and several fine church edifices. St. John's, on Welton, at the foot of Broadway, is the largest. Dean Hart, an indefatigable worker, watches over one of the largest congregations in Denver, and is the oldest pastor in the city. St. Mark's church, on Lincoln and Twelfth avenues, is one of the most unique churches in the city, and attractive. The Episcopalians maintain St. John's College, one branch of which, Jarvis Hall, a military school for boys, is at Montclair; the other, Wolf Hall, a school for girls, at Clarkson and Thirteenth avenues; both imposing pieces of architecture. These schools are well managed and deservedly popular.

Hebrews.—Two congregations: one liberal, the other orthodox. Emmanuel church, on Welton and Twenty-fourth streets, is a fine edifice and favored with a large congregation, whose leader is a young man of good promise, and well known to the religious public—exchanging pulpits now and then with other ministers.

Lutherans have six societies: one English, two German, one Norwegian, one Swedish, and one Scandinavian. Several good houses of worship and good congregations.

Methodists have fifteen societies: ten English, three German, one Swedish, one African. Trinity M. E. Church, on Broadway, corner of Eighteenth avenue, is the finest Christian temple in the city—the largest and best attended—always crowded, generally, to overflowing. Its organ, the gift of one of its generous and wealthy members, is said to be the finest in any M. E. church in America. Grace church, corner ot Thirteenth avenue west and South Fourteenth street, is a model of beauty although of the old type of church architecture. Asbury chapel, on the north side, is a very pretty church after the newer designs. Denver University, elsewhere spoken of, is a child of Denver Methodism, born in the early days—March 15, 1863. One weekly paper, Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate.

Southern Methodists.—Three societies: the leading one at Welton and Twenty-first streets.

Free Methodists.—One society, located at South Water street, between Third and Fourth avenues.

Presbyterians.—Eight societies and several fine houses of worship. The central church, corner Seventeenth and Sherman avenues, is one of the finest and newest edifices in the city. Luxurious in the midst of luxury, it seems at home and at ease, surrounded, as it is, by domestic places. The present pastor, of broad culture, is one of the ablest pulpit speakers in the west—an honor to his people and the community he lives in. Capital Avenue church is a pretty temple of worship, and so is the Twenty-third Avenue, which, by the way, is the old Central, torn down and rebuilt, stone by stone, in the year 1891. An educational movement is on foot called Westminster University; with what success, the near future will determine. The material aspect exceedingly flattering.

United Presbyterians have one church on South Fourteenth, between Twelfth and Thirteenth avenues, west. A good house and well filled.

Welsh Presbyterians.—One society. House of worship at 1241 Welton street.

Reformed Presbyterians.—One society with place of worship at the corner of Pearl and Virginia streets, South Denver.

German Reformed.—One society and place of meeting on the corner of Lawrence and Twenty-third streets.

Unitarians.—One society, with a fine house of worship on Broadway, corner of Nineteenth avenue. Large congregation. The minister, a young man of public spirit, whose parentage demands a good career, well begun.

United Brethren.—Three societies. Smith's chapel, corner South Water street and Ninth avenue, was the present of a well known Denver gentleman, now non-resident.

Universalists.—One society. Meet in Odd Fellow's Hall, 1544 Champa street. The minister, Rev. W. C. Sellick, is a young man of ability.

Miscellaneous.—Swedenborgian two, Adventists one, Spiritualists three, Religious Science one.

ASSOCIATIONS.

Young Men's Christian Association have a membership of nearly one thousand; has just taken possesion of their new quarters, on the corner of Champa and 18th streets. They possess a good library and reading room. Members are active and energetic, and do much to assist strangers, especially those who need a helping hand, when sick or out of work. Stated meetings, Saturdays, 8 P. M., and Sunday mornings at 9:30 and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, to which strangers are invited.

Denver Woman's Christian Association—originally organized as "The Woman's Home Club" Jan. 11, 1887. Purpose of the club, to help women, especially to cheap living; rooms and board at bare cost. It was found that many were working on salaries so low, as to make it impossible to live, without help. Good rooms are afforded at a minimum, and excellent board at $3.50 per week. Restaurant open to the public at twenty-five cents per meal, or $5.00 a week, where anyone may take meals. March 11, 1890, the name was changed, the purpose continues the same. They rent a good building, their present quarters, where women find a pleasant home, with library and reading room. A large directory of influential women, prominent and well-known citizens, have charge of the affairs of the association. The membership is one hundred and sixty-five; plans are rapidly maturing for a home of their own, on the corner of 13th and Glenarm streets, where they own four lots, free of encumbrances, and expect to begin at an early day the erection of a building, devoted to their purposes.

CHARITY.

Denver people are charitable and generous in their charities, although we boast no examples of munificence.

Warm hearted, humane and generous in their impulses, our people are ever ready to assist the suffering. In our early history, there grew up many organizations, having in view distinct channels of helpfulness. One by one these charities, given in number, "The Ladies' Relief," "The Orphan's Home," St. Joseph's Hospital," "The Day Nursery," Home of the Good Shepard," St. Lukes Hospital" and several others, became at last a heavy burden on the public. This new phase of misery was assuaged by the association of all charities, the device of philanthropy. On each returning anniversary of this glad day, all Denver turns out and pours her contribution into the lap of the associated charities. Committies are appointed, representing every trade and occupation, who solicit contributions for the year. The result is a magnificent sum to be divided around for the needs of the year, and one solicitation instead of a dozen.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE.

Was organized June 7th, 1886; has for its object the aid of women, by helping them to help themselves. They receive and sell the handiwork of such as depend on the work of their own hands. They also run a restaurant for the public patronage, which is very large, and rapidly growing. During the year ending June 7, 1892, 166,869 patrons were fed at these tables.

For the tables, home cooking, as far as possible, is secured. Certain cooking is consigned to women who can cook well and need the work. This is sent in daily.

There are on their books nearly 200 consignors who work for the club and received, during the year, $17,850.09. Total for the first six years, about $45,000 for the edible department alone.

The entire work for the past six years, ending June 7th, 1892, as follows:

TO SELF-SUPPORTING WOMEN.

1886-7	$3,500.00	1889-90	$12,469.63
1887-8	7,512.88	1890-91	12,962.51
1888-9	8,493.71	1891-92	17,850.09

Total in six years, $62,788.82, expended in a most substantial and commendable manner—one of the great sustaining forces in the city.

SOCIAL CLUBS.

The Denver Club, though only twelve years of age, is oldest popular club in the city. They own a fine building corner of 17th and Glenarm streets. Have a select membership, limited to 500. A good library and well supplied reading room, containing the cream of American and English periodicals. Their club house is one of the most artistic buildings in the city, and quite perfect in its appointments.

Lotos Club, the next in age, own a comfortable club house on California at 1550. They are select, and limit their number. They are made up of kindred spirits in social and business life. Library and good reading room well supplied.

The Colorado Club have a most comfortable house in the Club building, on Arapahoe, between 17th and 18th streets. More especially a business man's club, where a good meal and comfortable bachelor's quarters are enjoyed at reasonable prices, with the comforts of a life more homelike than can be had at the hotel or boarding house. A well supplied reading room, attests the tastes of the members of the club.

The University Club, composed only of university and college graduates, is the youngest of the leading clubs of the city. They have a cozy home at 1422 Curtis street. Are made up of the most select, as all members must be measured by the high standard of a successful university course. A good reading room is well supplied with the best publications of the day.

PARKS.

Not long since, a Denver lady, visisting in a city noted for its parks, was praising her town: "Oh, yes", said her host, "Denver is a *fine* city, but you have no place to sit down and rest." Till now, that has been too true; but Denver is nearing the period of parks. No city can have parks, till it has streets. Paving first, then the parks. One of the finest parks in America was but a few years ago, one of the worst sand duns imaginable. Money and a good landscape engineer, will make a fine park in a very few years. Something has already been done, and the tourist can see the beginning of good progress. Besides two small parks in the heart of the city, Denver has two park sites, agregating 480 acres, very accessible.

City Park is readily reached by Colfax and 16th steeet cables, and also the Lawrence and 22nd street electric. This park contains 320 acres. It is half a mile north and south, by one mile east and west. Very little ornate work has been done, but it has commenced, which is something.

Capitol Hill Park contains 160 acres of the highest land on Capitol Hill. It is one mile east of Broadway, and a quarter of a mile south of Colfax ave.

It is the old city cemetery, recently diverted by the government cemetery, to park purposes. Capable engineering can transform this hill into a shrine of adoration, at the altar of nature.

Lincoln Park is situated in West Denver, comprising four blocks, bounded by S. 7th and S. 9th streets, and 11th and 13th aves.

Curtis Street Park comprises one block, between Curtis and Arapahoe, and 31st and 32nd streets. It will make a pretty little breathing spot.

Overland Park is owned by the Overland Park Association, and devoted to the Turf. It is situated four miles south of the Capitol Building, on or near Broadway, and accessible by the "Circle," as well as by the D. & R. G., Midland and Santa Fe. For many years this park has been the race course of Denver, and has its spring and autumn seasons as regularly as the equinoxse.

COURT HOUSE WELL.

At the 16th street entrance to the grounds is an artesian well of mineral water of extraordinary value for divers diseases, especially kidney difficulties. Depth, 930 feet; bored in 1883, under the direction of the County Commissioners, at the public expense, at a cost of $4,041.47. It was soon after the discovery of artesian water and undertaken as an experiment to ascertain what could be found by deep boring. Thousands of barrels have been carried away in pails, pitchers, bottles, jugs—all sorts of receptacles, by men, women and children, people in health and the frailest of invalids—as if the waters were fresh from the fountain of life, and full of healing in draughts. And so it is. The analysis shows the composition to embrace specific excellencies. No expenditure of money *pro bono publico* could have been more appreciated or more beneficial. But one drawback—the difficulty in pumping the water.

SUBURBAN RESORTS.

Till recently Denver had no resorts worthy of mention, nor any facilities for getting beyond the narrowest limits. The cable and electric railways are now rapidly developing points of interest of various kinds, on the outskirts of the city, and already there is a number of places, where one may go and spend an hour, besides having a ride within view of the Rocky Mountains, which of itself alone, were worth many times the fare its costs. These places are all too new to be as attractive as they will become when money, labor and time have had opportunity to produce their proper results. Trees, lawns, fountains and monuments take time and money. The work has already begun, and soon the suburban resorts of Denver, will be something of which to be proud. Some of them already manifest the rudiments of more than ordinary interest.

Montclair, on Colfax avenue, four miles east of Broadway, is the beginning of a pretty suburb. It was conceived a few years since by Baron von Richthofen, whose foresight and energy accomplished much in the face of sneers and smiles at the "Baron's vagaries". St. John's College has established a school for boys, called Jarvis Hall, at Monclair. A fine college building, of red brick, reared in ornate style, stands southeast of the Baron's Castle, a credit to any suburb or city. Montclair is the seat of the Baptist Female Seminary, a very pretty structure, north of Colfax ave., a quarter of a mile or more. Montclair has also a grand mountain view, and well supplied, not only with beautiful vistas, but transportation, electric lighting and plenty of water. It is reached by the Montclair electric cars, labeled "Aurora," giving a twenty minute's service, and connecting at York street, with the Colfax ave., cable line or by either the 16th or 17th cable lines labeled "Aurora."

South Montclair, is three quarters of a mile south of Montclair, proper; and reached by the Montclair and Eight ave. electric railway, labeled "Art Gallery" and connecting as before at York street with Colfax cable line or with the Seventeenth ave. cable lines, labeled "Art Gallery". South Montclalr is especially noted for its fine residences, some of them being palaces; also as having the best art gallery in the Rocky Mountain region. Open to visitors from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. The ride to South Montclair is is a very pretty one, and may be extended to FairmountCemetery by omnibus from the terminus, which runs on the even hours, except Sunday, when it connects with every car.

Berkeley Lake, is located four miles northwest of the Court House, and reached either by the Colfax, or 16th Street cable. Plenty of boats for rowing and pastime; good shade for rest or promenading. A ride to Berkeley Lake is one of the many pleasant rides about the city.

Elitch's Gardens.—This resort is quite new, but is very popular. It is one mile this side of Berkeley Lake. There is a good menagerie, including a number of Rocky Mountain animals, a bear den and alligators. Admission at the outer gate is twenty-five cents, which includes everything, even to a good matinee. The theatre is comfortable, and has been supplied with a good grade of talent and the visitor gets full value received. This resort was opened in 1890, and has been very popular, and desirable as a diversion and pastime. The gardens are reached by 15th and 16th street cables, and also by Larimer street cable going west, and connecting with the West End electric.

Manhattan Beach.—This is a fine resort, though new. It was conceived in 1890, and opened late in that year; it has been a popular resort from the first, and possesses the elements of attractive place. It is at the head of Sloan's Lake, the largest sheet of water in the vicinity of Denver. Besides the lake with its fishing and boating, there is a menagrie and opera house. Nature has determined Manhattan Beach as a pleasure resort, and Denver energy will doubtless meet the demand with generosity, such as to make a trip on the part of visitors desirable, to see what is offered in return for the money charged for admission, only ten cents. It is reached by Colfax cable going north, connecting at the loop with the Ashland ave. electric line, the shortest and most direct, or by the Larimer street cable going west, connecting with the West End electric line; probably the finest ride can be had by the Sixteenth street cable connecting with the West End electric at Fairview ave., passing Argyle Park, but somewhat further than the other lines.

Fort Logan, is situated eight miles south of Denver on the west side of the Platte. It is on an eminence overlooking the valley, and enjoys a very fine prospect. This is the government Military Post, established in 1887, and too new to be spoken of with such enthusiasm, as will be expected, when it shall become more mature; and yet, it is a pleasant thing to do, and one finds much more accomplished than might be expected in so short a time. Several trains a day from the Union Depot, over the D. & R. G. and the Santa Fe, stop both going and coming.

Broadway Park, or Fisk's Gardens, at the end of South Broadway electric is the beginning of a pretty place to go and while away an hour. To see the orchards and shade is worth the ride, besides the fine mountain view of the full range. It is reached by the Broadway cable and South Broadway electric.

Arlington Park.—This is the latest applicant for public favor; the newest place to go, and prettily situated, promising success. It is reached by the Harman line.

RAPID TRANSIT.

One must travel a long distance and see many cities before he will find one better supplied with rapid transit than Denver. The horse car is almost extinct, only two lines remain. The cable and electricity have revolutionized our locomotion. The city is traversed in every direction by one or the other; and not only about the city but beyond its limits to the suburbs or suburban resorts. The fare is uniformly five cents from terminus to terminus, and, in many instances, entitles the passenger to transfers for other lines. Probably no city affords more for the money than Denver, and, certainly, very few as much. There are two systems of street railways: The Denver City Cable Railway Company, and The Denver Tramway Company. Both systems employ electricity as well as cable.

THE DENVER CITY CABLE RAILWAY COMPANY.

DIFFERENT LINES.

Larimer Street, *cable*; northeastern terminus (near Grant Smelter and U. P. Shops) on Market, to Downing, to Larimer—on Larimer to West Colfax, to Delaware avenue, Highlands near Sloan's Lake. During the winter months, cars on Larimer street marked "7th Street Only," stop at viaduct—known at night by *red headlight.* Pass Windsor Hotel, five National Banks, Charpiot's Hotel, City Hall, Lindell Hotel, Long Viaduct.

Seventeenth Avenue, *cable*, begins on Nineteenth avenue, at York, near City Park (where it connects regularly with Colfax electric railway for Montclair and Aurora; and Art Gallery and Fairmont Cemetery) coming to Broadway where it divides,every alternate car taking 17th street to Union Depot, passing the H. C. Brown Hotel, Denver Club, Albert, Albany, Markham and Oxford; also the Equitable, Boston, Ernest & Cranmer Blocks, the principal railroad ticket offices and three National Banks. The other alternately passes out Court Place to 16th, passing down this leading thoroughfare by the Court House, Masonic Temple, Grand Opera House, six National Banks, all the leading retail houses, American House, Union Depot, crossing the 16th street viaduct, terminating at a point nearly two miles beyond the viaduct; connecting at Curtis street for West Denver, at Larimer street both ways, beyond the viaduct, with the Argo and North Denver horse car line both ways, at Fairview avenue with West End electric for Elitch's Gardens, Berkeley Lake and Manhattan Beach. Terminus at Humphrey avenue, nearly five miles from the point of beginning.

Welton Street, *cable,* starts from West End electric, at Fairview avenue and Goss street, north, via 16th street, Welton, 28th avenue and Gaylord street, to 38th avenue near Union Pacific Hospital, passing most of the prominent points on the 16th street division of the 17th avenue line, also St. John's Cathedral and East Denver High School.

West Denver, *cable*, starts from Union Depot, foot of Seventeenth, to Curtis; to 11th street, to south 11th, to 4th avenue; passing Oxford, Markham and St. James Hotels, Opera House, County Jail and within two blocks of D. & R. G. Shops at Burnham.

North Denver, *horse car line*, starts from Larimer street line at Boulevard and West Colfax—via Boulevard, Emerald avenue, Platte street, Clear Creek avenue, Kent street, Palmer avenue, Prospect avenue and Argo street to Argo.

West End, *electric*, begins on Fairview avenue at Goss, connecting with 17th avenue and Welton street cable lines; via Fairview, 10th street, Valley, Prospect, Sheridan Boulevard, West Colfax to junction with Larimer street cable; passing Argyle Park, Elitch's Gardens and Manhattan Beach. At Elitch's Gardens a branch line to Berkeley Lake.

TRANSFERS.

Transfers on all lines must be asked for when fare is paid. Good only at point of transfer and will not be accepted anywhere else, no matter how short a distance from the transfer point, are only good as punched, and not good on lines punched out, (passengers must see that they are punched properly). No transfers given on transfers, and therefore must be asked for when paying the fare, that the conductor may know a cash fare has been paid. Transfers are a gratuity, not being required by the franchise, and must be used strictly according to the rules of the company.

Larimer Street, *cable*, five cents fare, giving transfers at 17th street, and 16th street both ways, at Boulevard on West Colfax to horse car line for Argo. No transfers to West End electric.

17th Avenue, *cable*, five cents fare. 17th street division at Welton street going N. E., at Curtis to West Denver, at Larimer both ways. 16th street division at Welton going N. E., at Curtis to West Denver, at Larimer both ways, at North Denver and Argo horse car line both ways and West End electric as far as 13th street, Highlands.

Welton Street, *cable*, five cents fare. Coming from the N. E., transfers at 17th both ways, at Curtis for West Denver, at Larimer both ways, at horse car line both ways and with West End electric as far as 13th street.

Persons wishing to go farther north on Goss street may get transfers of the transfer man to the 17th Ave. line.

West Denver, *cable*, at Larimer both ways, at 16th to Welton street and 17th avenue lines both ways.

North Denver, *horse car line*, at 16th with both Welton street and 17th avenue lines either way, returning the same; also to Larimer street cable.

West End, *electric*. To passengers getting on east of 13th street, Highlands, transfers to Welton street and 17t avenue cable lines.

TIME.

Larimer Street, *cable*, from smelter to viaduct, service four minutes; over and beyond viaduct, in winter, eight minutes.

17th Avenue, *cable*, service on 17th street six minutes; on 16th street six minutes.

Welton Street, *cable*, a five minute service.

West Denver, *cable*, a five minute service.

North Denver, *horse cars*, a twelve minute service.

West End, *electric*, fifteen minutes during winter, ten in summer.

DENVER TRAMWAY COMPANY.

DIFFERENT LINES.

Broadway, *cable*, for Larimer street via 15th and Broadway to South Denver depot; pass Mining Exchange and Court House. Connect at terminus for Broadway Gardens; also University Park.

Colfax Avenue, *cable*, from Larimer to North Denver via Fifteenth to Loop on Gallup avenue, counecting for Manhattan Beach, Elitch's Gardens, Berkeley Lake and Jesuit College, and return; passing one block from Union Depot.

Colfax Avenue, *cable*, from Larimer going southeast via 15th and Colfax avenue to Loop at City Park and return; passing Mining Exchange, Court House and State House.

Nineteenth Ave., *electric*, from Lawrence and 15th via 15th, Tremont, Broadway, Nineteenth avenue and Humboldt to 26th avenue, round the Loop and return; passing Court House, Palace Hotel, Broadway Theatre, Metropole, Trinity Church, Unity Church and Whittier School.

Lawrence Street, *electric*, from 14th going northeast; via Lawrence, 20th, Curtis to Union Pacific Shops. Pass the Markham Hotel and Hyde Park School.

Lawrence Street, *electric*, from 15th going southwest, via Lawrence, Ninth, Scuth Ninth to Burnham; pass Lincoln Park.

Twenty-Second Avenue, *electric*, from 14th street via Lawrence, Curtis and 22nd avenue to City Park, passing near 23rd Avenue Presbyterian church and Christ Methodist church.

University Park, *electric*, from depot at Broadway cable terminal, passing the South Tremont depot.

South Broadway, *electric*, from depot on South Broadway to Broadway Park, several miles, passing Overland Park and Rosedale.

Eleventh Avenue Line, from New Post Office via Arapahoe, Thirteenth, South Thirteenth Eleventh avenue, Alta and Thirteenth avenue east to Gaylord street and return.

Harmon, *electric*, from New Post Office, Arapahoe, Thirteenth, South Thirteenth, Eleventh, Broadway, up the Cherry Creek to Harmon and return, passing Arlington Park and the Uzzell Gold Cure.

Rocky Mountain Lake, *electric*, from Gallup avenue Loop in North Denver via Rocky Mountain Lake to Jesuit College and Berkeley Lake—a fine line.

Elitch's Garden and Berkeley Lake, from Gallup avenue Loop in North Denver via the Garden to Berkeley Lake.

Ashland Ave., *electric*, from Gallup avenue Loop in North Denver to Manhattan Beach and return; pass Ashland School.

Agate Avenue, *electric*, from Gallup avenue Loop in North Denver to Manhattan Beach via the lake shore and return; pass Ashland School.

South Tremont, *electric*, from New Post Office via Arapahoe, Thirteenth, South Thirteenth, South Tremont, First avenue, Pennsylvania avenue to Alameda depot, where connection is made for University Park; pass County Hospital.

Stout Street, *electric*, from Lawrence and 15th streets via 15th, Stout to Union Pacific Shops. Pass the Equitable, Albany Hotel, Gilsey House and East Denver High School.

TRANSFERS.

Transfers must be stamped by transfer agent, stationed at the point of transfer.

Colfax Ave. cars, going S. W., good at 15th and arapahoe, to

Eleventh ave. line. South Tremont line. Harman line.

At 15th and Lawrence, to

Lawrence st. line, either way. Twenty-Second ave.

line. Nineteenth ave. line. Stout street line. Broadway line.

Colfax Ave. cars, going N. W., good at 15th and Lawrence, to

Lawrence street line. either way. Twenty-Second ave., line. Stout street line.

Broadway line at 15th and Lawrence, to

Lawrence st., N. E. North Denver. Twenty-Second Ave., line. Stout Street line.

Lawrence Street line, going N. E.

At 15th and Lawrence, to

Colfax ave. line. Nineteenth ave., line. Twenty-Second ave., line. Stout street line.

At 15th and Arapahoe, to

Eleventh ave., line. Harman line.

Lawrence Street line, going S W.

At 15th and Lawrenee, to

Colfax ave either way. 17th ave. line. 22nd ave. line Broadway line.

At 15th and Arapahoe, [illegible]

11th ave. line. Harman line. South Tremont line.

19th Avenue line, at 15th and Arapahoe, to

Eleventh avenue line. Harman Line. South Tremont Line.

At 15th and Lawrence, to

Lawrence street line, either way.

North Denver. Stout street line.

☞ No fares will be collected during church or theatre hours, between 15th street and Nineteenth avenue.

11th Avenue line, at 15th and Arapahoe, to

North Denver. Nineteenth avenue line. Twenty-second avenue line. Stout street line.

At Fifteenth and Lawrence, to

Lawrence street line, either way.

Harman line, at 15th and Arapahoe, to

North Denver. Nineteenth avenue line. Twenty-second avenue line. Stout street line.

At 15th and Lawrence, to

Lawrence street line, either way.

Highlands, at Gallup avenue, to

Fifteenth street cable.

South Tremont Street Line, at 15th and Arapahoe, to

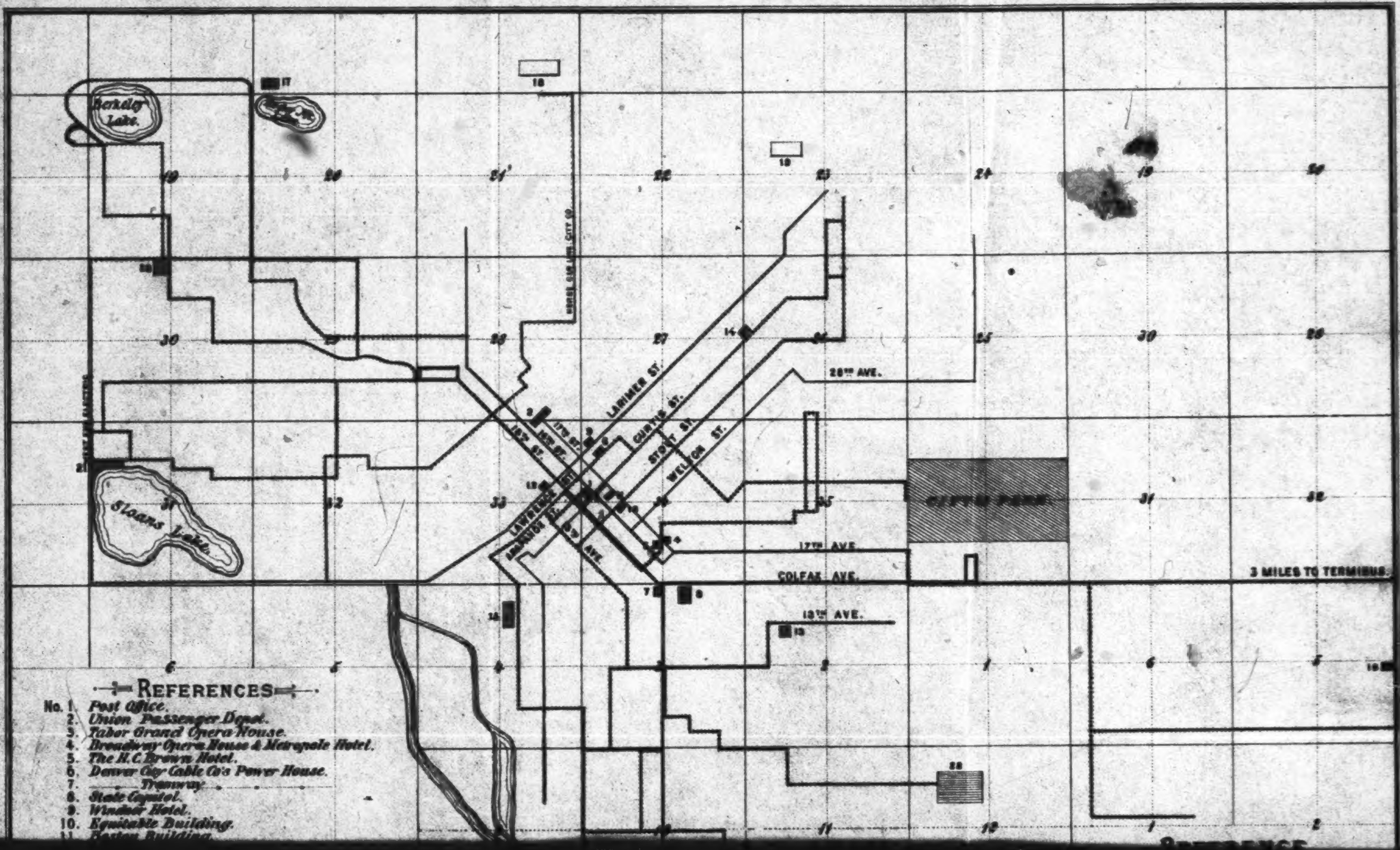
North Denver. Nineteenth avenue line. Twenty-second avenue line. Stout street line.

At 15th and Lawrence, to

Lawrence street line, N. E.

Stout Street Line, at 15th and Arapahoe, to

Eleventh street line. Harman line. South Tremont line.


Berkeley Lake.
Sloans Lake.
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Stout St.
Welton St.
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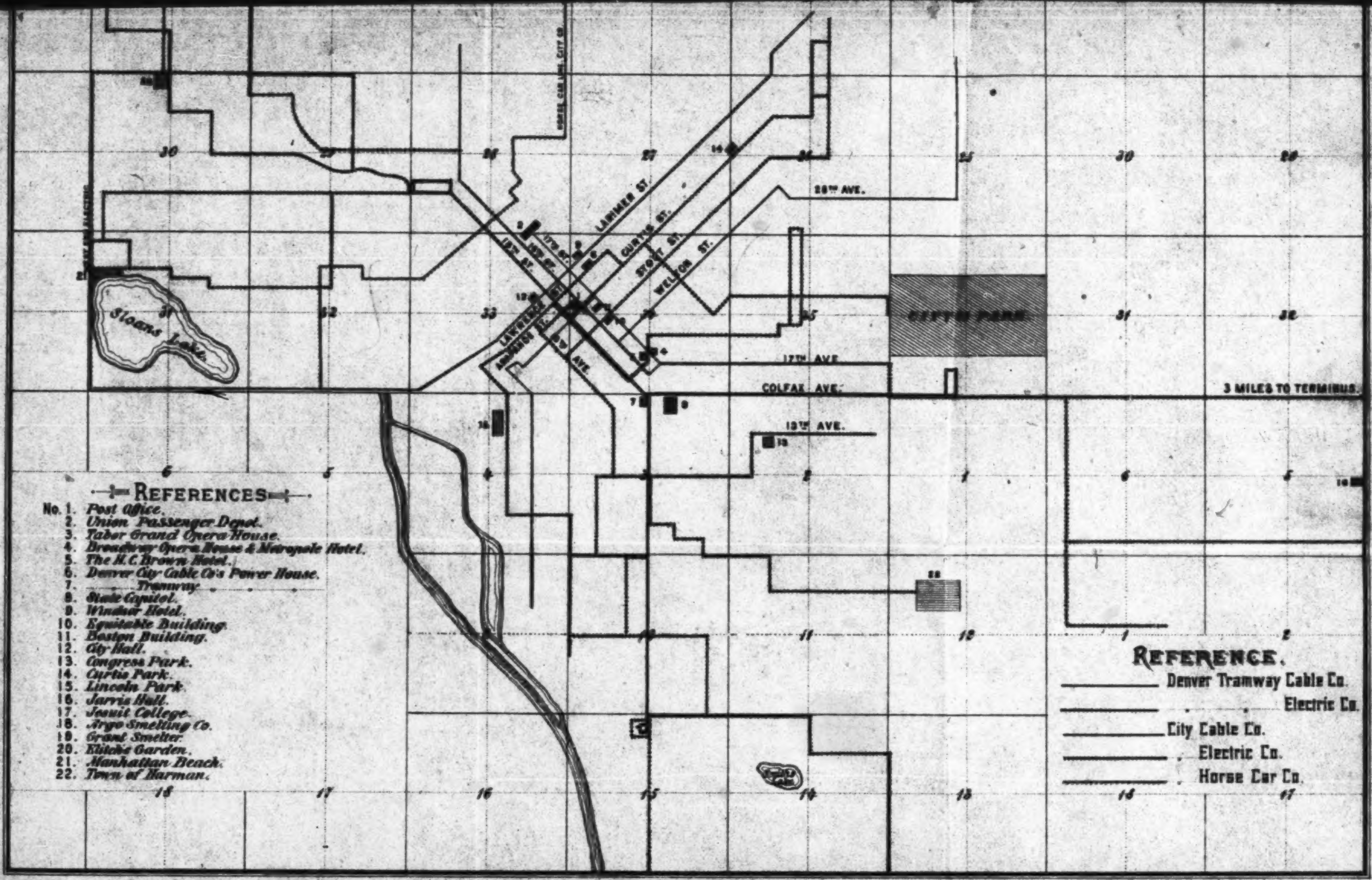
REFERENCES

No. 1. *Post Office.*
2. *Union Passenger Depot.*
3. *Tabor Grand Opera House.*
4. *Broadway Opera House & Metropole Hotel.*
5. *The H. C. Brown Hotel.*
6. *Denver City Cable Co's Power House.*
7. *Tramway.*
8. *State Capitol.*
9. *Windsor Hotel.*
10. *Equitable Building.*
11. *Boston Building.*

REFERENCE


Sloans Lake
City Park
Horse Car Line, City Co.
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Stout St.
Welton St.
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References
No. 1. Post Office.
2. Union Passenger Depot.
3. Tabor Grand Opera House.
4. Broadway Opera House & Metropole Hotel.
5. The H. C. Brown Hotel.
6. Denver City Cable Co's Power House.
7. Tramway
8. State Capitol.
9. Windsor Hotel.
10. Equitable Building.
11. Boston Building.
12. City Hall.
13. Congress Park.
14. Curtis Park.
15. Lincoln Park.
16. Jarvis Hall.
17. Jesuit College.
18. Argo Smelting Co.
19. Grant Smelter.
20. Elitch's Garden.
21. Manhattan Beach.
22. Town of Harman.
Reference.
Denver Tramway Cable Co.
Electric Co.
City Cable Co.
Electric Co.
Horse Car Co.

The Denver Lith. Co. Denver, Colo.

At 15th and Lawrence, to

Colfax, either way. Lawrence street line, S. W. Broadway line. Nineteenth avenue line.

22nd Avenue Line, at 15th and Lawrence, to

Colfax avenue line. Broadway line. Lawrence street line, S. W.

At 15th and Arapahoe, to

Eleventh avenue line. Harman line. South Tremont line.

☞ On Sunday afternoons transfers will be issued to and from Twenty-second avenue line at 22nd and Humboldt for the Nineteenth avenue line; at 22nd and Stout for the Stout street line going northeast, and at 22nd and Curtis for the Lawrence street line going northeast.

TRAMWAY SERVICE.

The time on these lines varies so much during different seasons of the year, different days of the week and even the hours of the same day, in many cases, that a time table cannot be given with any degree of accuracy or helpfulness. If the travel is greater, one time in the day than another, more cars are employed. A greater number of cars are run on Sunday than other days; also during the summer than in winter, especially on lines into the outskirts of the city.

PLEASANT RIDES ABOUT THE CITY.

Visitors who have little time to spend in the city and wish to ride about town on the rapid transit to see the most in the least time possible, will find the following a good programme for the purpose:

1. **The Colfax**, *cable.*—White car on Fifteenth going southeast. From Broadway east, it is thirty blocks, and return. You pass through a desirable portion of the city and have a fine view of the mountains.

2. **The Seventeenth Avenue**, *cable*, taken on *either* Sixteenth or Seventeenth street; from Broadway crossing, twenty-two blocks and return. This line parallels Colfax and is very much the same, but if you can spare the time, take the Electric that connects at the terminus; you can ride by the "Montclair Art Gallery" line three and one-half miles farther, to South Montclair, by a comfortable conveyance. At the terminus is the Montclair Art Gallery, open to visitors, containing some really good works of art, and, seeing that the gallery is situated among cacti and prairie dogs, on the great American Desert, it is quite a curiosity, to be sure, but

when one surveys the beautiful mansions surrounding it, he quite loses sight of the other facts.

3. **Sixteenth and Welton,** *cable.*—Blue car on Sixteenth, either direction, is pleasing, but the Welton street direction is the better. The extent of the city and the mountain view are the chief points of interest outside of the ride itself; if you go in the other direction, it is better to take the Seventeenth avenue on Sixteenth street, which gives a long and diversified ride, affording a most excellent view of the city; if taken in the evening, the viaduct lights, as seen from the hill in North Denver on the return, make a brilliant display.

4. **Twenty-Second Avenue Line.**—Green car on Lawrence street electric. From Fifteenth street to City Park and return gives a good ride and fine mountain view.

5. **Colfax Avenue** and Ashland avenue electric is a good trip. White car on Fifteenth, going to North Denver. At Loop, change to Ashland avenue line. Fine view of the city, suburban homes and Manhattan Beach.

6. **Larimer Street**, West End Electric and Sixteenth street cable is a specially fine ride. Take Larimer street Line at Sixteenth, going southwest, at terminus change to West End electric around to Fairview avenue and Goss street, where you meet the Sixteenth cable returning to the city. Three fares for the trip. This is a most delightful ride, taking in the Larimer street viaduct, three quarters of a mile in length, a charming suburban trip over the West End, (an elegantly equipped broad gauge), by Sloan's Lake, Argyle Park, Elitch's Gardens, and the Sixteenth street viaduct.

7. **Colfax Avenue,** *cable*, Berkeley electric, Berkeley Lake and College, back to Colfax avenue. Distance, ten miles. From the Loop to Berkeley Lake and back, was, but a short time ago, a succession of fine farms, now dotted over with churches, school houses and hundreds of beautiful residences. This ride is one of the best.

8. **Broadway,** *cable*, and South Broadway, electric. Orange car on Fifteenth via Broadway to depot, there change to South Broadway electric to terminus. For a pure and unadulterated ride, this is a long ride for two fares; fine view of the mountains and a good suburban ride.

9. **Seventeenth Avenue and Aurora.**—Take cable on either Sixteenth or Seventeenth street to turn table; there connect with Aurora electric line. For a rollicking ride, for enjoyment and the dissipation of time, this

is one of the best. You pass Montclair, the seat of Jarvis Hall, and Woman's College, and the Baron's Castle. Cross the big ditch, and from the Platte Canon, besides having the finest mountain view had from any of the rapid transit lines.

10. **Broadway,** *cable*, and University Park Electric. Take orange car on Fifteenth; at terminus, change to the electric for University Park. This is one of the choicest rides for diversity and fine mountain view. One charm of the mountains is, they are ever present, lending some new phase of their ever-varying glory and magnificence. The distance from Larimer street is seven miles. The same trip can be made by taking the South Tremont electric at Sixteenth and Arapahoe, changing at Alameda avenue.

11. **Lawrence Street,** *electric.*—Maroon car to terminus and return is a pleasant ride—just for the pastime and diversity. This is one of the best traveled lines in the city. Hyde Park School building is passed near the terminus.

12. **Eleventh Avenue** *electric* line to Gaylord and return, is the "scenic route" of all. Take car labeled Eleventh avenue on Arapahoe at Sixteenth street. As you climb the hill beyond Broadway, you enter a portion of the city rapidly developing into a "Knob Hill" affair where the money kings and queens are turning their languid eyes for luxury and repose. Till recently, all this hill with its beautiful slope was a cactus field, the home of gophers, prairie dogs and owls; a herding range for the city cattle; the safe domain of far-away powder magazines which stood within arrow shot of the track where it crosses Pearl and Washington avenues, while, to-day, these sites are occupied by palatial homes. To do this ride well, a portion of it should be done on foot. Where the line deflects from Eleventh avenue at Alta, leave the car and leisurely wander up the hill towards the old cemetery. From this hill the mountains are most glorious; the eye catches and holds, at one gaze, the grandest scope, the sublimest landscape to be had from any city on the continent. In the morning, when the air is clear and the sun, with joyful ray, is pointing to every peak, precipice and slope, revealing volumes of the indescribable, the eye and soul are held as by a mighty spell of rapture and enchantment; and little wonder we should feel so when the greatest of all American travelers, who had seen the glories of almost every land, exclaimed, from this very hill, that it was the finest mountain view in the world.

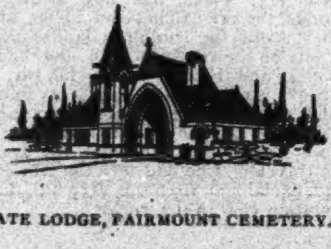
There are several other lines and combinations of a more or less pleasing character, but quite enough have been given to help the stranger to make his way over and about the city.

CEMETERIES.

In the early history of Denver, the Masons and Odd-Fellows established a cemetery in North Denver, far beyond the limits of civilization, was abandoned during the 70s and moved to the City Cemetery on Capitol Hill, which was established early in the history of Denver, but so far away as to be called Jack O'Neil's ranch, in honor of a person, who was shot by one of the early settlers, in a quarrel over a game of cards. The old cemeteries were dreary enough, as no tree, or shrub, or flower, or blade of grass could be grown for want of water, and not till 1876 was there a place to inter our dead, which was not in full possession of the gopher. In this year, a band of gentlemen organized the association of

Riverside Cemetery, one of the most beautiful spots in the vicinity of Denver. It is situated on the banks of the Platte, three and one half miles north of the State House and one and one half miles east, making it five miles from that point. Being near the river, water for irrigation was assured, and the result of fifteen years, is a beautiful city of the dead, adorned with shrubery and lawns and costly monuments, till one feels, in the midst of it all, that rivers of human love and devotion flow up and down all its walks and drives. This cemetery is a private corporation, in the hands of a number of our best citizens, whose names and responsibilty are an assurance for the perpetual beauty of Riverside.

Fairmount Cemetery, is a new enterprise, also private in its nature, but nurtured by men of wealth, reputation and enterprise, such as to be a guarantee for its



GATE LODGE, FAIRMOUNT CEMETERY.

success, in a material point of view. It is situated four and one half miles east of Broadway, and two miles south of Colfax ave., easily reached by 15th or 16th street cables, connecting with Montclair Art Gallery line. One of the finest drives about the city, may be had via Colfax to Colorado Boulevard, thence to 6th ave. and on to the cemetery. Its gateway and mortuary chapel are among the finest pieces of architecture in the West, and the cemetery has the promise of one of the most beautiful in America. The landscape is unparalleled. From here, all the Range rises up to a prominence and grandeur nowhere else equalled.

THE DITCHES OF DENVER.

Till recently, the ditches by the sidewalks were a curious phase of our city existence. A little rivulet, on either side of the street, of pure water, had an unique and cheerful aspect. But the doctors said they bred disease and advised their abolition, and the ditch has been banished from a large portion of the city. The ditch was the friend of the tree, but now the trees must be irrigated by the hose or left to sicken and die. A dead tree in the city is not a thing of beauty nor a joy to anybody. We express to the stranger our heartfelt regret at the disappearance of our irrigating ditches along the sidewalks of the city. They may have been an enemy to health, but they were the ever-living friend of the cottonwood. There are portions of the city, however, where the visitor may see the irrigating ditches in all their pristine, purling beauty, and listen to the silvery twitter as they chase themselves down the light declines. We, who, for so many years, listened to their chippering voices, miss them as one of the lost domesticities of our earlier Colorado civilization.

THE TREES OF DENVER.

They laugh at our cottonwoods. That, we can't help. It is better to laugh than cry. They call our cottonwoods a *cheap* tree. It is along the Missouri river but it has not been a cheap tree in Denver. Our people have paid large prices for cottonwoods, and larger sums for water to make them grow. Many a cottonwood has cost its owner $25 to $50 a piece to bring it to its present size, and often more. Is that a cheap tree? But you ask why we did not set out the elm and maple instead. They were not to be had. It was cottonwood or nothing, and a cottonwood is far superior to no tree; and besides, the people of Denver succeeded in producing the best growth of young cottonwoods on the Continent.

Denver has more trees and thriftier to the mile than any city of its age and size in the world. We have not only set out cottonwoods but all the elm, maple and ash we could get. The better woods have been added by thousands and can now be found in the newer portions of the city in excess of the cottonwood. The first trees were set out about 1870, but in 1872, when the new water works were put in, the work of tree planting began in earnest, and from that day to this, Denver people have planted trees, always the best they could get, at whatever price, till we have the shadiest streets and the greenest city of its age to be found on the globe.

The cottonwood has been a necessity, nay more, it has been a luxury and a living joy—a luxury and joy no people can experience who live in a timbered country, no matter how beautiful or graceful or even renowned their trees for shade may be.

WATER SUPPLY.

For fourteen years, the water supply of Denver was from wells. Under the city, on a level with the bed of Cherry Creek, pressing its way through the quicksand, there is a river of delicious water, clear and cold. This river supplied the wells, and the wells, the people, till 1872. Up to that time there were few trees and no lawns. A ditch for irrigation had been started from a point twelve miles up the Platte; this reached the city in 1872, and from that date begins the history of East Denver foliage. Tree planting began with an energy most astonishing and has continued with unflagging industry. In 1871, the Denver Water Company was organized, and, with characteristic energy, its purposes were pushed forward till in January of 1872, it was ready to supply water by means of Holly pressure. In six years the city had outgrown the supply, and a new plant was erected on the Platte near Burnham, and Lake Archer constructed for reservoir. Up to 1884, the supply was taken from the open river, and much of the time unfit for use. About this time artesian water was discovered and many artesian wells were sunk, threatening to ruin the company's business. To maintain their supremacy, they bored a number of artesian wells at Lake Archer, put filters in to purify the river water and constructed water galleries under the Platte and collected the underflow, discarding the open river, so that in the course of a year the city was receiving water of good quality. In 1886, the company added to its supply by constructing galleries under Cherry Creek, six miles above the city, by which it added three million gallons daily. But with all this energy and vast expenditure of money, the city so far outran the company, that in 1888 and 1889 the water supply was alarmingly short and menaced the further rapid growth of Denver. Another company was organized, composed of Denver capitalists who comprehended the situation. Vigorous measures were adopted in the face of difficulties scarcely less vigorous; but pluck, energy, necessity and money were supreme. They have expended $2,000,000, and the result, a capacity to furnish thirty to forty millions of gallons daily with reservoirs of supply, capable of holding fifty millions in reserve.

By these increased facilities, there is water in sight for a million inhabitants, and Denver is probably one of the best piped cities in America.

The alarm of 1888 and 1889 has been removed. A water panic in case of a fire is impossible. The menace to the further growth and prosperity of the city has been trodden under foot and with the present supply. Denver can slake the thirst of a million souls.

CHERRY CREEK.

As one stands on Larimer street bridge, ordinarily he would naturally say Cherry Creek was a very small affair; that it certainly was not much of a creek. But Cherry Creek has an individuality of its own, and possesses some elements not noticeable to the casual observer. You would say that whatever might characterize it, it is not remarkable for its quantity of water. When Denver was first settled, it was as dry as the plains and seemed to possess none of the attributes of a water-course. There was a bank on this side, none on the other. Buildings were reared on its sands, no attention was given to it as a thing to be avoided. For six years Cherry Creek was gentle as a lamb. In the spring of 1864, it developed a new character—that of an enemy to the town, an enemy to human life and property. It was at the hour of midnight, on the 19th of May, that the real character of Cherry Creek was established, and from that day to this, the old settlers have felt a secret, living dread of it, dry and empty as it may seem, Fifteen to twenty lives were lost, many houses and stores were carried away, and nearly a million dollars worth of property destroved. The Rocky Mountain News Building, with everything it contained, was swept away; some of its heavy machinery was afterwards found, several miles down the Platte. Among other buildings, was the City Hall, and all its contents, the probate records, city records, commissioners' court records, court dockets, all, everything pertaining to the city, even to its safe, which was never found. Whether it lodged in the sands of Cherry Creek, or was carried to the Platte, and deposited forever, or, whether it floated to the Gulf of Mexico, has never been revealed, but the revelation was made, then and there, that Cherry Creek was something not to be despised, for its innocence. Its next great awakening was fourteen years after, in May of 1878. By this time most people had learned to respect its wickedness, and were not in its way, and yet its riot was not without harm. Scarcely a bridge was able to stand the strain, most of them melted in its current like wax in the sun. Cherry Creek is a sleeping diabolus, whose waking, only evil portends, and, should the flood of 1864 be repeated, no living mind can foretell the result. Cherry Creek is a menace to the city of Denver. Several times the question of turning, has come up and been discussed. First it was proposed to cut a channel to the Platte, commencing half a mile or more above Broadway bridge westward, reaching the Platte, at a point near the head of Lake Archer. This was twenty years ago, when the land necessary could have been had for $100 an acre. A few years since, another scheme was suggested, by which to rid the city of this nuisance, viz: by cutting a channel across into Sand Creek. It is an unpleasant familiarity as it is, but many think it might make a more dangerous neighbor, to turn it out of its own bed.

DENVER INSIDE.

It is not enough to go along the streets of Denver and see her fine blocks and public buildings. It is not sufficient to ride over the town and see the churches, school houses and elegant residences.

So see Denver well, we should see inside the offices and banks, inside the stores and ware-rooms, and thereby gain a closer view and form a judgment more correct.

One noticeable feature is the high grade of goods generally required. One reason of this is due to the fact that a pound of fine goods costs no more freight than a pound of low grade merchandise. On all goods listed by the railroads as *first-class*, the net freight heretofore has been 3½ to 4 cents per pound. The aggregate of *freight* cost on merchandise from eastern markets, laid down in Denver, has been enormous, and if added to the price of *cheap* goods the money value became higher in proportion to their *intrinsic* value than if added to the cost of goods of a better grade. Another reason, perhaps, may lie in the fact that nothing is too good for a Colorado buyer.

Dry Goods leads, and, yet, for display, taste and richness, furniture and china follow, and present some of the best exhibitions in the city. A few of these establishments are thoroughly metropolitan. Even hardware, in one of the up-town stores, has succeeded in making itself, not only attractive, but has enshrined itself in one of the most beautiful stores in the city of Denver, and is really worth seeing just as a thing of beauty. It is said to be the finest hardware store in America; if so, we may safely say it is the finest anywhere. Jewelry, with its special advantages, has several points in the city to fascinate and charm the lover of gold and diamonds exquisitely displayed by the help of the richest and costliest furniture and surroundings. The book stores bring to their aid the best and the finest things in their line, and artfully show the best skill of English and American bindings. While visiting the stores, one should not fail to see some of the best piano firms. Their extensive stocks and the high grade of instruments on their floors will tell the story of what it takes to meet the taste of the public. In other lines it is the same. The milliner, hatter and haberdasher, in a few instances, have fitted up for their business, magnificent palaces of trade. Almost every line has some representative whose taste and skill are displayed till his craft is made to shine with a splendor both pleasing and surprising.

Doubtless much of this effort to please the eye and fascinate the buyer is due, in part, to the intense competition of the times, as well as to the taste and demand of the public at large; but, from whatever cause, the stores of Denver are fine—fine in adaptation, amplitude and quality of goods, artfully disposed to catch the attention of the beholder and the stranger. To see us well, the visitor must see us, not only as we look on the outside, but see us as we appear behind our counters and in our counting rooms.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Although the population of Denver is made up of segregations from all parts of the world, yet it is a city of societies. It has come to be woven together and interlaced by organizations of various kinds, till scarcely a person of mature years, man or woman, who is not a member of some organization. We can mention but a few and speak at any length of but two—the two leading and best known, Masons and Odd Fellows.

Odd Fellows.—The Independent Order of Odd Fellows was organized in the city of Denver, Colorado, by the Institution of Union Lodge No. 1, under authority of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, the Dispensation bearing date of July 6th, 1864, with five charter members.

The Grand Lodge was organized in this city, in Odd Fellows' Hall, November, 1867, at which time the honored and lamented Dr. R. Y. Buckingham was elected Grand Master.

The Order has never taken a backward step, but it has kept pace with the prosperity and growth of our great state.

The last report of the Grand Secretary to the Sovereign Grand Lodge showed the following:

Number of Lodges July 1st, 1891	100
Initiations during 1891	1207
Number of members January 1st, 1892	6670
Amount paid for relief in 1891	$21,911.79
Amount of annual receipts in 1891	$73,722.19
Amount of invested funds of subordinate	$260,224.38

GRAND OFFICERS FOR 1892.

I. N. Rogers, Grand Master	Denver
W. A. DeBusk, Deputy Grand Master	Trinidad
M. Stockman, Grand Warden	Silverton
J. M. Norman, Grand Secretary	Denver
Julius Marx, Grand Treasurer	Denver
Charles E. Waldo, Grand Rep. S. G. L	Canon City
Conrad Schaefer, Grand Rep. S. G. L	Corona
J. W. Powell, Grand Marshal	Aspen
C. C. Washburn, Grand Conductor	Rocky Ford
C. P. Pettengill, Grand Guardian	Boulder
W. A. Rice, Grand Herald	Grand Junction
Rev. R. J. Van Valkenburg, Grand Chaplain	Erie

The Grand Encampment was organized at Pueblo, March, 13th, 1873.

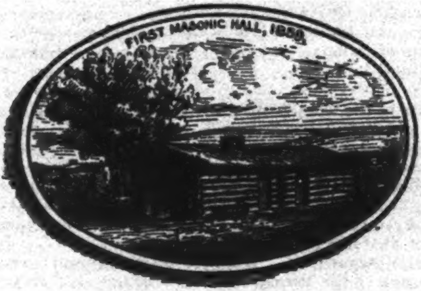
There are thirty subordinate Encampments at present, with a membership of 1,300. $1,200.00 was paid for relief during 1891, while the invested fund reached the sum of $21,911.13.

There are sixteen Rebekah Lodges in the state, with 1,100 members and $4,000 in assets.

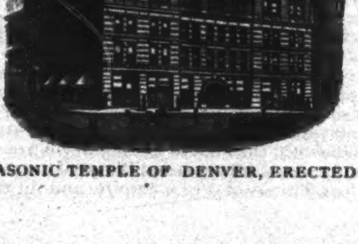
There are sixteen cantons, comprising eight hundred swords.

No Order in Colorado has a stronger hold upon the affections of the people than the Odd Fellows, and none of them are doing more good to ameliorate the condition of our citizens.

Masons.—The first meeting, Masonic, ever held in Colorado, occurred April 21st, 1859, to confer as to the advisability of organizing a Lodge, which was accomplished September 24th, 1859. While a brief history of this society would elicit interest and enthusiasm, yet no words could set forth the life and growth of the fraternity with such force as the following cuts which speak with an energy and eloquence beyond the power of pen or speech.



THE FIRST MASONIC LODGE OF AURARIA IN 1859.



THE MASONIC TEMPLE OF DENVER, ERECTED 1889.

Societies by list, giving an approximate idea of the various organizations:

Ancient Order of Forresters	4
Ancient Order of United Workingmen	7
Beta Theta Pi	2
Elks	1
Free and Accepted Masons	20
Good Templars	3
Grand Army of the Republic	7
Improved Order of Red Men	12
Independent Order of Odd Fellows	30
Knights and Ladies of Honor	2
Knights of Honor	3
Knights of Labor	3
Knights of Pythias	13
Knights of the Golden Eagle	3
Order of Chosen Friends	4
Order of the Red Cross	1
Professions and Crafts	47
Bnai Brith	1
Royal Arcanum	1
Sons of America	7
Sons of St. George	2
Sons of Veterans	4
Woodmen of the World	9

DENVER PEOPLE.

The people of Denver are divided into two classes: "Old Timers" and the common people. The "Old Timers" are in the direct line of royalty—a fixed class of society no others can enter. They have their stated reunions, to which there is no admission of ordinary mortals. No matter where born, nor how related, nor how intellectual, honorable or rich—nothing counts but being a "pioneer." This diadem admits the wearer, whatever his finances, fluency, style or personnel. He is "par excellence"—a member of a conclave whose sanctity can suffer no invasion—a royalty that naught but death can dethrone. The Colorado pioneer is any one who arrived before the close of 1860, and of these there are about 1,000. But are they not entitled to the distinction? They braved the dangers of hunger and the perils of the plains, then infested by savages; they met privations and hardships, discovered the gold and silver on these mountains; smote the rocks and caused streams of wealth to flow till the coffers of the world are richer by three hundred and fifty-three millions of treasure; they laid the foundations of a new empire, and lit the Aladin's lamp by which these palaces of wealth, beauty and domestic pleasure have been reared. If anybody on this side of the plains is entitled to considerations of respect, it is the early pioneer—the 59er—he who came with ox teams and staked his all on the hope of this new empire. It required no great sacrifice in us who came later, after the new civilization was formed, and the comforts of life stood waiting for us.

But the stranger will wonder what about the people in general. The average Coloradoan is similar to the typical American, with the shade of difference that he is farther west and, consequently, more frank, more open-hearted, more generous, more ready to confer a favor, less bigoted, less secretive as to his conduct. He is more nearly what he is, cares less what men say of him, or what they think of him.

The people of Colorado are intelligent. They read, they think, they criticise. They will listen to both sides and will give the other man a chance to have his say.

They are charitable and open hearted, ever ready to lend a hand. Public charity is no beggar. Hospitals find support. The charity fund is annually supplied by systematic endeavor to which there is a cheerful response.

Denver people attend church. In proportion to the population, probably, no town excels, and generally they go because they prefer it. Nobody goes for show or for "decency's sake," but because he wishes. Society does not require it nor does public sentiment demand it. Church-going is one's own business; his neighbor's opinion has nothing to do with it, and, if one chooses to stay at home, he is not "talked about" on account of it. And, yet, no city has prettier churches, nor will the stranger find, in any place, churches better attended, nor any congregations with more men in them, or church-goers more critical or more inclined to discuss the things expressed from the pulpit.

The average Coloradoan is thrifty, but it is the thrift of energy and not of "skimping." He lives well, and dresses well—that is, he dresses decently, but he is no dude. He never starves himself for the sake of a penny, but lives, like a king, on the best the butcher and grocer can supply—the best his purse will afford—sometimes, better than it will afford. He will share his meal with both friend and stranger, and, if he have not a spare bed, will spare his own and take to the parlor floor.

In a trade, he prefers the better half for himself. In a loan, a trust deed to a mortgage, and will not refuse the interest quarterly. If he effects a bad loan, he does not whine, but makes the best of it—pokes fun at himself and begins life anew. He spends no time over spilt milk, nor stops to write gloomy essays on the pessimisms of life. He is no laggard, waiting for something to turn up. He does not breakfast in bed, but is up in the morning and ready to go when the rest go, and, generally, "gets there."

One prominent characteristic is his loyalty to Colorado. He is a devoted son of the state of adoption. He will listen calmly and intelligently to the severest criticisms passed on the Hittites or Hivites or Jebusites, but will, in no case, listen to harsh words concerning Colorado or his dog.

OUR SCHOOL OF MINES.

This chapter is out of place. It should be in another part of the book; but since these pages went to press the following under the above caption appeared as an editorial in The Mining Industry and Tradesman of this city under date of June 22d, and we reproduce it in addition to what is said of the schools on page 15 (under the head of State Institutions) to further emphasize the importance of this branch of education as fostered by the state:

"The other day the School of Mines at Golden City graduated nine pupils who had taken four-year courses. It was a noticeable fact that with the graduating thesis of each one was a report on some mine which the pupils had personally examined. It is a new feature to compel pupils to write a thesis on a practical subject, obtaining their material from nature and their own observation instead of from the old and often rehashed things in the text books. It is an application of practical ideas to education, and it is an application which no other mining school in the world can make so well, because no other is located so closely to facilities for obtaining so wide a range of observation. The only counterpart to the Colorado schools, so far as surrounding advantages are concerned, is the old school at Freiberg, Germany. But it is not so well located as the Colorado school. Here the pupil sees and can study smelting by either the lead or copper matte systems, conducted on the largest scale that is found anywhere in the world. He sees sampling, concentration and milling by improved and modern methods. He is within easy reach by rail of zinc, iron and steel establishments, coal mine and coke ovens, and gold and silver mines of every kind and every known geological formation. He is surrounded in his daily life with a mental stimulus to study mining and metallurgy. These are subjects that he hears discussed on the cars, at the hotel or boarding house, and they fill the very atmosphere about him. The fact that he lives in such an atmosphere is a liberal mining education, added to his work in class room, field and laboratory.

There is no reason why the State School of Mines should not become the great mining school of the world, and be an honor to Colorado and a credit to the United States. If it can be given a financial support that will warrant its obtaining and employing a full corps of teachers and professors who are competent in the fullest sense of the term, it will become such."

COLORADO PHOTOGRAPHY.

It may not be universally known that the atmosphere of Colorado is specially favorable to the best productions of photography. So perfect is our air and sunshine and progressive the Colorado knights of the camera that the two leading branches of the art, landscape and portrait photography, have attained an excellence that has won for some of our artists a worldwide celebrity. Probably no landscape photographer is better known than Wm. H. Jackson, of Denver, and few men have had better opportunities. He was engaged by the Government and on Hayden's Staff over twenty years ago, and has been all over the United States with his camera. For more than a dozen years, he has been in Denver and has established a reputation in Colorado landscape photography which has been of inestimable value to the state. His views have gone all over the Union and to all parts of the civilized world. The cheaper plates are not always printed so well, nor as well mounted, as they deserve, especially when put on sale, in competition with ordinary work. But the larger plates have been held in better esteem and the best effects attained. His work is simply incomparable and the stranger should know, when he is in Denver, that he is in the presence of the best landscape photography in America.

The same, in a general way, is quite as true of portrait photography. Denver has attained unusual excellence in this branch of the art. There are a few portrait galleries where the standard is maintained at a high grade of perfection. The oldest artist of this class, A. E. Rinehart, came to Colorado in 1875 and has, figuratively speaking, kept his eye on the stars. Whatever the competition, he never cheapens his work, but with, *excelsior* as his motto, aims at the highest results in an art that has largely to do with the welfare, if not, in some way, the destiny, of mankind.

WEATHER RECORD FOR TWENTY YEARS.

The following record of the station at Denver is kindly furnished by Mr. J. J. Gilligan, the Observer in charge.

As this is the only complete twenty year record made in Colorado it is of much value and interest:

Year	TEMPERATURE.					NUMBER OF DAYS.				Total Precipitation
	Mean	Highest	Date	Lowest	Date	Cloudless	Partly Cloudy	Cloudy	Rain or Snow	
1872	48	95	7-29	-22	1-28	144	146	76	92	17.95
1873	48	99	7-15	-17	1-28	153	152	60	62	11.73
1874	50	102	7-4	-11	2-25	143	154	68	93	13.45
1875	49	97	6-20	-29	1-29	125	165	75	95	17.05
1876	50	101	7-6	-25	12-24	171	140	55	83	20.12
1877	49	99	7-14	-18	10-29	152	142	71	77	16.38
1878	50	105	8-8	-12	1-5	163	137	65	93	15.51
1879	51	98	7-8	-17	12-24	191	139	35	52	10.86
1880	47	96	6-19	-14	11-17	168	154	44	69	9.58
1881	51	99	7-15	-20	2-15	158	154	53	82	12.79
1882	50	94	8-17	- 4	11-12	202	130	33	85	14.49
1883	49	96	7-19	-22	2-4	187	124	54	92	19.49
1884	50	96	7-6	-15	2-12	141	185	39	107	15.07
1885	49	97	7-15	-11	1-16	147	160	57	114	15.95
1886	49	96	7-15	-19	1-8	158	167	40	89	15.07
1887	50	96	6-25	-18	1-8	150	174	41	81	12.49
1888	49	100	7-11	-20	1-15	152	162	52	82	9.51
1889	50	100	7-31	- 7	2-17	82	214	69	90	14.75
1890	51	97	7-28	- 8	2-28	124	172	69	67	9.33
1891	48	94	8-13	- 7	1-10	138	158	69	104	21.43

SOME BITS OF ADVICE.

We believe in Colorado, her resources and future greatness; we believe that paths lie all over the state leading to comfort and affluence, to prosperity and wealth; we believe it is possessed of sufficient possibilities to place it at the head—in the lead, and doubt if any can offer so many and such diverse avocations to its citizens, or so many avenues of investment with such fair promise of return. Nothing gives us greater pleasure than to see people flocking hither and joining our work of building up the city and state, but we never *advise* people to come to Colorado to settle. It is a long distance and a move is expensive. Before coming one should visit the state and look it over with his own eyes. Should you come as a laborer, do not expect to find people standing on the corners waiting to employ you; if you are a book-keeper, do not expect to find the counting-rooms of Denver vacant; if you are a doctor or a lawyer do not think to find an office open and waiting for your arrival and a good practice established and a bank account. There are people ahead of you. The good easy places are all taken. Every man must take his turn, watch his chances and make his own way. Ability, pluck and energy are as necessary to success to-day as in 1858, '59 or '60. Nothing short of these will win. They were necessary then; are necessary now. Besides these you ought to have a little money in your pocket. Denver is not a good place to be with no money. One should have enough to keep him comfortable till he can get started. After that he is all right. If you are sick and need a change; if an invalid and you desire a better climate be sure you have means enough to make you comfortable, in case you should fail to get work. To be sick and out of money, in a strange country, so far away, is deplorable. It is not so expensive as to shut everybody out. A matter of $6 to $10 a week will give one comfortable quarters and board—the outside figure would bring more than comfort but do not be induced to come with an empty pocket. Come with an easy mind, so that you need not worry about work or board bills. Then you will be at rest and in a mental condition to receive the benefit of a healthful climate Many a one has come to Colorado for health, hoping to get work and make his way—failed, grown worse, under his load of care, and died—his death, doubtless, due as much to worry and dispair as to his disease.

Colorado is a good place to come with money—

especially if one knows how to take care of it as well as himself. Keep out of the way of sharks of all kinds. They are numerous in these waters and will scent a man with money a long distance. This fact shows that it is a good place to come, otherwise they would be elsewhere. There are open doors for *good* and *safe* investments on every hand; there are schemes as well. Do not be too ready to invest. The more cautious you are, the better, not only for yourself, but for Colorado, and the future welfare of all. There are few places offering better opportunities for investments than this country. Well directed by good *horse sense*, and energy it cannot miscarry. Colorado is full of latent wealth, full of undeveloped riches and those who, like Moses, smite the rock, to them will gush streams of success.

We welcome to our borders men and money—men with clear conceptions of what this country is and what it needs to make it blossom as the rose, as it will under the hand of faith and well directed energy.

PART III.

OUTINGS FROM DENVER.

SOME DESIRABLE PLACES TO GO.

EASY OF ACCESS.

OUTSIDE TRIPS.

Strangers who visit Colorado, see Denver a few days, go to Manitou for a week, enjoy the luxury of nature so profuse around and about that famous resort, and return to their homes, see and learn but little of the Rocky Mountains. Nor is a trip through one of the many canons of the mountains enough upon which to make up an estimate of Colorado scenery. Dundrery said of the country that "evwy twee was like evwy otha twee," but it is not so of the mountain canons. No two are alike. Each has its own characteristics, and no park is like any other park. The mountains are always new. Their interest never dies, and, strictly speaking, there is no repetition. From Denver one can radiate more and to better advantage than from any other point. Many go to the Loop and back in a day. One may, in that way, see the Loop, but what of Green Lake and Gray's Peak? It's only a few miles from Graymont to Argentine Pass, one of the grandest pieces of scenery in the mountains. But we are anticipating. We shall speak of these grandeurs of the Range under their several heads. What we want to say is that a trip to Denver, and back to one's eastern home, is not fair to one's self as seeing Colorado; nor is a trip to the Loop or to Manitou, with a drive through the Garden of the Gods, an experience upon which to base an opinion of the Rocky Mountains.

In making up a list of Outings, we call attention to several not mentioned in the Railroad Guide Books. There is much to be seen on any one of the great lines of mountain travel, and it is not to be expected that they should pass every gate of grandeur, nor stop to tell the stranger what things might be seen and enjoyed elsewhere. The visitor follows his best guide, and, as there has been nothing else to suggest and lead the way, there was little for him to do but keep his seat in the car without realizing what wonderful attractions lie in the by-ways, and most accessible, enjoyable and valuable. We have aimed, not to repeat the Railway Guide Books, but, rather, to make up a new Literature and Guide Book, independent of, and in addition to, them, and lead the traveler into new fields of pleasure and health.

CAMPING OUT.

Our "Outings" would be incomplete without a chapter on *camping out*. To the uninitiated, this is a novel mode of travel, but has advantages such as to recommend it above all other methods of locomotion—especially if the tourist have leisure. If you want to *see* the mountains and see them well; or if you wish to study the region as to its fauna, flora, geology or physical character; or if you are an invalid seeking health and wish the full restorative benefits of the climate, go a-camping. Shut up in a railway coach in Colorado is not like the freedom and leisure of a camping tour for either health or pleasure. If you have had experience, you will know what to do and how to do it; but if you have never camped out permit us to remind you that a genuine camping trip means leaving behind most of the dainties of civilized life—no china, nor plate; no tapestries, nor lace curtains—everything primitive; but herein lie in part the secret and charm of its benefits. Camping out too is a crucial test of one's temper, and if any book is taken to serve as advice, let it be Epictetus. Camping out is something *sui generis*; there is nothing like it. When you want to rest the others will all want to go. When you want to climb they will want to fish. There will be times when everybody seems to be a rusty file. A lady, who once went from Boulder, with eleven others, all strangers, said on her return, that she made up her mind "to complain of nothing if they would only keep the brush out of the butter." Twelve are too many to camp together—the smaller the party the less brush will get in the butter. Four to six make a party of good size, especially if strangers. One of the essentials to a successful camping trip is a competent cook and man of all chores. He must be genial and desirous to please; ready and willing at all times.

In this chapter on camping out we are permitted to quote from Dr. Charles Denison's valuable work on "Rocky Mountain Health Resorts." Speaking on this subject he says: "This mode of life serves the double purpose of opening an avenue to health and furnishing pleasurable novelty, having a tendency to distract the mind of the invalid from himself, which combined with the incentive and *determination to get well*, is half the battle. In no other way can the tourist enjoy to the full, Colorado's electric air, clear sunlight, unsurpassed sunsets and beautiful moonlight. * * * * Ladies and delicate invalids who live at home in perpetual fear of that baneful influence, *the night air*, may, as there is no dew, sit out late in the evening with impunity, the air of midnight being generally as harmless as that of noonday, so far as moisture is concerned. And after a day spent in pleasure, unwonted experiences—discomforts, perchance—of camp life, how delightful is the interchange of thought and the report of the 'days doings', about the evening camp-fire, how the clear night air vibrates with song and laughter, while the stars above look mildly askance; how sweet the rest, how sound the sleep on nature's couch—elastic mattresses of fir, pine, or hemlock boughs! And how lasting and grateful is the memory of these scenes in after years. To see one of these camping parties coming in from the mountains after roughing it for a month or two, is sufficient to convince the most incredulous of the utility of the *régime*. They left the plains thin, languid, and pallid; they return, bronzed and rugged, with elastic tread and full chests, gladly owning that to the experience of camping out they owe a new lease on life. It is an opinion which I have previously expressed, that to the fact of *sleeping on the ground* in the pure dry air, amid the balsamic exhalations of this primitive resting place, may be attributed much of the happy results of camping out. The system, roused by the tonic influences of earth and air, wakes into new life and vitality, and morbid feelings and conditions wear away." These are the words of one of the best known and most noted physicians of Denver, one who came to Colorado many years ago, an invalid from lung trouble. To-day he is the picture of health carrying the heavy burden of a large practice with an elasticity seldom equaled. He has camped out and roughed it and knows all its discomfrots, benefits and enjoyments, and if you talk with him about its effects, you will find him one of the most approachable, congenial and enthusiastic of men on the subject of camping out as a means of restoration to health."

To go a camping you want a good, strong, light, covered wagon; two good, true horses—no bucking, balking bronchos; a good wall tent with a fly; besides a good-natured driver who can cook and take care of the chores at camp. Take good wholesome food, a camp stove and tin dishes. Have a saddle, fishing tackle and a good gun. Do not rush nor feel in a hurry, if you do, better take the first train. First-class camping out attended with pleasure and profit admits of no haste. If you are in a hurry it will spoil the trip for the others. If they are in haste you might better remain.

The doctor says: "The true way to camp out is to get together a party of people whose congeniality of disposition and unity of purpose are sure to make this *al fresco* life pleasant. We might digress to note here that camping out together is perhaps the strongest test of friendship which could be suggested. Individuals dependent on one another for mutual favors, are thrown together day after day under circumstances which often try both tongue and temper. As a consequence of these intimate and trying relations, many a long-time friendship has been rudely ruptured for some trivial cause; while the foundations of another which is to endure for years have been firmly laid."

As many persons would like to know what would be required and the expense of a camping outfit the doctor kindly makes up a list of necessities and gives the prices, but as prices fluctuate we take the liberty to drop them from the list and give only the articles needed. Prices are easily obtained of any grocer. The lists are for one person for a month, and not intended to be inflexible, The quantity is, if anything in excess, but will assist one materially, not only in making up his list but in arriving at the cost if he wishes to practice economy:

LIST I.

Twenty to 30 pounds flour, 5 pounds oatmeal, 5 pounds cornmeal, 1 to 2 cans yeast powder, 1 to 2 pounds crackers, 20 to 40 pounds ham and bacon, 6 cans potted meats, 1 bottle pickles, 1 pound butter, 1 pound cheese, 10 pounds potatoes, 5 pounds beans, 2 to 4 pounds rice, 12 cans fruit, 5 pounds dried fruit, 1 quart syrup, 4 pounds sugar, 1 to 1½ pounds Rio coffee, ½ pound tea, salt, pepper, French mustard, 3 pounds lard, 2 bars soap, 1 box matches, ½ pound candles.

LIST II.

Twenty to 30 pounds flour, 5 pounds oatmeal, 5 pounds cornmeal, 2 cans yeast powder, 1 pound to 1 box fancy sweet crackers, 20 to 40 pounds ham and bacon, 6 cans potted meats, 2 cans soup, 5 pounds potatoes, 12 cans of vegetables, 5 pounds beans, 4 pounds rice, 1 bottle sauce, salt and pepper, 5 pounds onions, 1 bottle olives, 1 pine apple cheese, 12 cans of fruit, 3 cans preserves, 1 jar honey, 3 cans jelly, 1½ pound coffee, ½ pound tea, Baker's chocolate, 4 pounds loaf sugar, 2 bars soap, ½ pound candles, 1 box matches.

The second list is more extended, but omits butter, lard, syrups, dried fruit, pickles and French mustard. We would suggest the omission of beans and rice as both are too difficult to cook in these high altitudes, but canned beans will be found a wholesome dish. The estimate of butter is too low, five pounds is not too much. Less ham and bacon and more soup and potted meats well selected would in our judgment be an improvement. Do not forget concentrated milk, although you will have frequent opportunities to obtain milk of ranchmen by the way. For this purpose you can take a small milk can.

So much for inner comforts; now for the outer. Take plenty of warm clothing, and blankets in abundance—a rubber blanket as well. A light folding table will add much to your comfort, and camp chairs or canvas covered stools are light and will be found essential. Beds and tent carpets according to taste and purse. Dishes and cooking utensils must be carefully considered. A camp kettle, skillet and frying pan will take the front rank; all else should be tin as far as possible, so as to avoid weight.

Denver is doubtless the best outfitting point, yet there is scarcely a town in or near the mountains in which there is not some one who makes it his business to attend parties wishing to go a-camping.

ESTES PARK.

Estes Park is fifty-five miles in a straight line from Denver to the northwest and is reached by rail over the Burlington to Lyons, there connecting with stage to the Park, or by the Union Pacific via Loveland and thence in the same manner. Leaving Denver in the morning, the Park is reached in the afternoon. The stage ride from Lyons is twenty miles; from Loveland twenty-seven miles; and the ride through the foothills is over a well-kept mountain road, attended with diversity and sublimity in the scenery by the way.

First View.—By the Lyons' route we approach by Muggins' Gulch, from the head of which the first view of the Park bursts upon the vision, filling the beholder with astonishment and delight. For sublimity, the scene before us is seldom equaled. One feels himself standing in the presence of one of the most impressive views in the Rockies. The Park is encircled on all sides by lofty peaks, serrated by canons, and lies far down the mountain slope spread out before the eye like a panorama. Every detail adds beauty to the scene. Two sentinels stand at the entrance, a green mountain on our left and Mount Olympus on the right; beyond the Park, high above the mountain crest, rise two other cones guarding the north, and behind them Mummy Mountain, massive and nearly as high as Long's Peak, covered with snow, while under the declining sun the Snowy Range on the west seems to rise in haughty emulation above all else, while the mountain shadows stealing down the valley through which the Big Thompson finds its meandering way, make the scene seem like some phantom land; and the darker shadows of Black Canon reaching from the opposite side of the Park far up into the mountains, lend a still more weird fascination to the scene. The mountains from this point seem magnified, appear more like our early ideals of mountains than ever before, and the Park far down the mountain seems some fairy land to which we slowly and reverently descend. Once down, we turn to the left and whisk around to the Estes Park Hotel, conscious that we have come to one of Nature's rarest haunts.

A Walk after the evening meal. The twilight is coming on. Dusky shadows fill the valley, stealing by us on every hand. No plains, no horizon. The sky is lifted up all around us, at many points far up towards the zenith. But did you ever see such a sky in the twilight? so clear! so still! so silent! See where it rests on the mountains, every line so clear. Every peak and crag as well defined as so many gigantic silhouettes. Look at Long's Peak in the fading twilight! a picture worth the ride of many a weary mile to see. The morning comes and where shall we go? We can't sit down at the hotel with so much to be seen. Of course we must climb the peak while here but not till we have had a few days clambering and climbing to harden our muscles and strengthen our wind.

Willow Park.—This popular resort is one of the gems of Estes Park. Thither we will go for the day and take dinner at Sprague's Ranch, near the mouth of the big canon at the base of the range, and make a day of it. We'll take our rods and try our luck now and then. The ride of itself is no mean sport. The scent of the silver firs, the scream of the magpie, the great moraines at the foot of Willow Park, which some ancient glacier drew across the canon to dam the Thompson and build a lake back into the canon which has long since been filled by detritus from the mountains, while the stream has patiently worn away the boulders in its path, eroding the glacial dike in its effort to restore the original bed of the stream. The Spragues have been here for many years and kept open house year after year, thus adding to the comfort and pleasure of many a tourist. We reach the hotel in time for supper, well satisfied with the results of the day.

Fishing.—We can fish a day in the Big Thompson, below the Park. We reach the fishing grounds easiest by going to the lower end of the Park, crossing over the mountain to the creek some miles from the daily tread of the common sportsman. It's a rough road but has its reward. We want to spend a day at the head of Horseshoe Park, fishing in the rapids of Fall River. The brush and chaparrel are bad but patience and care will yield good results.

Black Canon, the Lakes and Mummy Mountain.—One day must be spent in Black Canon and at the base of Mummy Mountain, north of the Park. Our way lies through a dense forest of white pines, tall enough for the masts of heavy ships, straight as arrows and so dense as to inspire awe. At the head of the canon we near timber line and run upon a beautiful mountain lake, the Park people call Emma Lake. After whiling away a little time taking in the novelty and beauty of the lake, we again wander on. We reach a wall and find a place to clinb up, and on reaching the top what will be our astonishment to find ourselves standing at the water's edge of another lake—a great bowl of pure water whose rim rests on the very wall of the mountain, waiting for the water nymphs to come and drink the cool refreshing draught. But another lake awaits us; it is Frozen Lake, in a bed cut out of the side of the mountain,—cut out of the adamantine rock, so deep into the mountain as to be hidden from the sunlight, a part of it where the sun has never shone. What the force could have been to cut down this solid igneous rock and cut it in so deep and hollow out a place like this for a lake is a question without the merest suggestion of a reply. No wonder Chapin was attracted to Mummy Mountain. Could we stay all night at timber line and spend another day, we could go to Hallett Glacier. It is already time to work our way back and down the canon. The return affords a grand study of the Park and its environs. The serrated peaks encircling it stand round it in sublime array. The Park itself is a picture of greater sublimity even than the one at the head of Muggins' Gulch,—a picture no time can efface. We reach the Park weary in body but with a day's mountaineering whose memory will last as long as life endures.

Recreation.—The next day we will lay off and not try to do much but visit and get acquainted; ride up to James' for dinner, and come back by Ferguson's and back of Sheep Mountain by St. Mary's Lake and down to the hotel for supper and relaxation. The day following is Sunday and will afford us ample rest for our last hard-earned pleasure—the pleasure of a life.

The People.—We have now seen the most saliant portions of the Park, but we must not leave till we have seen more of its people—people who are making the Park so attractive to the public, and filling it with hearty welcome. We have made pleasant acquaintances at the hotel, and with the postmaster who has handed us our daily mail. The hospitality at Spragne's, at James', and the Ferguson Ranch, will be pleasant reminders of the Park. For a good day's rest, we will go over to MacGregor's, where is a little world of itself. By the way, A. Q. MacGregor can tell you more about Estes Park than all the Guide Books ever written, and he takes solid comfort in telling what he knows, and you must not leave the Park till you have met him and his charming wife. They will introduce you to Gove, E. B. Light and the rest. C. E. Lester, too, is an ardent Park man, interested in making strangers comfortable. Him you will find at the store dealing out deviled ham and canned peaches to lone fishermen and mountain climbers. Before you say good by to one of the best outings in the Rocky Mountains, call round at the base of Mount Olympus and ask for J. R. Stuyvesant, present your card and get acquainted with a man who knows a royal nook when he sees it and can make it beautiful enough for a prince.

Long's Peak.—On Monday, after a good rest, we get everything ready and afternoon begin our journey to the peak. We reach Lamb's Ranch, in a quiet grassy valley, sheltered by the last circle of pine, near timber line. Here we spend the night and complete arrangements for the work of the following day. We rise early and start by daylight and picket our horses at the foot of the boulder fields and commit ourselves to the stern realities of a most vigorous mountain ascent. No play, now. Our guide leads us forward. Here we find something akin to work. For three-quarters of a mile we work our way over broken rocks from the size of a dog kennel to that of a cottage. This past, he takes us up against a sheer wall of rock which fortunately has an opening called the keyhole, and bids us follow him through the homely portal. We emerge beside an ugly precipice and pick our way along the brink till we come to the slide. This is as yet the hardest part to climb. Loose sand and broken rock, wet and soft, rising at an incline of about forty-five degrees. We climb and slip and labor and pant and rest and urge our way by slow degrees for several hundred feet and at last exhausted reach the gateway at the head of the slide, glad to sit down and rest a spell before attempting the giddy walk that now awaits us. It is a narrow irregular shelf. On our left the walls of the topmost point of the peak, on our right, an ugly precipice. Along this shelf we pick our way one by one in single, silent file. This past, we come to the last and worst of all. It is several hundred feet to the summit. It can be climbed but not described. The shelf terminates, we can proceed no farther. The precipice is even more precipitous if possible. The wall on our left has relented so that now it is about fifty degrees above the horizon; up along a trough of solid rock. A seam of crystalline rock in the bottom of the trough serving to hold the feet from

LONG'S PEAK FROM ESTES PARK.

slipping, another seam on the left side helps one to hold by something to assist in climbing up this mighty mountain roof to the look out above. Here we slowly toil, both feet and hands, up this difficult way, till out of breath—then rest and pant. We feel a burning sense in our face, a fullness in the head, the heart beats fast, the temples throb; we climb again, and rest and climb by turns till but for the goal so near in sight we would be tempted from sheer exhaustion, to turn back in the despair of the supremest weariness of our lives and give up the anticipated pleasure of the summit. But we are now so near the fruition of all our labor, we throw into the last few feet an energy almost superhuman and finally crawl up the brow of Long's Peak exhausted, sit and breathe the attenuated air a moment till we can rise and stand transfixed at the scene before us. Eight thousand feet below is Estes Park enshrined in beauty. To the northwest is North Park in its lonely isolation. To the west is Middle Park and far to the south, South Park, and beyond these parks we see the Park Range, a distance of 200 miles. With our glasses we pick out Gray's Peak, Mount Lincoln, Mount Evans, Pike's Peak, of the Park Range and identify Old Ouray at Marshall Pass. What a scene it is! What an ocean of mountain billows!—Yes, mountain billows! But turning to the east we see an ocean of plains, a peaceful restful ocean. Beautiful in color, apparently rising, a hundred miles and more away, to meet the sky and where they met it is just as where the sea and sky meet. From here the plains assume the vastness of the ocean with all its calm serenity when nature is at rest. We must not hurry. This is no place for haste. Once more we sweep the horizon and study a landscape no painter can paint, no speech can express. When we think of what it is, its vastness, its character and extent, the mind is bewildered and seeks rest in the details nearer at hand. We turn to examine the contents of the cairn arranged to receive and preserve little memoranda and cards of visitors. Here is a shingle deposited by Major Powell—a little souvenir by Anna Dickinson, the first woman to ascend Long's Peak—and here is a card left by a party who climbed the peak in 1878 to witness the total eclipse (and do you note, they made a mistake in the date of one year!) Why, this receptacle is a museum almost sufficient of itself to repay us for our pains! All things in place, our own cards added, we begin to explore the summit. The area is not large—say a few acres—level in a general way, but a mass of broken rock. At every point except where we came up it is a precipice impossible to descend or ascend. We see we have come the only way to make the ascent. For many years Long's Peak was pronounced inaccessible. Major Powell and William N. Byres in 1868 were the first human beings to make the ascent. We now recall our lunch and sit down to dispatch these minor comforts and survey again the most wonderful landscape we have ever seen—too vast to comprehend in one brief hour. Before we go we must look over the crater wall—one of the most noted precipices in the scope of mountain travel,—a sheer wall of 3,000 feet. We approach, we halt, we draw a little nearer, we are appalled, we try to venture up to the very edge, it is with difficulty we proceed, little by little we urge ourselves along, one more step and our strength fails us, we can go no farther. The sense is indescribable, something akin to fright. To look down over that wall is terrible and you never forget the tremor of fear that stole through you and how incapacitated you were to stand on the very brink and look down into that awful silent vortex nearly three-fifths of a mile in depth. From this stupendous scene we turn away, half dazed with the strange bewilderment of mingled dread and pleasure. For a time we linger and rest our wearied senses, but before descending we sweep once more and for the last time, a horizon whose grandeur and magnificence may never be repeated.

The Descent and Verdict.—The descent is made in safety—the first part of it down the smooth trough of the roof being the most difficult of all. We reach the Park after nightfall, the weariest mortals we ever knew. One of our number renders the following verdict: "When a person climbs Long's Peak the first time, he doesn't know what he is doing, but when he climbs it the second time, he is a lunatic." But we give it as our deliberate opinion, that, after he has rested three or four years, he will show signs of lunacy by saying he would like to try it once more.

TO BLACK HAWK AND CENTRAL CITY.

Central City is forty miles by rail west of Denver and within three hours ride over one of the most inviting routes of travel adjacent to the city. It lies by the way of Golden, twenty-five miles of the route being through the famous Clear Creek Canon. Much of the distance the mountains are very rugged, the road tortuous, and near the water, which most of the way comes dashing over the boulders with its mighty rushing torrent adding page after page of poetry and romance to the volume of travel. The canon is full of bold and constant surprises of sudden towns, precipitous mountains, and towering crags.

On this trip we pass "Hanging Rock" and "Mother Grundy"—the latter with her weird profile smiling her grim contempt as we pass in front of her. At 10:30 we land at Black Hawk. A queer place for a city! By the street it is three quarters of a mile further on—by rail it is four miles. It will take the train twenty-five minutes; you and I can walk it in the same time. Central is 471 feet higher than Black Hawk. For a number of years the road terminated here. To overcome the altitude in so short a distance a system of switch backing was planned by which the train climbs the mountain side by zig zag, back and fourth over the town of Black Hawk till the elevation is gained; and the engine comes puffing into Central from a track high up on the steep mountain side. It is a dizzy ride and gives one a new experience. There is nothing else in the mountains just like it. The Union Pacific can show the visitor in Clear Creek Canon a vast deal of wild mountain railroad engineering, all within a few hours' ride of the city. To the stranger the first trip to Black Hawk and Central is decidedly novel. The gulch is so narrow, there is scarcely room for the creek and a street, let alone a city. The mountains crowd in upon the stream as if to dispute the claim of man to these gulches and mountain sides. The houses are crowded into the base of the hills and their roofs graveled and used for the front yards of the next row above. Wherever there is an accessible spot some kind of a building is set and reached by steps and stairs, suggesting the habits of the ancient cliff dwellers. Miss Kirkland used to say it was a town built up a chimney. The history of Black Hawk and Central is the history of a twin romance, the intensity of which can never be written. In 1879, John H. Gregory, a Georgia miner, left his southern home for the Frazer River mines of British Columbia. He reached Fort Laramie in 1858, where he was detained till the spring of 1859, when being about ready to proceed, heard of "Pike's Peak" country and turned southward to see what there was to it. He followed the foot hills to Golden and Denver. He accidentlly met George A. Jackson who had discovered the placers above Idaho Springs and arranged to meet him there to look the ground over and see what the outlook for mining might be, for as yet no good mining had been discovered. At the time set he started up Clear Creek but missed the way. At the forks he took the wrong canon, but bent on the object of his pursuit continued his way up the north fork and prospected till he reached the place where Black Hawk stands. The indications were such as to convince him he had found mineral. It was during the latter part of April. A heavy snow storm set in and he was compelled to return to the valley in the midst of much suffering, barely escaping with his life. He had seen enough to feel sure that he had found gold and induced a man to return with him a few days later. It was the 6th of May when they found the spot. Within gun shot of where we stand—on the hill side yonder, Gregory filled his pan with dirt and came down to the creek, here by these very stones, and washed his dirt, and lo—four dollars in gold! He dropped his pan, threw up his hat and yelled, with echoes proclaiming the great discovery. It was late in the day. A camp fire was made and the little supper prepared. Gregory could neither eat nor sleep. At 3 o'clock in the morning his companion fell asleep, and he was yet talking, and when he awoke Gregory was talking still. That day they scraped up surface dirt on the hillside here and there, and got $40 in gold, and in a transport of joy started for Auraria to spread the news. There was a wild rush for the mountains. On their return Gregory and five men took out in five days $942, while others did even more. That one mine yielded that year $20,000, and in 1860, $59,000. The Gregory Lode has yielded over $10,000,000, and it is but one of many. There are at least 15,000 mines within two miles of where we stand. This has proved the richest. These mountains are honeycombed with tunnels and drifts and shafts, and hundreds of men are in them day and night engaged in sending to the light of day the rich treasures they contain. We stand in the richest gold field of its size in the world, and to realize the wonderful character of these surroundings, we should stay several days and see something of what there is to see. We must go into some of the mines, and see the output of ore; we must visit the mills and see the shipments to the smelters; we must see the bricks of gold, and study the aggregates before we can realize that we are in one of the most wonderful canons of the world.

It was Gregory's discovery which only a month later determined the character of the report made, signed and sent out by Horace Greeley, A. D. Richardson and Henry Villard, which did so much to settle the public mind as to whether this country was or was not a delusion and a snare. Gregory's find determined their report; their report determined the fate of "Pike's Peak" and what shall we say of the influence that detained Gregory at Fort Laramie, and that caused him at last to turn on his heel as if by some strange impulse and come to this spot? A singular coincidence just in the nick of time! We may visit Manitou and her enchanting environs; we may go to Georgetown and over the inimitable Loop; we may take a trip to Estes Park and revel in the glories of its grandeur, but for real romance and poetry, a trip to Black Hawk and Central over the switch back, brings us to one of the most wonderful theatres of human action on the continent, and no one has seen Colorado who has not visited these twin sisters of the mountains.

GLEN PARK.

A beautiful resort, separated from Palmer Lake only by a deep ravine through which Monument Creek gleefully runs with its babble and bright laughter. The summer resort of the Chautauqua Circles of the Rocky Mountains, is fast making for itself a name and fame, as literary and classic ground. A more beautiful or charming spot, so readily accessible, could not have been found. It is 51 miles from Denver and reached by the D. & R. G. or Santa Fe. It is neither in the mountains nor yet on the plains; but in a beautiful grove, on the foot of the Rockies, sloping hard up against the steep declivity, from whose lookouts may be had some of the most picturesque landscapes out upon the plains, to be found along the foothills. It is prettily laid out in graceful drives and walks; and with its varied styles of summer cottages is pleasingly unique and restful. The mountain slope on which it was planned comes down to the brook in a broad point. The brook is heavily bordered with trees, shutting Glen Park away from the vulgar world, thus securing a sylvan retreat as secluded as if planned by the gods. Even Palmer Lake, though but a gun shot distant, is as invisibie as if it were beyond the range.

Glen Park is the only outing from Denver where Sunday seems to have its full and well-rounded provisions and pleasingly sacred associations; and yet there is no ado about it, but as easy and natural as though Glen Park was intended to have one day of rest and reflection. If one wishes to avoid the noise and abandon too frequently thrust upon this day of rest, he will find in Glen Park a helpful opportunity to enjoy the old-timed unday so seldom seen in our modern resorts.

PALMER LAKE.

Palmer Lake is 51 miles south of Denver on the apex between the Platte and the Arkansas. It is readily reached by the D. & R. G. and the Santa Fe. Being on the Divide, it is the highest, coolest and most salubrious resort outside of the mountains. A refreshing breeze is ever drawing through the gap at Palmer Lake during the warmest part of the day, and this charming place is made doubly enjoyable by its rarer and cooler air. No place, with the freedom of the Plains on the one hand and the mountains within easy step on the other, so superb as Palmer Lake. Groves and restful shade are abundant and of easy access. The Lake, with its fountain, a constant joy; and the boating, a most healthful pastime. Frequent trains over the lines maintain a sort of life that keeps the blood flowing and the pulse beating. There are numerous drives and walks. Monument Park is but a short ride down the southern slope, while Perry Park is readily accessible, over an easy road, of but a few hours drive, to the north, while nearer by Elephant Rock, Ben Lomond, canons and glens afford attractions for many an hour of healthful climbing and thorough enjoyment. Red-roofed cottages up the slope, rugged peaks piercing the sky, castellated rock piled here and there, all overhung by the most beautiful sky, combine to make Palmer Lake a resort replete with pleasure to re-appear in happy memories in later years.

Hotels and liveries afford good and ample accomodations for visitors.

"Serene and sweet and smiling bride
Nestles Lake Palmer on the green Divide;
Its sparkling waters in the sunshine gleam,
Full of the glamour of the sweetest dream."

BOULDER.

Boulder is twenty-eight miles north-west of Denver, situated at the mouth of Boulder canon. It is an old town, settled October 17, 1858, by people from Nebraska. Gold was discovered, soon after, on Four Mile Creek, and, during the first year, a large amount of precious metal was taken out of the placers, which established the fact, very early, that Boulder was at the base of an important mining district.

The ride from Denver, over the Union Pacific, is through a good farming country. Charming fields of growing grain, with every straw dependent on irrigation for life and growth, are seen on every hand. The

Snowy Range is visible most of the way, but, as you approach the mountains, the lofty peaks retire behind the foothills to give us opportunity to enjoy other objects of interest awaiting us at the end of our journey.

Boulder is second to no place of its size in point of substantial interest. Although near the mouth of the canon and located in the very shadow of the mountains, it is free and untrammeled by them, being situated at the very head of the plains, and commanding an extensive view to the east. It is beautiful for situation, is well laid out, and the streets are lined with beautiful shade trees supplied with water fresh from the mountains, carried in ditches running along the walks. Stores of all kinds, three national banks, good hotels and livery stables, make it a comfortable place to stop. The business buildings are good and the homes wear the air of comfort. The court house is fine and the State University adds much to the place. There are a few people in Boulder who have lived there too long to know how pretty or how interesting their town is, and live oblivious to the grandeur of their scenery or the glory of Boulder skies.

Go with me to Lover's Hill—the mesa back of the town. Look north, north-east! fine farms as far as the eye can see! Turn to the south: beautiful panorama, A city of 4,000 at your feet! On the Mesa beyond, the University of Colorado and its concomitant buildings; to the west of it, shelving rocks hundreds of feet in height set on end and resting up against the mountains to hold them in their place, with South Boulder Peaks, 8,533 feet in height, chief sentinels of the foothills, form a sketch fit for a painter's brush. Follow me to the Red Rocks aslope the Hogback. Now turn and look at the landscape before you! The city, pretty as a picture, is here seen in every lineament of its beauty, while far away stretch the plains, mile after mile, with lines of green along the Boulder and clumps of trees here and there among the farms. Fields of growing grain, beautiful as emerald, enhance the prospect. Not least of all are the Buttes of Valmont. Strange, wild cones of igneous rock shot up through the earth's crust by the internal fires of Pluto, they stand as guards of the Boulder Valley. Now let us go down to the Toll Road leading up the canon. By the Old Mill, and along by the Farmer's Ditch, we meander up the canon. A walk of fifteen minutes hems us in with mountain walls on either side, inspiring wonder and amazement. Probably no town in Colorado combines so much in this respect as Boulder. Mountains and plains, in all their respective sublimities, within a twenty minutes walk of each other. Some morning early, we'll get a team and a lunch and take a ride to Bear Canon, and up its winding gorge, till we find ourselves on the mountain back of Magnolia. Now, with a good brake, steady team and trusty, we'll drive down a hill seldom excelled for exciting interest. You say you prefer to walk, but the hill is far too long for that. Your team and a skillful driver, in half an hour, will land you safely at the foot of a long and tortuous descent you will not soon forget. In an hour more, we are back to our hotel, safe and sound, after a day's enjoyment of nature unalloyed. To-morrow let us go to Gold Hill, by way of Sunshine. We'll get an early start and breathe the early mountain air. Our way leads up Sunshine Canon and over the hills. Ascending Sunshine Hill, we are refreshed with one of the choiceest views of the Snowy Range. At the end of two hours, we find ourselves nearing the summit of Gold Hill. Here we'll rest our team while we turn about and enjoy the landscape, if such it may be called. We seem to be above all the mountains between us and the Plains. Over the billowy foreground, extending several miles, we gaze with profound surprise. Beyond are the plains flecked with farms and lakes, and the foliage of young groves and the green selvage of the Boulder, St. Vrain, the Platte and the floating shadows of the few fleeting clouds that scud across the sky. Erie is in the distance, and with the glass you see Longmont, Fort Lupton and Platteville, and, fifty miles to the northeast, Greeley, nestling in the green of her cottonwoods, elms and maples. One never knows how grand the plains are till he sees them from such a point as this. The scene is glorious and you stand transfixed. It is a landscape never to be effaced. Reluctantly we turn away and resume our journey. In a few minutes the aspen grove, on the brow of the mountain like a curtain, shuts from our view the last bright gleam of the plains, and soon we find ourselves by the deep shafts of the old Horsfal mine, whose history, if faithfully written, would read like a romance. This mine was discovered in May, of '59, by David Horsfal, and, as early as 1860, there was a mining camp, on this mountain top, of 1,500 souls. All about us are the signs of the old cabins, wasting away in the melancholy of the forgotten. Out of this hill, at various points, have been taken many a fortune, while in some of these old wells have been dropped many a "last dollar."

Within a mile of where we stand are the Slide Mine, the Cold Spring, the Russian Mine, the Corning Tunnel, etc., etc., whose histories have been full of exciting interest. On every hand are shafts and prospect holes; the mountain sides are covered with dumps and old windlasses. After our curiosity is satisfied and there seems no more to see, we start on our return by way of new Gold Hill, and down the canon via Gold Run (from which were taken, in the summer of '59, $100,000) and Boulder Canon, back to town, ready for another day when it comes, and come it will. Our next day's pleasure will be in Boulder Canon proper. We will visit Dome Rock, twelve miles up the canon. To enjoy the day to the fullest limit, there should be a party of several, all acquainted and well sorted, and go with a good lunch to spend the day. The morning is cloudless and the mountain air invigorating. The scenery is grand and inspiring. The road is full of sudden turns and the mountains shift and change like a living panorama, as it is. At Eagle Rock, they grow more rugged, and the rocky peaks rear their majestic heads, like battlements, far up into the deep blue sky. By and by we break through the craggy gorge, whose portal is guarded by Dome Rock, the chief wonder of this canon. Dome Rock is indescribable. Alone it stands guarding the entrance from Nederland Park—a pyramid of rock, unique. There is nothing like it anywhere else. Every canon of importance has its own individuality, its own personality. Now we feed our teams and take our lunch after which we rollick about and try to climb the Dome and fail. It is better we should fail in this. All ready for the return, we start down the canon and find a new sensation in the descent. Going up, we were so absorbed with the mountains we did not realize we, all the while, were climbing a strong hill. Now we find ourselves rapidly descending. The water, swollen by the melting snows on the Range, is a torrent dashing over the rocks, making the return far more enjoyable, if possible, than the morning. By and by we reach the junction where the North Boulder comes into the main canon. Here we must stop and go up to the falls. This is done by a trail on foot. It is a wild spot where the water comes pouring over the precipice of rock in the narrow canon. Now let us climb up on the left and cross the neck of the mountain that plants itself in the canon to defy the mountain torrent. Succeeding in this we carefully find our way down behind the spur, and, by skillful steps and risky leaping, find ourselves standing on a huge boulder immediately over the falls and enjoy the fruit of our labor in a fine view of a choice bit of the Rocky Mountain scenery, well worth a day's travel to see.

If you would see what Helen Hunt said of Boulder Canon, in a thunder storm, turn to page 302 in Bits of Travel at Home.

Besides such rides as these, one can take a day to Ward, or Balarat, or Jamestown, and find in each and all a special interest and pleasure. Boulder, its people and environs are not as well known as they deserve. A Sunday excursion to Boulder and return is very good in its way, but is not a fair sample of what one could do in order to get such an impression as he should have of it.

ASCENT OF GRAY'S PEAK.

The following is by Samuel Bowles, of Springfield Mass., in the month of August of 1868, in company with Governor Bross of Illinois and General Lord.

"Going through a snow drift at least fifteen feet high, and coming out above all snow deposits, we fastened our animals with stones at the end of the path, and slowly toiled the remaining quarter of a mile over the loose rocks,—the thin air obliging us to stop every few minutes to gain our breath,—and at high noon we sat upon the highest known mountain of the great Rocky Mountain range—fourteen thousand five hundred.

The scene before us was ample recompense for double the toil. It was the great sight in all our Colorado travel. In impressiveness, in overcomingness, it takes rank with the three or four great natural wonders of the world; with Niagara Falls from the tower; with the Yosemite Valley from Inspiration Point. No Swiss mountain view carries such majestic sweep of distance, such sublime combination of height and breadth and depth, such uplifting into the presence of God, such dwarfing of the mortal sense, such welcome to the immortal thought. It was not beauty, it was sublimity; it was not power, nor ardor, nor color, it was majesty; it was not a part, it was the whole; it was not man but God that was about, before, in us. Mountains and mountains everywhere; even the unending plains seemed but patches among the white ranges of hills stretching above and beyond one another. We looked into Middle Park below us on the north; over a single line of mountains into South Park, below us on the south; but beyond both were the unending peaks, the everlasting hills. To the west, the broadest, noblest ranges of mountains; there seemed no breaks among them except such as served to make the end of one and the beginning of another, and no possible limit to their extension. Turning to the east we find relief in softer and majestic and unending vision of the plains,—on, on they stretch in everlasting green and grey until lost in the dim haze that is just beginning to rise along the horizon. Directly below us great rough seams in the mountain sides, as if fire and water had been at work for ages to waste and overturn; dreary areas of red and brown and grey rocks; masses of timber; bits of green in the far down valley; flashes of darkness where little lakes nestled amid the rocks, fed by snow and feeding the streams. Nature everywhere in her original forms, and her abounding waste of wealth, as if here were the great supply store and workshop of Creation, the fountain of Earth. Looking from side to side, above, below, and around; impressed, oppressed everywhere with the presence of the Beginning; it was almost unconsciously and instinctively that we turned again and at last, as Mrs. Browning makes Romney Leigh, 'toward the east':

> '——where faint and fair,
> Along the tingling desert of the sky,
> Beyond the circle of the conscious hills,
> Were laid in jasper-stone as clear as glass
> The first foundations of that new, near Day,
> Which should be builded out of heaven, to God.'"

GRAND CANON OF THE ARKANSAS.

Every tourist and visitor hears of the Royal Gorge or the Grand Canon of the Arkansas, and very many people of course have an opportunity to see this wondrous chasm. When the train stops and we get out to look up those towering walls, we little realize how high they are unless some one kindly tells us. To think of a broad lane half a mile long, up ended, and imagine the height of the two fences as we look up between them standing on end we would think the distance must be very great, and yet the pinnacle of rock above the bridge lacks only eighty-four feet of being half a mile high. It is 2,556 feet from the road bed to the top of the canon walls—the distance from Larimer street bridge to Nineteenth street. If the train stops and lets you get out it gives an opportunity to see and study it, and get an impression one never can forget, and yet no one who travels *through* it, though he stop and view it well, may ever see the Grand Canon of the Arkansas as it should be seen and get the best impression of it. To see the Canon right, you must stop at Canon City a day and take a carriage to the summit of the Gorge. Make up a party—the larger the better, unless you are specially given to solitude. If you have a genius for being alone, then go by yourself, and leave your guide a mile behind at the last. It is ten miles by carriage road to the summit. The termination of the path is your first surprise, and after you have come away you can never describe it to your friends. The great swelling mountain top leveling up into a plateau, covered by a dense pinon grove suggestive of picnic grounds and grateful shade are things unexpected. Though nearing the canon you see it not and all is silent as death, save the noise of your own tread. For anything you can see, the shape of the ground betrays no sign but what you might proceed indefinitely around and about on this mountain top. Making your way through the grove a strange light begins to appear and fill you with awe. You cannot define it. The azure tint of the air through the openings in the foliage is too ethereal for a canvas, and new to the sense of vision, but you see no canon, no precipice such as you expect. The pinons begin to grow thinner and the atmospheric effect through the openings more and more singular, till soon there begins to define itself a break, a wall reaching down into some strange invisible depth. Between it and you is an indefinable light, tinted with azure and purple, and delicate tints without name or familiarity. You now realize that you are nearing a mystery. You expected a precipice, it eludes you as such, and a strange inexpressible sense of awe comes over you, holding you back and bidding you approach, not a precipice as you supposed, but an object awfully sublime. Slowly you come nearer, spell bound, speechless. A few more steps and the river, like a silver thread breaks upon your vision. And now you stand on the very battlement of the canon. Never before have you seen such grandeur, —grandeur, so awful, so subline. The river dashing down the canon, broken into silvery spray and foam, is too far down to see motion—the water looks as if it were set, it is motionless. The roar is toned and softened and swallowed up by the distance till it is only a faint murmur, like some far away voice of a fairy land. You stand and gaze as never before. It is a revelation of grandeur never witnessed till now. Oh the depth of that canon! the awfulness of that chasm! The railway tracks are as two wires lying side by side, and the bridge as but the plaything of a boy by the brook. Hark! it is the down coming train. Its noise sounds strangely faint, half a mile under our feet, and looks the very image of a toy from the toy shop—a railway train in minature. The passing train however is but an episode.

The Royal Gorge is too grand for discription. No pen can do it justice, nor any brush paint its magnificence. The best description we have ever read is by the inimitable and poetic pen of "H. H." in her "Bits of Travel at Home." Be assured of this: no one has ever seen the Grand Canon of the Arkansas till he has seen it from the summit, and he who dashes through it by rail can never tell or even dream of its grandeur.

ASCENT OF MOUNT LINCOLN.

The following was written by Judge Wilbur F. Stone, the summer 1865, shortly after the assassination of President Lincoln, when much was being written and said in behalf of a monument to the memory of the martyred President. It recites the history, not only of the ascent, but the naming of the peak which will be new to many readers. The account is by the permission of the author and will be interesting to his friends whose name is legion:

"One warm day in August, three summers ago, the writer of this, in company with a gentleman from Omaha, made an ascent of this peak, for the purpose of taking its altitude. Starting early in the morning, we slowly wound our way from the village, up through the dense pine forests, until we reached the limit of timber, where the pines dwindle into dwarfs a foot in height, twisted into fantastic contortions by the storm blasts of winter. Then came the carpeting of grasses and flowers, of a vegetation which terminated at the snow-line in moss and lichens. Stopping every few minutes to rest the lungs, tired of their expansion inhaling the rarified air, and clambering over blocks of granite and porphry, fragments of quartz, lava and scoriæ, and beds of ice and snow, all mingled in wild confusion, we reached the top, and, about the middle of the afternoon, sat down upon the very apex of this lord of the mountains. The sky was clear, the temperature 50 degrees Fahrenheit, and, adjusting our instruments, we took the measurement of altitude. We made the height to be over 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. The summit is a conical peak, which rests on the base of the mountain, like 'Pelion on Ossa piled,' the apex terminating in about a square rod of level rocks and ice. In the centre of this area, stones have been piled up by prospectors, climbing up at different times, until a monument-like pile has been formed, ten or twelve feet in diameter and about fifteen feet high, but which is altogether invisible from the foot of the mountain. A long slope reaches from the summit eastwardly to the valley of the Platte. The other sides are precipitous, and rent with yawning chasms hundreds of feet deep, into which the light of the sun never penetrates. At the end of an hour after our arrival, a storm approached from the west and swept over the mountain.

"In less than ten minutes from the time the clouds struck us, the mercury fell from fifty degrees to zero. Fierce blasts of wind roared and shrieked among the crags and snow darkened the air. In the midst of this, we commenced our slippery descent. We soon became charged with electricity so that the hair of our heads stood on end, sparks flew from the ends of our fingers and cracked at every step with a hissing sound that could be heard a distance of a hundred feet. Forked lightnings leaped from rock to rock, and played about our heads, almost blinding the sight, but, as our bodies were charged equally with the clouds and mountain, there was, of course, no danger. Black clouds rolled and tumbled over each other, a mile below us, like the uncouth gambols of terrible monsters in this upper ocean. Descending through the strata of clouds, we at last reached sunlight and entered the village at dark—the whole distance along the slope, from the valley to the summit, being about ten miles. Our report was made to a meeting of the citizens of Montgomery, and, in honor to the President under whose administration Colorado had been organized and settled, the peak was named 'Mount Lincoln.'

"Such is Mount Lincoln. Few ever die having beheld so magnificent a prospect as is seen from its summit. Colorado is spread out at your feet. The South Park,—sixty miles long and thirty wide—with its undulating hills, green meadows, and a thousand glittering lakes and brooks, dwindles to a pleasure garden. You look over Long's Peak, north, almost into Dakota. You look over the plains of Utah, to the west, stretching towards the golden shores of the Pacific. You look over the Spanish Peaks, south, into New Mexico; and, turning to the east, your vision wanders over Pike's Peak, where the great plains seem to rise up like an emerald ocean.

"And such is Colorado's monument to our dead, but immortal, President. From its side, the great rivers suck the nutriment which feed both oceans, and upon which rides the nation's navies and the commerce of the world. A thousand storms sweep over it but in vain to level it. A thousand cataracts dash around its base, but, from its summit, you hear not their murmurs. A score of quartz mills stamp their iron feet in thunders beneath its shadow, but their sound dies half way up its sides. Lightenings and thunders glance, harmlessly, from its crest. Tunnels may pierce its ribs, and the mineral wealth of future centuries be poured out into the lap of the world, but its foundations will remain unshaken. Its base is clothed with evergreens—sublime wreaths, such as never hung on the tombstones of emperors. Its top reaches so near the heavens as to attain the spotless purity of eternal white—bright emblem of immortality.

"Let, then, other states and other peoples raise their monuments of patriotism and of art to guild the fame of the great dead; but Colorado can point, in all time, to this proud monumental mountain, which rears itself as the gigantic spine of this continental vertebra—she can point it out, hundreds of miles away, to the traveler as he goes from ocean to ocean on the future continental railway, and exclaim with the old Latin poet, Horace:

'Exegi monumentum aere perenuius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius.

I have builded a monument more enduring than brass,
And loftier than the regal pile of the pyramids.' "

PERRY PARK.

"Where is that?" you ask. Well, we do not wonder. It is down in none of the routes of travel, is in no guide book of the past, and, yet, it is within three hour's ride of Denver; but, near as it is, half the people of Denver do not know of its existence. Perry Park is one of the most choice spots of the Rocky Mountains, nor is it really in the mountains. Like the Garden of the Gods, it is at the base and easy of access. It is in the same formation, and related to the mountains in a like manner; in many respects, it presents the same phenomena, but on a more gigantic scale. Perry Park embraces about 2,000 acres and is full of quaint things, things beautiful and things impressive. Castleated rocks, in great variety and extent, mystic monuments and towers; wasting minarets and crumbling steeples of ancient abbeys; phantom cities, deserted and falling into decay; vistas and glimpses of ancient civilization, in vast masses of projecting stone, catch the eye and deceive the sense till one is bewildered with the scene. The Vale of Cashmere, Castle Ridge, Grand View, the Hay-Stacks, the Prophet, Tumpwichitis (toomp-pa-kee-tis), the lake, the glen, the falls, the walks and drives—a thousand things indeed fill the visitor with constant pleasuse. The Indians were so inspired with awe in Perry Park that they peopled it with spirits and saw in it only things supernatural. They have left a pretty legend of the park, nor indeed can we wonder that they did for the scenes and weird surroundings cannot fail to inspire thoughts that formulate themselves into poetic measure which find expression in some form or other. They tell us that Perry Park was the home of the earliest race of men, that in the beginning they were giants in this Eden of the world who supreme over men, but refused the authority of Gitche Manitou who sent them counsel acd warning. They still rebelled and at last Mokahna, the great prophet, was sent them. To him they failed to hearken and stood about him in rebellion. They were arrayed in war paint and flourished their weapons. The Great Spirit was angry and suddenly they were turned to stone images. Their great chief and rebel leader, Tumpwichitis, was reduced to a dwarf and doomed to stand upon a high rock and gaze perpetually upon his braves, some of whom lie prostrate, while others stand before him. Near by, in a canon, dwelt the sweetheart of Tumpwichits. She was turned into a waterfall and fountain of tears for her wayward lover. In this state they are all condemned to remain till the great Mokahna lifts his veil and calls them back to life and sets them free once more in this paradise of the mountains.

You ask again, where is Perry Park? Some one has said of it: "Only a few miles from Denver; and like a bird's nest in the air, high above toil or danger, just far enough from the railroad to make it of easy access, yet secure in its solitude, near enough to the whistle of the locomotive to be reminded that the busy world still moves; it is filled with mountains and valleys, while groves of pine and quaking aspen cluster about the base of walls and crags, like the soft curls about a pretty face. Artificial forms of cascades, palaces, towers and cathedrals abound."

It ts forty-three miles by rail and five by stage and off the line of the D. & R. G., or Santa Fe, leaving the train at Larkspur, nine miles this side of Palmer Lake. The drive is toward the mountains and the Park just inside the "hogback" which is thrown out from the foothills to an unusual distance, giving a wide scope for the broken and upturned rocks always occurring more or less in these situations. Ordinarily the space is narrow, elevated and dry, here it is extended and has groves and water supply. Canons come in from the mountains with brooks and waterfalls overshadowed with woods and foliage giving an immense variety, constant pleasure and settled comfort. There is a good hotel, plenty of cottages for those who wish; carriages, horses and saddles for riding and driving which one can follow for days together without monotony. Perry Park is little known as yet but is destined to become a favorite outing. No one goes but returns with notes of praise. There is nothing in the Rocky Mountains comparable with Perry Park; there may be similarities, but Perry Park is so *gigantic* in its way as to overshadow in greatness all other exhibitions of this peculiar phenomenon of the foothills. Seeing it, adds an ever living pleasure to one's life.

IDAHO SPRINGS.

This is a summer resort and is very accessible from Denver. The mineral springs are described on page 20 and well deserve a second mention. Sunday excursions to Idaho Springs during the summer months are deservedly popular, but a single day is not enough. One should spend more time,—time enough to clamber over and about the hills,—time enough to see the mines and mills,—time enough to visit Chicago Lakes, and their indescribably grand environs; yes, and time enough to enjoy the baths and the benefits of the mineral waters. If one wants a quiet place to rest, or a health resort for recuperation and the advantage of hot baths and medicinal waters. Idaho Springs is the place to go, No other place so near to Denver. It is only 37 miles; situated on the Colorado Central Railway, and reached in two hours, thirty-five minutes. If on the other hand one does not need rest, and is not looking for mineral baths but wants to see the grandest, wildest mountain scenery in the briefest possible time, Idaho Springs is the place to go, There you can outfit in a few hours for a trip thoroughly Alpine. Only a few miles to forests of pine and spruce so dense as to hide the sun,—only a few miles to snow and frost and ice all the year around,—only a few miles to mountain peaks higher than Pike's, or Long's Peaks that tower 14,340 feet above the sea. It is only a few miles to Chicago Lakes, one of the wildest retreats in the mountains and almost in sight of the city of Denver. Idaho Springs is one of the nearest and one of the best outings from Denver. If one simply rides through it on the train he will see but little, no more than by doing the same through any one of a dozen other towns; but it offers him, who will tak the pains to stop and tarry, many sources of mountain pleasure. Opportunities for board and comforts ample. Hotel accomodations good. Liveries sufficient for all needs and saddle horses and ponies plentiful. Camping outfits at short notice and guides for difficult trips available. Idaho Springs don't make much noise—not half as much as she might—nor as much by far as she will in time if she only does the fair thing by herself. Nature has not only been kind but lavish in her favors to Idaho Springs, and she has benefits and pleasures to offer far in excess of most places.

GEORGETOWN.

Except Manitou and Pike's Peak, no outing in Colorado can surpass the one before us. In some respects this is unexcelled. Georgetown is thirteen miles beyond Idaho Springs and fifty miles west of Denver and reached by the ever inimitable Clear Creek Canon, some description of which will be found in connection with Black Hawk and Central City on page 111. Many tourists in the haste of travel, spend but one day in Clear Creek Canon and choose for that day a trip over the Loop and back to Denver at night. If one cannot give it more time, this above all others is the one thing to do, for probably no single day trip contains so much as this; few single day outings on the continent, more exhilirating or exciting. To do this trip well, we should take several days. A week is none too long; much less, by far too little. Georgetown is a mining city and busy with tunnels and stamp mills. On every hand are the activities of the miner and his arts. The mountain sides are covered with dumps and trails and up and down the zigzag paths, may be seen the patient burro moving in slow procession under the heavy load to and from the mines which happen to be located far up the mountain sides. The town is tucked close up in the crotch of the canon and many buildings pushed up on the steep acclivities. It is a city of three thousand people and with its churches and school houses and other public buildings and mills, shows off to good advantage, especially if viewed from the elevations around it. One of the fine pictures and characteristic, is to climb GRIFFITH MOUNTAIN on the east of the city and take a position on the southwest brow where we can look down two thousand feet upon the town and take in the sweep of the valley up the canon towards Silver Plume. An adequate description of this view is impossible. The combination of mountains and canons, with the city far down at the bottom, of the adjacent hills, while Green Lake nestles at our feet, the panorama of the snowy range are well worth the work of the climb to this point. The serpentine course of the railroad stealthily winding up the rugged incline, coiling this way, stealing that, in its endeavor to reach Silver Plume, seven hundred feet higher than Georgetown, the railroad a mere thread, the bridge a wee segment of a spider's web, and the "big fill," a simple figment of boys' play, combine to make a picture of rare quality. We gaze at the scene before us held by its entrancing power; nor must we forget the scene outside and above the canon. Gray's Peak seems close to us and James' Peak is just beyond, while Green Lake charmingly looks us in the face. We continue our way up the mountain and lo! a park—a place of rest. They call it Highland park, and so it is. Near by, with an additional climb, we look out over the intervening mountains upon the plains, a view most grand—a view of mountains, seldom excelled. The plains seen from the mountains, at least so far away, from these great heights, rise into majesty before you. All monotony is changed to the rhythm of poetry, and transformed into a landscape too mighty and too magnificent for brush and canvas. Highland Park contains too much for an hour—too much for one day. You want to camp there over night and see the sunset and watch the shadows of the peaks chase each other across the plains—yes, and see the sun rise and watch the dawn of the morning, watch the bright steeds of Aurora come with their glorious chariot of fire, watch the first glint of light strike the peaks of the snowy range but a few miles away, and watch the sun itself, rise out of the plains, flooding the peaks and canons with the ocean of his radiance. One can never forget Highland Park—the glory of its setting and rising suns will throw a halo about it, one will always remember. This is seeing the Rocky mountains.

Berthoud Pass, at an elevation of 11,350 feet above the sea, is fourteen miles from Georgetown and reached by a good wagon road leading into Middle Park. No mountain road at these elevations fails to be interesting. The pass is on the crest of the continent. The rain that falls upon it or the snow that melts there runs, part of it to the Gulf of California and part of it to the Gulf of Mexico. No matter, take the ride: it is worth a day's mountaineering, especially if you cannot climb the peaks. Take a good lunch; you will need it. At the pass, camp, rest and take refreshments. But do not fail to climb the mountain by the roadside, where you will get a glorious view of Middle park and its thousand diversities. With your glass the view is grand. You can see the boundaries of the park—the Rabbit Ear Range on the north of it, the Park Range on the west. Hot Sulphur Springs is near the center of the park and about forty miles from where you stand. The road to and from Berthoud Pass is anything but monotonous and the day will make a bright setting in the memories of the mountains.

During the stay at Georgetown we *must not* overlook Green Lake. It is one of the best and most popular retreats in the Rockies and deserves not only a day, but all our surplus time; it is above praise and beyond description. Special mention is made of it in the chapter on the Lakes of Colorado, on page 33.

Argentine Pass is one of the things to do—and one of the last unless it be Gray's Peak. All these trips are good and help to fix our estimates and deepen our love for the mountains, but every trip cannot be the best. This is one of the best. Argentine pass is about twelve miles southwest of Georgetown and situated at an altitude of 13,281 feet above the sea and reached by a good wagon road leading over the range, and only lacks 1130 feet of being as high as Pike's Peak. The view here is one of great sublimity. South Park is spread out in the distance and is a study of itself. Mount Lincoln, Mount of the Holy Cross, Mount Massive, Pike's Peak and Mount Evans are all visible. The Park range is seen for a hundred miles, Musquito Range is in the foreground, while to the right are Gray's Peak, Torrey's Peak and Kelso Mountain, within cannon shot. For scenery this is one of the rarest, choicest spots in the Rocky Mountains unless it be on the summit of some of the great peaks—most if which are above the reach of the ordinary traveler; but this is accessible and comparatively easy to do, but nobody tells you about it. The railway guides and beautiful souvenirs of travel fail to speak of many of the best things in the Rockies. They are not on lines of travel.

The Loop.—To-morrow we shall go over the Loop, up Gray's Peak. We board the train at 11:36 A. M. and start one of the most noted rides in the world. The distance over the loop is four miles—in a straight line, *one*. The altitude to gain is 700 feet. We realize the steepness of the grade, the moment we touch the base of the mountain and before we get by the town we are high above the housetops. Soon at Devil's Gate we pass under the great bridge and puff our way on up and up the stream till the ascent becomes too steep to go further, when our engine turns suddenly to the right and rushes across the creek and starts back on the other side in the opposite direction, ever climbing higher and higher, till we reach on the return, the Devil's Gate where we again swing to the right across an airy bridge of iron, over a hundred feet above the stream, till we strike the other mountain side and 90 feet above the track we ran upon but a few minutes before. We start up the creek again till the grade becomes too great, when a second time we rush to the other side for relief, but head up stream instead of down. We tug with the grade a short distance only, when we seek relief on the opposite side by starting back again toward Georgetown; for awhile we climb the base of McClellan Mountain when, as though the mountains were not high enough, we swing out toward the canon over the Big Fill, 76 feet in height, thrown up in the form of a crescent, embracing the mountain. It is one of the sharpest curves along the road and throws us back with the engine once more headed up stream, far up on the mountain side. In a few moments more we dive through a deep cut and emerge near the platform of the famous mining camp of Silver Plume, after a climb of 700 feet over a four mile track, in sixty-five minutes—one of the most wonderful rides in the country; but the most interesting part of this ride is the descent—it is more impressive—more striking—more exciting—this, however, after we return from the trip up Gray's Peak. We continue our journey to Graymont, engage ponies, and get ready for the ascent on the morrow.

Gray's Peak.—The best of the Georgetown wine must be for the last ot the feast—the ascent of Grays' Peak. The start must be made from Graymont, where we spend the night. "Up betimes" in the morning, breakfast, not forgetting overcoats and wraps, we mount and make the start. From Graymont the peak is hidden by intervening mountains which we soon pass. See page 119, where we insert a description of this ascent given by one of the ablest pens that ever depicted it.

BEAR CREEK CANON.

Sixteen miles southeast of Denver, nestles between the hog back and foot-hills, the town of Morrison busy with its stone and lime quarries. It is at the terminus of the Morrison branch of the South Park Railway and situated on Bear Creek at the mouth of the canon. This canon is the nearest and most accessible of any along the mountains and the most important one within easy reach not invaded by the railroads and free for teams without the scream of the whistle and dangers of the track. The train goes at 8 in the morning and leaves at 4:55 giving ample time for a good mountain drive. Get a livery at Morrison for the day. It is eight miles to Hines' Ranch and ten to Stuarts, known as Evergreen. There is a good road and the drive affords the stranger a taste of the mountains on wheels. On starting, the hills crowd up on either side and you are at once shut in from the plains. For a time the scenery is bold. Mount Morrison on your right is nearly 8000 feet in height. The first two or three miles lie through a heavy convolution of the foot-hills after which the scenery changes to a more quiet character. The mountains subside into hills and lofty crags into graceful slopes backed by loftier summits. The way is devious and every turn yields a new prospect. For combinations of beauty and sublimity, rugged mountains and graceful hills, grassy slopes and little parks with groves of aspen all overhung with the bluest of skies, unite to make this the most delightful drive within the reach of Denver. It brings one closer and nearer to Nature's heart than the public modes of travel can.

Eight miles above Morrison, you reach Hines'; a good place to stop, rest and dine, or if one prefers to continue two miles farther, will bring him to Stuart's at Evergreen. This is an old and well known resort. Evergreen is beautifully situated as to natural scenery, being charmingly surrounded by a park and hill and mountain. If one chooses to stay a day or two, or even longer trips can be made of a most invigorating character. One will be surprised to find in these valleys here and there ranches with ample houses and unexpected comforts made doubly attractive by refinement and mountain hospitality.

Evergreen makes a pleasant rendezvous from which to radiate as here there is a post office and regular mail. Stuart's is a pleasant, comfortable home, too, when you come in weary from a day's ride or tramp. Besides, there is a little community of Denver people who have their cottages, any one of whom would be more than pleased to have you find them out and observing the unconventional freedom of summer and camping life call upon them. They are a choice set of spirits and can make the bright sunshine of the mountains even sunnier than the sun itself. There are the Daileys, the Fields, the Greenlees, the Drakes, the Butchers and others. We can vouch for their royal qualites and know they would take pleasure in helping you to the royal banqueting of nature in this magnificent realm.

Troutdale is three miles above Evergreen; Bergen Park one of the prettiest and most restful spots in the mountains is but a few miles away. The chief surprise of Bear Creek Canon is the Evans and Elbert ranch, eight miles above Evergreen, owned by ex-Governor Evans and Judge Elbert. For many years this has been one of the best known and most noted of mountain summer homes. At this unique hearth-stone, at the base of

Mount Evans, have been entertained by these hospitable and accomplished hosts, and hostess, (Mrs. Evans,) many people of rank and note.

Bear Creek Canon is a charming retreat and appeals strongly for a mountain drive. It is free from the whistle of the locomotive. No railway train crowds you here and there in mortal terror in the narrow defiles. It is characteristic of the mountains and one of the choice spots to see and learn the moods of the Rocky Mountains and if taken will not be regretted. It is a good outing for our own people and many take it.

EDEN PARK.

Like most things in and about Denver, Eden Park is but little known. It has never been advertised, and tucked away by nature in seclusion as it is, and having been used for grazing few, outside of its owners, have known about its beauty or even of its existence and yet it is situated almost in full view of the city. It is west of Morrison, between Bear Creek aud Turkey Creek Canons, enfolded by the mountains. It is a natural park, bounded on the west by mountains being itself a depression between the two creeks, and reached from either, the Turkey Creek road being much the shorter. The best and easiest way to reach it is by train to Morrison and team to the park. The distance from Morrison is about seven miles and one has nearly eight hours to spend between trains, which is plenty of time and time to spare. The park is beautiful, composed as it is of meadows, rounded hills and shady dells. The groves are many and abundant and largely composed of tall straight timber. It is well supplied with numerous springs of pure cold water. The hills on the front or east boundary are accessible and from them attractive landscapes of the plains with Denver, Montclair, University Park and Littleton in full view. On the west boundary, the hills are much higher and afford an exceptionally fine view of the range from Estes Park to Pike's Peak. The view over the plains is of extraordinry merit. Numerous lakes in the vicinity of Littleton and near the foothills, the valley of the Platte for many miles with green fields along its borders extending east to the High Line ditch and the vast expanse of plains beyond, together with the setting of Denver and its suburbs make a picture worth all the trouble it takes to see it. The above outline is what one sees from the highest point of rocks on the west side of the park. The park is about 7,600 feet in height while in the look-out is about 9,000. The flowers that grow in and about the park are something wonderful. The columbine grows with a luxuriance that is marvelous. It would make a fine resort; room enough for an unlimited camping ground; and the cool breeze drawing through the gap between the hills, fresh from the range, is a grateful and restful presence on a warm day.

The ride to Eden Park is over one of the finest mountain roads in the state. Not only is the road good but it is peculiarly expressive in scenery. From Morrison across the foot of the mountain to Turkey Creek, a distance of two miles, it is a constant ascent till the canon is reached, when suddenly you come upon a scene of indescribable beauty—nay, grandeur. Hundreds of feet down to the bottom of the gorge, the road zig-zagging around the crescent visible for half a mile or more cut into the side of the mountain is suggestive of things not written in the book of pleasure. A portion of the canon on the opposite side is set with a forest of spruce so dense as to be impenetrable to the vision and the deep rich green is most beautiul deep down in the abyss. Turkey Creek Canon is something to see and Eden Park is easily reached by this romantic route.

MANITOU.

Manitou needs no words of ours. Its beauties and attractions have been written and heralded to every quarter of the land, till it is known as the Saratoga of the West. As a Rocky Mountain resort it has no peer. Its springs and hotels; its drives and canons; its caves and parks; its Garden of the Gods and Ute Pass; its Pike's Peak ascended without labor of climbing combine to form a cluster of attractions indescribably absorbing, beautiful, sublime.

OTHER OUTINGS.

They are endless. Colorado Springs, rich in attractions; Monument Park, so quaint and romantic; Green Mountain Falls, Woodland Park and Manitou Park, on the Colorado Midland, and easy of access, fast coming into favor; Platte Canon at our vey door, with half a dozen resorts easily reached by the South Park Railway; Lookout Mountain Resort, within sight of our very streets, each and all deserve a chapter of praise, but space forbids further pursuit of this delightful theme.

The picture of Long's Peak is a failure. We had a new cut which was capable of better results, as the proof we hold will attest, and deeply regret that the book is so seriously marred by it, not only on our own account, but in behalf of the Estes Park people, who so kindly furnished the cut for the sole use of the Outings,

PART IV.

EARLY HISTORY.

THE GREELEY REPORT.

For the following rare bit of literature, we are indebted to the kindness of Chas. R. Dudley, Librarian of the Mercantile Library. We value it, not only because it is rare, but because it, of itself, was one of the most important occurrences of those times, and, next to Gregory's discovery, bore the most directly on the destiny of Colorado.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS.

EXTRA.---GREELEY's REPORT.

THE MINES AND MINERS OF KANSAS AND NEBRASKA.

VOL. 1. CHERRY CREEK, K. T., SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859. NO. —

We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Williams, of the Leavenworth & Pikes Peak Express, for the following report from Messrs. Greeley, Richardson and Villard, which will give satisfaction to the public mind, and at once set at rest the cry of "humbug" reiterated by the returning emigration from this region. The names of the gentlemen signed to this report are sufficient to give it credence without further comment from us; and the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Williams to get it before the public are commendable.

Denver City, K. T., June 10th, 1859.

Gentlemen:—Will you do me the favor to furnish me, for publication, such facts in reference to the Gold Mines, as you obtained upon your recent visit to them, in company with myself and others? We desire that the facts should be presented to the public as they exist.

Yours respectfully,

B. D. WILLIAMS,

Agent "Jones & Russell's P. P. Express Co."

Messrs. Horace Greeley, of the N. Y. "Tribune;"

A. D. Richardson of the Boston "Journal;"

and Henry Villard of the Cincinnati "Commercial."

Denver City, K. T., June 10, 1859.

Dear Sir;—In reply to you favor of this morning, we herewith submit a report, written at the "Gregory Diggings," of such facts as we witnessed there, and obtained from the lips of the miners. We have endeavored to make it definite and specific as possible, and give an unbiased statement of the present condition and progress of the first important gold discoveries in the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains.

We desire to acknowledge your many courtesies during the trip.

Respectfully,
HORACE GREELEY,
A. D. RICHARDSON,
HENRY VILLARD.

B. D. Williams, Esq.

—

Gregory's Diggings, near Clear Creek,
In the Rocky Mountains,
June 9th, 1850.

The undersigned, none of them miners, nor directly interested in mining, but now here for the express purpose of ascertaining and setting forth the truth with regard to a subject of deep and general interest, as to which the widest and wildest diversity of assertion and opinion is known to exist, unite in the following statement:

We have this day personally visited nearly all the mines or claims already opened in this valley, (that of a little stream running into Clear Creek at this point;) have witnessed the operation of digging, transporting, and washing the vein-stone, (a partially decomposed, or rotten quartz, running in regular veins from southwest to northeast, between shattered walls of an impure granite,)have seen the gold plainly visible in the riffles of nearly every sluice, and in nearly every pan of the rotten quartz washed in our presence; have seen gold, (but rarely) visible to the naked eye, in pieces of the quartz not yet fully decomposed. and have obtained from the few who have already sluices in operation accounts of their several products, as follows:

Zeigler, Spain and Co., (from South Bend, Ind.) have run a sluice, with some interruptions, for the last three weeks; they are four in company, with one hired man. They have taken out a little over three thousand pennyweights of gold, estimated by them as worth at least $3,000; their first days work produced $21; their highest was $495.

Sopris, Henderson and Co., (from Farminton, Indiana) have run their sluice six days in all with four men—one to dig, one to carry, and two to wash: four days last week produced six hundred and seven dollars: Monday of this week two hundred and eighty dollars; no further reported. They have just put in a second sluice, which only began to run this morning.

Defrees and Co., (from South Bend, Ind.,) have run a small sluice eight days, with the following results: first day, $66; second day, $80; third day, $95; fourth day, $305; (the four following days were promised us, but, by accident, failed to be received.) Have just sold half their claim, (a full claim is 50 feet by 100) for $2,500.

Shears and Co., (from Fort Calhoun, Nebraska,) have run one sluice two hours the first, (part of a) day; produced $30; second, (first full) day, $343; third (to-day) $510; all taken from within three feet of the surface; vein a foot wide on the surface; widened to eighteen inches at a depth of three feet.

Brown and Co., (from De Kalb Co., Ind.,) have been one week on their claim; carry their dirt half a mile; have worked their sluice a day and a half; produced $260; pure taken out quartz specimens containing from 50 cents to $13 each in gold; vein from eight to ten feet wide.

Casto, Kendall and Co., (from Butler Co., Iowa,) reached Denver, March 25; drove the first wagon to these diggings; have been here five weeks; worked first on a claim, on which they ran a sluice but one day; produced $225; sold their claim for $2,500; are now working a claim on the Hunter lead, have only sluiced one, (this) day; three men employed; produced $85.

Bates and Co., one sluice, run half a day; produced $135.

Colman, King & Co., one sluice, run half a day; produced $75.

Shorts and Collier, bought our claims seven days since of Casto, Kendall & Co., $2,500; $500 down, and the balance as fast as taken out. Have not yet got our sluices in operation. Mr. Dean, from Iowa, on the 6th inst., washed from a single pan of dirt taken from the claim, $17.80. Have been offered $10,000 for the claim.

S. G. Jones & Co., from Eastern Kansas, have run our sluices two days, with three men; yield $225 per day. Think the quartz generally in this vicinity is gold-bearing. Have never seen a piece crushed that did not yield gold.

A. P. Wright & Co., from Elkhart Co., Ind. Sluice but just in operation; have not yet ascertained its products—Our claim prospects from 25 cents to $1.25 to the pan.

John H. Gregory, from Gordon Co., Georgia. Left home last season, "en route" for Frazier River, was detained by a succession of accidents at Ft. Laramie, and wintered there. Meanwhile, heard of the discoveries of gold on the South Platte, and started on a prospecting tour on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, early in January. Prospected in almost every valley, from the *Cache la Poudre* creek, to Pike's Peak, tracing many streams to their sources. Early in May arrived on Clear Creek, at the foot of the mountains, 30 miles southeast of this place. There fell in with the Defrees & Zeigler Indiana Companies, and William Fouts, of Missouri. We all started up Clear Creek, prospecting. Arrived in this vicinity, May 6; the ice and snow prevented us from prospecting far below the surface, but the first pan of surface dirt, on the original Gregory claim, yielded $4.— Encouraged by this success, we all staked out claims, found the "lead" consisting of burnt quartz, resembling the Georgia Mines, in which I had previously worked. Snow and ice prevented the regular working of the lead till May 16th—From then until the 23d, I worked it five days with two hands, result, $972. Soon after, I sold my two claims for $21,000, the parties buying, to pay me, after deducting their expenses, all they take from the claims, to the amount of $500 per week, until the whole is paid. Since that time, I have been prospecting for other parties, at about $200 per day.—Have struck another lead on the opposite side of the valley, from which I washed $14 out of a single pan.

Some forty or fifty sluices commenced, are not yet in operation; but the owners inform us that their "prospecting" shows from 10 cents to $5 to the pan. As the "leads" are all found on the hills, many of the miners are constructing trenches to carry water to them, instead of building their sluices in their ravines, and carrying the dirt thither in wagons, or sacks. Many persons who have come here without provisions or money, are compelled to work as common laborers, at from $1 to $3 per day and board, until they can procure means of sustenance for the time necessary to prospecting; building sluices, etc. Others, not finding gold the third day, or disliking the work necessary to obtaining it, leave the mines in disgust, after a very short trial, declaring there is no gold here in paying quantities. It should be remembered that the discoveries made thus far, are the result of but five week's labor.

In nearly every instance, the gold is estimated by the miners as worth $20 per ounce, which, for gold collected by quicksilver, is certainly a high valuation, though this is, undoubtedly of very great purity. The reader can reduce the estimate if he sees fit. We have no data on which to act in the premises.

The wall rock is generally shattered, so that it, like the vein-stone, is readily taken out with the pick and shovel. In a single instance, only, did we hear of wall-rock too hard for this.

Of the vein stone, probably, not more than one-half is so decomposed that the gold can be washed from it. The residue of the quartz is shoveled out of the sluices and reserved to be crushed and washed hereafter. The miners estimate this as equally rich with that which has "rotted" so that the gold may be washed from it; hence, that they realize, as yet, but half the gold dug by them. This seems probable, but its truth remains to be tested. It should be borne in mind that, while the miners here now labor under many obvious disadvantages, which must disappear with the growth of their experience and the improvement of their now rude machinery, they, at the same time, enjoy advantages which can not de retained indefinitely, nor rendered universal. They are all working very near a small mountain stream, which affords them an excellent supply of water for washing at a very cheap rate; and, though such streams are very common here, the leads stretch over rugged hills and considerable mountains, down which the vein-stone must be carried to water, at a serious cost. It does not seem probable that the thousands of claims already made, or being made, on these leads, can be worked so profitably in the average as those already in operation. We hear already of many who have worked their claims for days (by panning) without having "raised the color" as the phrase is—that is, without having found any gold whatever. We presume thousands are destined to encounter lasting and utter disappointment, quartz veins which bear no gold being a prominent feat ture of the geology of all this region.

We can not conclude this statement without protesting most earnestly against the renewal of the infatuation which impelled thousands to rush to this region a month or two since, only to turn back before reaching it, or to hurry away immediately after more hastily than they came. Gold-mining is a business which eminently requires of its votaries capital, experience, energy, endurance, and in which the highest qualities do not always command success. There may be hundreds of ravines in these mountains as rich in gold as that in which we write, and there, probably, are many: but, up to this hour, we do not know that any such have been discovered. There are said to be five thousand people already in this ravine, and hundreds more pouring into it daily. Tens of thousands more have been passed by us on our rapid journey to this place, or heard of as on their way hither by other routes. For all these, nearly every pound of provisions and supplies of every kind must be hauled by teams from the Missouri river, some 700 miles distant, over roads which are mere trails, crossing countless unbridged water-courses, always steep-banked and often mirey, and, at times, so swollen by rains as to be utterly impassible by wagons. Part of this distance is a desert, yielding grass, wood and water only at intervals of several miles, and then very scantily. To attempt to cross this desert on foot is madness—suicide—murder. To cross it with teams in midsummer, when the water-courses are mainly dry, and the grass eaten up, is possible only to those who know just where to look for grass and water, and where water must be carried along to preserve life. A few months hence—probably by the middle of October—this whole Alpine region will be snowed under and frozen up, so as to put a stop to the working of sluices, if not to mining altogether. There, then, for a period of at least six months, will be neither employment, food nor shelter within five hundred miles for the thousands pressing hither under the delusion that gold may be picked up here like pebbles on the sea shore, and that, when they arrive here, even though without provisions or money, their fortunes are made. Great disappointment, great suffering, are inevitable; few can escape the latter who arrive in Denver City after September without ample means to support them in a very dear country, at least through a long winter. We charge those who manage the telegraph not to diffuse a part of our statement without giving, substantially, the whole; and we beg the press generally to unite with us in warning the whole people against another rush to these gold mines, as ill-advised as that of last spring—a rush sure to be followed like that by a stampede, but one far more destructive of property and life.

Respectfully,
HORACE GREELEY,
A. D. RICHARDSON,
HENRY VILLARD,

THE BEGINNING.

Montana.—The first town, started and named, was Montana, at the mouth of Dry Creek, six miles above where Cherry Creek enters the Platte River. It consisted of twenty cabins built by people from Lawrence, in the fall of 1858, for the winter. Gold digging not proving satisfactory at that point, the cabins were moved to Auraria the following spring. No trace of the town is visible at this time.

Auraria.—The first town of *importance* in this country was situated between Cherry Creek and the Platte River, in what is now West Denver, and called Auraria. Sometime in 1857, a trapper and trader by the name of John Smith, built the first cabin near the crossing of 11th and Wewatta streets. The next summer, one of the Russell party erected the second; soon after, the third was built by Ross Hutchins, near the first two, whereupon the infantile village was called "Indian Row." This euphonious title was borne till late in October, a town company was organized and the place named by Green Russell, Auraria. The first two cabins became the nucleus of the second visible town, which grew with miraculous rapidity, becoming the leading centre of the plains at once. It was the cradle of business life; the early churches were organized in Auraria; the first newspapers had birth under its roof; it had the honor of all large assemblies and public gatherings; the earliest Free Mason Lodge was held in one of its primitive cabins. (See page 93.)

St. Charles.—The first *organised* town company filed articles of incorporation with *itself*, September 24th, 1858, and named "St. Charles, The town site contemplated and embraced 640 acres where East Denver now stands. It was expected to rival and outstrip the camp on the west side, but, strange to say, it took no root, withered away and died without ever enjoying the honor and dignity of a single cabin. St. Charles was too far away—too far out. It was outside property and nobody wanted it, although lots were freely offered to anyone who would build on them. Nichols, its chief promoter, became discouraged with the enterprise—gave it up and returned east.

Denver.—Nichols was scarcely out of sight of the mountains when a couple of men arrived in Denver who were twin sons of thunder. Their presence was scarcely realized till they had formed a syndicate of forty men who organized St. Charles anew and called it Denver, in honor of the Ex-Governor of Kansas territory. They arrived the second week in November and on Wednesday, the 17th, the city of Denver was organized, named and incorporated, and six days later, under the regime of a full and competent set of officers and ready for business. It was a bold stroke; but few people in

Auraria expected anything to come of it. The scheme was thought preposterous and beyond any reasonable hope of success. But they did not know Richard E. Whitsitt, A. J. Williams, Chas. Lawrence, General William Larimer, and their associates. The organizers had bound themselves to build, each for himself, a house within the next ninety days, and on the first day of January there were twenty of the number ready and occupied. At the end of ninety days, they had a village receiving accessions and a rivalry springing into existence which ripened into the bitterest animosity, which, at times, outweighed even politics, and the chief question, sometimes, was: "Are you a Denver man or an Aurarian." This continued till early in April, 1860, when better counsels prevailed, and the two towns were united under one government.

ABBREVIATED HISTORY OF DENVER.

For the benefit of those curious to know something of the early history of Denver, the following brief chronicles are prepared with the belief that many persons will be interested in looking them over. A few of the dates may be questioned by some of the "old timers," but the records already made are conflicting. We have gathered from what seemed the most reliable sources and advised with a number of the early settlers, and have been surprised to hear them say, one of another, in the most kindly spirit; "That is not the way I remember it."

Aug. —, 1849: Gold discovered by a party of Georgia hunters at the mouth of the Cache-la-Pondre.

—— —, 1852: A party of Cherokee Indians discovered gold on Ralston Creek.

Oct. —, 1857: First cabin erected by a trapper and trader, named John S. Smith, near corner of Eleventh and Wewatta streets. Some writers say Smith discovered gold, and, with a party of Mexicans, started the "Spanish Diggings," three miles up the Platte.

☞ The mythical "cabin" of John Smith, mentioned by the early chroniclers, was nothing more than an Indian Wigwam.

Apr. —, 1858: A party of traders returning from Salt Lake to Westport, Mo., discovered gold on Ralston Creek. Carried a sack of "dirt" home with them, from which excitement spread.

June —, 1858: Russell's party from Georgia camped on

EVERY STRANGER

visiting Denver is sure to buy and read

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Its reputation abroad is that of a great newspaper. Everybody in Denver knows that it is. It is not sensational. Each issue contains an intelligent record of the deeds of a busy world for the preceding 24 hours. Its news is reliable It seldom has to make a correction. It is the fairest, the ablest and the nearest perfect representative of the varied interests of the Rocky Mountain Region published on this earth.

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By mail, - - - 50 cents per month.
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REPUBLICAN PUBLISHING CO.,
Denver, Colo.

Smith's Ranch, under the old cottonwoods of West Denver. They have the credit of being the first discoverers of gold in Cherry Creek.

June 24, 1858: Not satisfied with results, they went to the mountains; prospected along the foot hills to Cache-la-Poudre. No success. Returned.

July —, 1858: Second cabin erected. A party of twenty arrived from Lawrence, Kansas. Founded a mining camp on the Platte, three miles above the Spanish Diggings.

Aug. 30, 1858: First family arrived from Salt Lake. S. M. Rooker, Mrs. Rooker; (the first white woman,) son and daughter.

Sept. 24, 1858: St. Charles Town Co. organized; site where East Denver is located.

Oct. —, 1858: The Lawrence party started a town at their diggings and named it Montana.

Oct. 25, 1858: First movement towards a cabin in St. Charles. History divided as to whether it was completed during the lifetime of the town. No streets existed, at the time, on the east side of Cherry Creek.

Nov. 1, 1858: First business house arrived. Salesroom a tent. Proprietors, Blake & Williams. General store. From Crescent City, Iowa.

Nov. 1, 1858: Georgia Company laid out the town of Auraria, (West Denver), twelve hundred acres. "Beginning at a point in the middle of the main channel of the Platte River, opposite the mouth of Cherry Creek, thence up the middle of the main channel of Cherry Creek, two miles; thence north sixty degrees west to the middle of the main channel of the Platte River; thence down the same to the place of beginning."

Nov. 3, 1858: S. M. Rooker moved into his new cabin, built near the first two already mentioned. These three cabins were Bon Ton and called Indian Row.

Nov. 3, 1858: First hardware stock arrived; tin shop—Messrs. Kinna and Nye. Opened on St. Louis street cor. Ferry.

Nov. 10, 1858: Ross Hutchins added another house near 2nd. and Front.

Nov. 17, 1858: St. Charles became Denver; new organization; new management; new methods. The first genuine Denver real estate movement.

Dec. —, 1858: First religious service, Rev. C. W. Fish-

JACKSON'S

Scenic Photographs

OF

DENVER, COLORADO

AND THE

——————ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

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THE CHAIN & HARDY BOOK, STATIONERY & ART COMPANY.

er, Methodist. First jewelry store opened; J. D. Rummage, Ferry and Fifth streets.

Dec. 25, 1858: Second family arrived. R. L. Wooton, from New Mexico. Called Uncle Dick Wooton. Brought in a large stock of goods including a lot of whiskey. Uncle Dick wanted to get acquainted. It was Christmas day. He felt generous. Tapped a barrel, served it around in tin pans. He made a host of friends. Eye to business. Wooton built the first business palace—20x32 feet; hewed logs; one and one-half stories high; clapboarded roof; second floor of boards, whipsawed; one four-light window; the finest building in the country; the pride of the Rocky Mountains.

Jan. 1, 1859: Fifty cabins in Auraria. Twenty in Denver. Twenty in Montana.

Jan. 10, 1859: Thomas Pollock opened first smithery. Kasserman & Co., first carpenter's shop, Ferry and Fifth; first bakery: Karczewsky & Henry Reitze.

Feb. 1, 1859: First public house opened; "Eldorado Hotel," dirt floor, one story, no elevator; Murat and Smoke.

Murat was a character; claimed to be a Count. Presided with dignity over the tonsorial room. A shave? "one dollah, sah."

Feb. 7, 1859: Ferry across the Platte, chartered. Indian reservation on the other side. Ferry charges, $1.

Mar. 3, 1859: First child born. Son of Jack Mc Gaa; the mother an Arapahoe.

Mar. 28, 1859: Trains containing outfit for express office. First election for county officers. Whole number of votes, 774. Denver, 144. Auraria, 231. Outside, 399. Five other precincts and two other "cities." Beverly D. Williams, on Blake, between 15th and 16th.

Apr. 7, 1859: First murder. Stofel shot Biencroff.

Apr. 8, 1859: Stofel arrested, tried, sentenced, hung. Gallows a Cottonwood near the corner of Third and St. Louis streets. No jails.

Apr. 11, 1859: General convention to consider the expediency of organizing a state government. Favorable. Arranged for a constitutional convention to meet on the 6th of June.

Apr. 16, 1859: Second murder. Captain P. T. Bassett,

The Denver Times.

DENVER'S BRIGHTEST AND BEST PAPER.	THE MOST POPULAR ADVERTISING MEDIUM,

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EVERY ONE SHOULD HAVE IT.

Only 10 cents per week in the city; 50 cents per month or 3 months for $1.00 in the State.

EASTERN AGENT:
S. S. VREELAND, 159 Nassau Street, N. Y.

shot by J. W. Scudder. Carroll Wood implicated. Both escaped.

Apr. 17, 1859: Wm. N. Byers arrived in Auraria to consider the subject of starting a Rocky Mountain paper. It was a question whether to start it at Auraria or Fort St. Vrain, where the outfit was left while he should reconnoiter and decide. The decision was in favor of Auraria.

Apr. 20, 1859: The train arrived, accompanied by John John L. Dailey and Thomas Gibson.

Apr. 21, 1859: First load of native lumber arrived, sawed on the Divide, thirty miles south of Denver.

Apr. 21, 1859: First meeting of Masons to consider the subject of organizing a Lodge.

Apr. 23, 1859: First copy of the new paper was published: "Rocky Mountain News, Cherry Creek, K. T." A framed copy hangs in the office of the Rocky Mountain News to-day.

Same day, "The Cherry Creek Pioneer" appeared, published by John L. Merrick. Its outfit arrived on the 13th. It was the only issue. Byers & Co. bought it out. Printing office of the News was second story of Dick Wooton's store.

May 1, 1859: Immigration now rolling in by hundreds, prospects unsatisfactory. Very little gold being produced; many malcontents; hundreds returning in disappointment and disgust.

May 6, 1859: John H. Gregory discovered the "Gregory Mines," accompanied by Wilkes Defrees and William Ziegler. This, the real discovery. The fame of Pike's Peak established. The story of Gregory's life a romance—unwritten.

May 7, 1859: First overland coach of the "Leavenworth and Pike's Peak Express Company" arrived. It carried the mails as express matter. Charges on letters, twenty-five cents. Distance, 687 miles from Leavenworth. Time, ten days; fifty-two Concord Coaches.

May 16, 1859: Mining to pay began at Gregory Gulch; the May-day of Colorado.

June 6, 1859: Convention met to draft constitution for a new state. Name to be Jefferson. There was a popular desire for the name.

Convention held in Denver House, Blake & Williams' Hall, on Blake street; adjourned to meet on the 1st or Aug.

Horace Greeley arrived in Denver early on

BABY CARRIAGES.

CHINA.

DINGWALL BROS.,

China and Glass Importers.

Located at 1210-1218 Fifteenth Street, Denver, Colo., succeeded the firm of Callaway Bros. & Dingwall, and are veterans in the China trade in Denver.

They do a large wholesale business extending into Utah, Wyoming and New Mexico, and carry a stock for retail trade that would be appreciated on Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Their visits to the Pottery Markets of Europe place them in constant communication with the leading manufacturers of the Old World and insure them the latest designs and decorations in fine China and Art Pottery. (Nothing new and desirable in their line escapes their notice). Domestic Wares in Rich, Heavy Cut Glassware, figure largely in their stock, the manufacture of Hawkes, Dorflinger and Clark; and in silverware, the goods of the leading American factories are sold.

Their show rooms occupy a space of 66 feet front by 100 feet deep on ground floor, and is one of the attractive places of the city where visitors are welcome.

CROCKERY.

GLASS.

this morning. In the evening, addressed the citizens at Blake and Williams' Hall.

Greeley was accompanied by A. D. Richardson, correspondent of the Boston Journal, and Henry Villard, of the Cincinnati Commercial.

June 7, 1859: The Greeley party went to the Gregory Diggings to examine the mining outlook. Remained till the 8th. Returned the 9th.

June 11, 1859: Report of the Greeley party published by the Rocky Mountain News. An important document. Occupied several columns. A rare bit of literature seldom met. (See p. 134)

June 12, 1859: Sunday. Greeley delivered a temperance address in the evening.

Aug. 1, 1859: Constitutional convention met. One hundred and sixty-six delegates present. Many were in favor of a territorial government; but the state party prevailed and a constitution was drafted, to be voted on by an election to be held on the Fourth Monday in September.

Aug. —, 1859: John L. Dailey became a partner with Wm. N. Byers in the publication of the Rocky Mountain News.

O. G. Goldrick arrived in August; opened first school in Auraria, on St. Louis street.

First brick manufactured by Warren and Co. during this month.

Sept. 25, 1859: Election day to vote on statehood and constitution. Defeated by a large majority.

Sept. 26, 1859: Disappointed by the results of the election, mass conventions were held in Denver and Auroria unanimously resolving to petition for a Territorial Government and appointing delegates for a convention on the first Monday in October, to organize the territory of Jefferson.

Oct. 3, 1859: Convention met, organized, drafted a constitution for a state, and named it Jefferson Territory. This was the first government with authority. One year without law. B. D. Williams elected delegate to congress.

Oct. 19, 1859: A duel. W. P. McClure challenged R. E. Whitsitt. Fought near the Broadway crossing of Cherry Creek, east of creek, below the bridge. McClure wounded.

Oct. 24, 1859: First territorial election. R. W. Steele, first governor. 1852 votes cast; 1572 for, 280

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against. First theatre opened this date.

Nov. 7, 1859: First Territorial Legislature met first Monday in November. In session one month.

Nov. 10, 1859: The "News" of this date contains a very remarkable article: "No country in the world, in so short a time, has developed so many resources of wealth. Not only the precious minerals, gold and silver, are found, but iron, copper, lead, alum, copperas, cinnabar, and numerous other minerals. We have the finest of building materials, marble, limestone, sandstone, brick-clay, and inexhaustible forests of the very best pine timber. Our agricultural products need not be poor in quality, nor small in quantity. Wheat and other small grains can be produced without limit, at less comparative cost and of better quality than in the North-western states, and to prove that all kinds of vegetables can be raised to the greatest perfection, one has only to pay a visit to our vegetable market."

Dec. 7, 1859: Legislature adjouned. It granted Denver a city charter; passed the first laws considered binding; but Kansas claimed Arapahoe county, and had ordered an election for representative at the Kansas Capitol. Some were in favor of respecting these claims.

Dec. 8, 1859: An election held to represent Arapahoe county in the Kansas Legislature.

Dec. 19, 1859: First City election. John C. Moore the first mayor.

Jan. 1, 1860: Permanent population of Auraria and Denver about one thousand.

Jan. 21, 1860: St. John's Church organized. Services held in Goldrick's school house. Rev. J. H. Kehler of the diocese of Virginia, officiated.

Jan. 21, 1860: First session of the City Council. The Mayor's message received.

Jan. 30, 1860; "The Claim Jumpers' War." Monday. Lasted five days. Same day began in Auraria, "The Turgey War." This was a war with thieves and lasted about the same time. Breezy reading it makes to get hold of the events.

Mar. 7, 1860: Second duel. Dr. J. S. Stone and Hon. L. W. Bliss, Secretary of State. Stone challenged. Fought with shot guns loaded with

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The only line through the famous Ute Pass, reaching all the noted resorts, Manitou, Cascade Canon, Ute Park, Green Mt. Falls, Woodland Park and Manitou Park. Three trains daily from Denver to Ute Pass Resorts.

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Gen'l Manager,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

CHAS. S. LEE,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.
Denver. Colo.

PIKES PEAK ROUTE

ball. Thirty paces. Dr. Stone fell. Scene on north side of Platte, near 15th St. bridge.

Mar. 18, 1860: Destructive fire in Auraria. Loss $18,000. About this time first bridge over Cherry Creek at Larimer street, completed.

Apr. 3, 1860: Auraria and Denver united. Popular vote. Majority, one hundred and seven. Ratified by public meeting held on Larimer St. bridge on the evening of the 5th.

Apr. 10, 1860: First pony express started across the plains.

May 1, 1860: First daily paper. "Rocky Mountain Herald," published by Thomas Gibson, formerly one of the proprietors of the "Rocky Mountain News."

May 7, 1860: Union School re-opened by Prof. Goldrick. The second school opened by Miss Indiana Sopris.

May 19, 1860: Rev. J. M. Chivington, first presiding elder of the M. E. Church, arrived. Subsequently he adopted a military life. Commanded the Colorado forces at Sand Creek, Nov. 29, 1864, achieving a signal victory over the Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians. Jim Baker said Sand Creek did more to command the respect of the Indians than the Government petting. The government thought differently and reprimanded the Colonel, the Governor and everybody else who took a hand.

May 25, 1860: During the last week of May, immigrants came in nearly a thousand a day.

June—, 1860: First Bank opened. G. W. Brown, still living in Denver.

July 20, 1860: Clark, Gruber & Co. opened a bank of coinage in the present Mint building, cor. 16th and Market.

July 31, 1860: Rocky Mountain News office attacked by a band of roughs led by Carrol Wood. Byers had boldly exposed the criminal character of a certain den of vice—the "Criterion Saloon," which at this time was carrying a high hand. They resolved on the editor's death and took him by force to the saloon. One of their number, fearing the consequences of violence, spirited Byers out the back door and let him go. To this he owes his life. Hot-heads followed him back to the office and Geo. Steele, one of their number on horseback, rode to the door and fired in to kill, without effect. He was

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VIEWS OF ROCKY MOUNAIN SCENERY.

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followed by two shots, one taking effect. He ran his horse into Auraria and circled around coming up the east side; was met by determined men in pursuit and fatally shot by a prominent citizen. The other leaders of the gang were seen and induced to leave the country suddenly.

Aug. 10, 1860: First United States mail on Friday, Aug. 10th, and W. P. McClure made the first postmaster of Denver.

Aug. 25, 1860: First Democratic paper, "The Mountaineer," daily and weekly. Coleman and Moore. At this time the Territory of Jefferson contained 60,000 souls. Denver, 6,000.

Nov. 12, 1860; Legislature met and adjourned to Golden.

Nov. 13, 1860: First telegraph dispatches published in the News. Received at Fort Kearney and brought by the Express Company.

Dec. 30, 1860: First Catholic society organized.

Feb. 26, 1861: Up to this time, Jefferson was the name given and preferred. On this date, Congress made the territory a Territory and called Colorado. News reached Denver Mar. 4. Six days.

Mar. 22, 1861: William Gilpin, of Missouri was appointed first Governor of Colorado.

Apr. 24, 1861: Rebel flag run up over Wallingford and Murphy's store on Larimer street. Its life was short; adherents numerous but not among the best citizens.

About this time, the gamblers secured the passage of a city ordinance, legalizing "three card monte." A member of the city council resigned on account of it. G. W. Clayton.

May 29, 1861: Governor Gilpin arrived.

June 6, 1861: Government changed hands. One of the first important acts, to take census. Total population, 25,331.

Aug. —, 1861: First Regiment organized.

Sep. 9, 1861: First Legislature of Colorado.

Oct. —, 1861: Second Regiment organized.

Nov. 7, 1861: Denver incorporated.

Nov. 18, 1861: First city electon under the new regime.

Nov. 30. 1861: Denver Theatre opened; corner of 16th and Lawrence streets.

Dec. 15, 1861: First Presbyterian Church organized.

Mar. and Apr., 1862: Rebels resisted, and rebellion in the Rocky Mountains conquered.

Apr. 16, 1862: U. S. Branch Mint (assay office) estab-

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Always very low prices,
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This organization is one of the most impnrtant institutions of the city. Its influence has been felt in many ways in the progress and developement of the last few years. It has associated the business men of Denver and brought them into more sympathetic relations and directed the forces of energy so as to bear on the develepement of the city in almost every department of our growth.

It has stimulated the Mining, Manufacturing and Real Estate Exchanges and infused the spirit of progress in thse activities to an important degree. The Annual Report for several years has set forth the various trades and avecation of our people in such tangible form as to be of great service in spreading information about the city and state thus advertising our resources and industries in an intelligent and helpful manner. Its Presidents and Secretaries have been untiring in their devotion and deserve the good wishes of every citizen.

lished. The former banking house of Clark, Gruber & Co.

May 17, 1861. Governor Evans arrives as the successor of Governor Gilpin.

May 26, 1862: Judge S. H. Elbert reached Denver as the newly appointed Secretary.

About this time Congress passed the Pacific Railroad Bill; a promise inspiring the new country with great expectations.

July 14, 1862: St John's Church dedicated.

July 15, 1862: Fire Department organized.

Mar. 1, 1863: First M. E. Church dedicated; corner 13th and Lawrence. Utterly destroyed by the flood of 1864.

Apr. 19, 1863: "The great fire." Loss, $250,000. The summer exceedingly dry.

Oct. 10, 1863: First telegraphic message across the plains; ten words to New York, $9.10, Boston. $9.25. St. Louis, $7.50, and sixty-three cents for each additional word.

Jan. —, 1864: The Pike's Peak Express Company was sold to Wells Fargo for $1,000,000.

Bitter cold winter. Heavy snows. Staging across the plains perilous; many cattle perish.

Feb. 13, 1864: U. S. Mint robbed by an employe of $37,000.

Mar. 15, 1864, Colorado Seminary organized. Twenty-eight trustees.

May 2, 1864: First Baptist Church organized.

May 19, 1864: The great "Cherry Creek Flood." Loss: City Hall with all its contents—safe, records and all. The Rocky Mountain News, a total loss—irrecoverable. The new Methodist Church melted into the flood as if it had been sand. Total loss, $1,000,000.

June 18, 1864: The Hungate Family on Running Creek, twenty-five miles east of Denver, murdered by the Indians. The outbreak of a long pent-up determination to drive the whites back to the States. Travel across the plains impeded. All necessaries of life advanced in price.

To add to the terrors of life, a guerrilla band was organized in South Park in July, whose exploits and fate would make an exciting dime novel. An old timer residing on Evans street within a mile of west Fourteenth Avenue could tell a thrilling portion of it.

Aug. 1, 1864: The Indian outbreak extended from New Mexico and Texas to British Columbia, and

SUMMER TOURS

—IN THE—

Rocky Mountains,

* * *

The "Scenic Line of the World,"

The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad

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UTAH AND
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the choicest resorts, and to the transcontinental traveler the grandest scenery.

Double daily train service with through Pullman sleepers and tourist cars between Denver and San Francisco and Los Angeles.

from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains. No life was safe. The Government was appealed to for help, but its hands were full and sent back word: "You must protect yourselves."

Sept. 6, 1864: Opening of the first *free* public school. Abner R. Brown, teacher.

City Ditch commenced about this time.

Unprecedented snowstorm in October.

Dec. 23, 1864: Furious wind storm, lasting till the 26th, followed by heavy snow and protracted storms.

Major Fillmore met his death from excitement caused by the high wind of the 23rd.

A winter of hardships. The weather severe—Indians gave no rest. Governor Elbert called for six companies of cavalry to serve on the plains.

Labor $4.00 to $6.00 a day. Flour high and scarce. City threatened with famine. One load of salt sold at a hundred dollars a barrel.

Apr. 17, 1865: First National Bank organized. Stockholders: A. M. Clark, M. E. Clark, George T. Clark, C. A. Cook, Bela S. Buell, Eben Smith, J. B. Chaffee and H. J. Rogers.

Bank opened May 9th; first issue of currency, August 22nd.

May 9, 1865: First National Bank opened.

May 27, 1865: Vice President Colfax visited Denver. His speeches were flattering and highly inspiring. He was honored by a ball; tickets $16.

May 29, 1865: Potatoes, $15.00 per bushel. flour, $15.00 to $20.00 per cwt.; corn, $10.00 per bushel; mechanics and laborers, $8 to $10 a day; beef, 40 cents per lb.; hams, 45 to 50 cents per lb.; house servants, $10 per week.

Out on the plains along the route to Denver hay, $75 to $100 per ton; wood, $75 per cord; lumber, scarce at $150 to $200 per thousand; A wagon and team (5 yoke) of oxen, $25 a day.

Fare from Atchison to Denver, $175; to Salt Lake, $350; Nevada, $500. California, $500; Idaho, $500; Montana, $500.

The first grasshopper plague.

Aug. 22, 1865: First bank-bill ever issued in Denver presented to Wm. N, Byers.

June 19, 1869: Bayard Taylor visited Denver. His visit was published in form of letters to the New York Tribune and re-publised in book form by the Putnams the following year; out of print,

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OF COLORADO.

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BUILDING IN DENVER.

Building has suffered no serious check during the past eighteen months, except for speculative purposes. Homes and business blocks have been erected with almost no delay. Never, in any two years of our history, have so many fine homes been erected as during the past two. The work still continues, and, in all parts of the city, houses are being erected; and the margin of surplus of unoccupied residences is rapidly decreasing. The city is growing, as all can see, in a most substantial and gratifying manner.

RAPID TRANSIT.

The cable and electric lines have been of invaluable service in the development of Denver. They have carried thousands of our working people out of the crowded portions of the city to cheap property, and opened the way for them to buy and have homes of their own. In many ways, also, they have helped to build the town.

but makes interesting reading if one can get hold of a copy.

July 12, 1866: Denver informed that the Union Pacific could not be built on any of the surveys with her on the route. The worst piece of news to which she had ever listened.

Sept. 10, 1866: General Sherman arrived in Denver; banqueted on the 11th at the Pacific House.

Feb. 6, 1867: The Denver Tribune founded by L. M. Koons.

Nov. 18, 1867: In the old Denver Theatre, Gov. Evans made a railroad speech in which he predicted Denver would become a great railroad centre; and in fifty years would be the bullion centre of America. It was all pretty talk and pleasing, but few believed it.

July 11, 1867: Great railroad meeting at Cole's Hall—Denver *left out*; city in peril. Something *must* be done.

Nov, 14, 1867: George Francis Train in Denver. Made a notable railway speech.

Jan. —, 1868: Boston and Colorado Smelting Company lit their fires at Black Hawk, where they burned day and night for ten years.

May 18, 1868: First dirt moved in the building of the Denver Pacific, Lyman Cole and T. G. Anderson driving the team while Miss Nettie Clark and Mrs. Fred J. Stanton held the plough.

July 21, 1868: General Grant visited Denver.

In this month occurred the last Indian outbreak.

Aug. 8, 1868: Schuyler Colfax and Samuel Bowles arrived in Denver.

Sep. 6, 1868: Roscoe Conkling, W. B. Hazen, Louis Agassiz and General Sherman were guests at the Planters' House.

May 10, 1869: The polished laurel tie was laid, the precious spikes driven and the Union Pacific completed.

June 17, 1869: Wm. H. Seward a Denver visitor.

July —, 1869: F. V. Hayden, of the Geological Survey, arrived.

Oct. —, 1869: Cyrus W. Field in Denver.

Feb. —, 1870: Town of Greeley located.

June 15, 1870: First locomotive entered Denver. This locomotive was historic. It had been owned by the Union Pacific and was the first to enter Cheyenne, the first to cross the Black Hills, and the Rocky Mountains, the first to enter

The University of Denver.

W. F. McDOWELL, Chancellor.

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the valley of the Salt Lake and the first to salute the City of Denver.

June 22, 1870: First regular train from Cheyenne. Fare to Omaha, $61.50.

Aug. 1, 1870: The Denver Times inaugurated a theatrical programme, called The Lorgnette.

Aug. 15, 1870: First train over the Kansas Pacific at 6:45, P. M., and Denver placed on the line of a Trans-Continental Railway.

Her phenomenal prosperity then began and has continued almost without cessation these twenty-two years.

Sep. 23, 1870: First train to Golden.

Oct. 7, 1870: First Pullman car into Denver; the "Comanche" over the Kansas Pacific.

Oct. 11, 1870: Horace Greeley in Denver.

Nov. 3, 1870: Water works inaugurated.

Jan. 2, 1871: First gas lighted.

Two sacks of Colorado flour sent to Southern Hotel, St. Louis, as a sample of Rocky Mountain flour. The Hotel sent it to the Board of Trade. The Board gave it to the poor of the city and sold it at auction for $460.00, probably the highest price ever paid for flour.

July 27, 1871: First track laid on the D. & R. G. Railway. In less than ninety days it reached Colorado Springs.

July 31, 1871; First stake driven in the survey of Colorado Springs.

Oct. —, 1871: Denver contributed $10,000 to the Chicago sufferers.

Dec. 17, 1871: First street car line opened on Larimer street from 7th to 16th; on 16th to Champa and thence to 27th.

Jan. 10, 1872: About this time the Holly Water Works started up.

Jan. 17, 1872: Grand Duke Alexis in Denver.

Apr. 8, 1872: The Denver Times duly christened.

May —, 1872: The great Diamond Swindle of Arnold and Slack, lasting till December following; without a parallel.

Aug 19, 1872: R. W. Woodbury assumed control of the Times; with it until May, 1882.

Apr. 17, 1873: General Grant in Denver.

Sep. 24, 1873: Black Friday.

—— —, 1873: Death of Bishop Randall.

Sep, 26, 1873: Schuyler Colfax gave an address at the Denver Fair.

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Book and Stationery Co.,

Cor. 16th Stout Streets,

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Brass Work, Lawn Mowers, Wringers, Baby Carriages,
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—— —, 1874: Grasshoppers.
Jan. 9, 1875: Thermometer, 32 degrees below zero.
Feb. 8, 1875, John L. Routt appointed Governor of Colorado.
—— —, 1875: Grasshoppers.
Oct. 5, 1875: General Grant in Denver.
—— —, 1876; Grasshoppers.
Aug. 1, 1876: Colorado admitted.

EARLY HISTORY.

Although Colorado abounds with literature there is no written history of the early days in convenient form. In 1866 J. E. Wharton, associate editor of the News, prepared a brief "History of Denver," but the work was encumbered with other matter and was soon out of print because of its valueless form. In 1880 a volume was prepared and called the "History of Denver," but being a heavy quarto and costing $10.00 a copy placed it beyond popular use and subject to early decay. Greeley's "Overland," Richardson's "Beyond the Mississippi," Bowles' "Across the Continent," Bayard Taylor's "Colorado," Hollister's "The Mines of Colorado," Fossett's "Colorado," (first edition) all contain much relating to the early history of the country but they are, every one, out of print. Descriptive literature written for tourists is plentiful and brilliantly written; some of it in permanent form but mostly in pamphlets and souvenirs.

Among the best books of the day are: Bird's "Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains;" Ingersoll's "Crest of the Continent;" "Bits of Travel at Home," (some parts) by H. H; Chapin's "Mountaineering in Colorado," (Estes Park); "Rod and Line," "Mr. Dide," &c., &c., by L. B. France; "Tales of Colorado Pioneers," by Alice Polk Hill.

For the data of the early chronicles we are indebted largely to Wharton, and General Hall and many of the Old Timers.

REAL ESTATE.

The real estate business has been of service. It has led the rapid transit lines beyond the old limits and induced them to build to many poiuts, which, otherwise, would be vacant to-day. No sooner was this accomplished than property was in demand and all the lines are patronized by people from their homes.

RAILROADS.

The railroads have been an inestimable factor. Great as the prejudice may be against them, they are the strong arm under and about us to-day. Destroy that and we would be left hopelessly stranded between the desert and the mountains.

CORRECTIONS.

While it has been our steady aim to write carefully and reliably we notice with reget a few inaccuracies and before closing desire to call attention to them and ask the reader to make the corrctions.

1. In the matter of Bank deposits a few erroneous figures appear.

2. The United States Express matter should have been started east over the Rock Island.

3. By some mischance the largest and one of the most influential clubs in the city escaped us, and fails to appear on page 74 where it belongs; if the stranger will step down Glenarm street to 1335, he will see one of the marked buildings of the city—the property of the Athletic Club of Denver.

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